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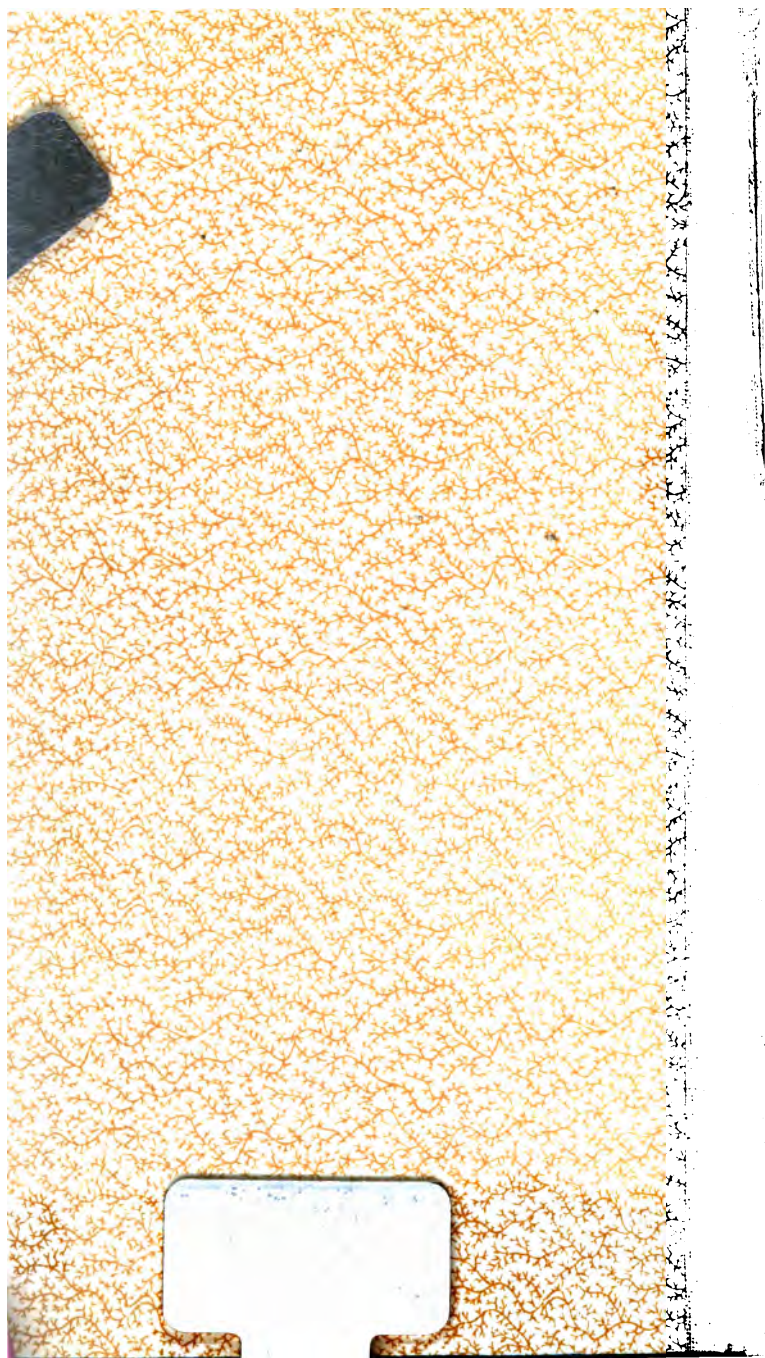
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James  
Bryce



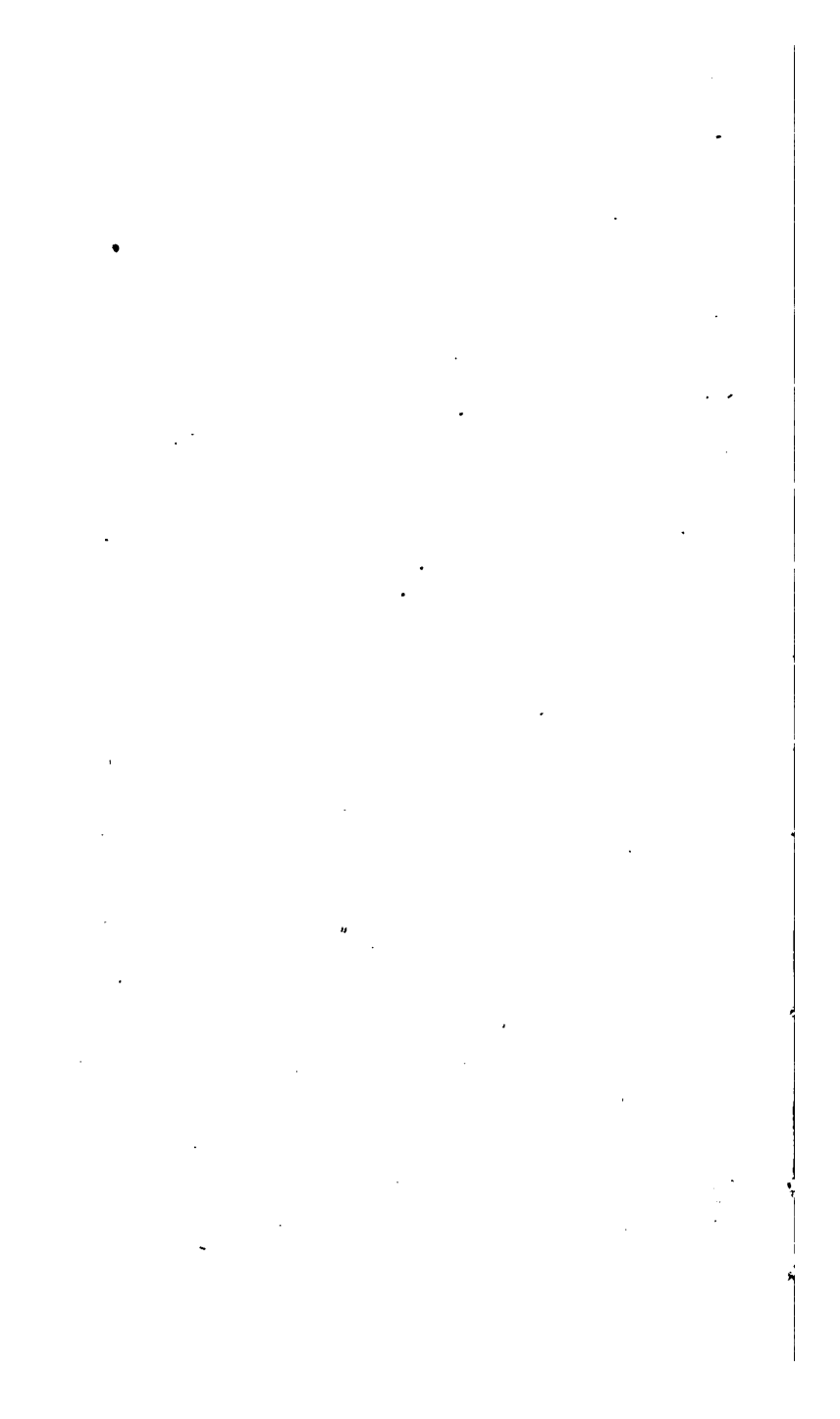












SKETCHES  
OF  
**TRAVELS**  
IN  
*SICILY, ITALY, AND FRANCE,*  
IN A SERIES  
OF  
**LETTERS,**  
ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND  
IN THE  
**UNITED STATES.**

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*By JOHN JAMES, M. D.*

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ALBANY:  
PRINTED BY PACKARD & VAN BENTHUYSEN.

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SIR

**Northern District of New-York, ss.**



**B**E it Remembered, That on the first day of January, in the forty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, JOHN JAMES, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words following, to wit:

"Sketches of Travels in Sicily, Italy, and France, in a series of letters, addressed to a friend in the United States. By John James, M. D."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned." And also to an act, entitled "An act, supplementary to an act, entitled an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical and other prints."

**RICH'D. R. LANSING,**  
Clerk of the Northern District of New-York,



TO THE HONORABLE  
*STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER.*

SIR,

YOUR kindness in examining the Letters comprising this little volume, and in permitting me to present it to the public under the sanction of your approbation, are circumstances, which, while they encourage me to hope that it will not prove unacceptable to an enlightened community, afford me a grateful opportunity of expressing to you personally, the assurances of my entire respect, and renewed obligation.

Permit me to add, my most sincere wishes for your continued welfare and happiness, and that I am,

Your obliged and humble servant,

JOHN JAMES.

[illegible]

As a result of the above, the following conclusions can be drawn:

1. The use of the proposed method for the analysis of the data obtained from the experiments on the interaction of the two types of the particles with the surface of the material under study makes it possible to obtain the quantitative characteristics of the interaction of the particles with the surface of the material under study.
2. The use of the proposed method for the analysis of the data obtained from the experiments on the interaction of the two types of the particles with the surface of the material under study makes it possible to obtain the quantitative characteristics of the interaction of the particles with the surface of the material under study.

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1. The applicant has been advised that the information provided in the application is being reviewed and that a decision will be made as soon as possible.

## PREFACE.



THE favorable reception of several Journals published by Americans, containing an account of their travels and observations in foreign countries; the desire to gratify a few of his friends, and the animating hope of producing a book in some degree useful and acceptable to his fellow citizens, are the considerations which have induced the writer of the following Sketches to venture before the public in the character of an author.

These pages contain a plain narrative of facts and observations, in the form of a daily journal, originally intended for the perusal of his friends, and forwarded to them in a series of letters from Europe.

The great extent of the countries embraced in these Sketches, as well as the limited time employed in the journey, of which they are descriptive, has imposed upon the writer, the necessity of omitting many details which the title of the volume may induce the reader to expect. As nearly the whole tour was upon classic ground, the author begs to anticipate the disappointment of the learned reader, by disclaiming all pretensions to erudite investigation. The exhaustless subjects for the research of the scholar, the artist, and the antiquarian, have already occupied the pens and employed the lives of the ablest devotees to those pursuits; while neither inclination prompted, nor ability enabled, the passing traveler to enter the same list, even in the character of humble imitation. As no work in the English language has been lately published upon Sicily; and newer, to the au-



thor's knowledge, by an American, he hopes to find in this circumstance, some apology with the public, for the part of the work, however imperfect, which relates to that island.

Although English writers have published many volumes upon Italy, it is still desirable that the citizens of the United States should make their own remarks. While we have rendered ourselves independent of other nations, it should be our ambition to form our own opinions, and not to borrow our ideas of the manners, religion, and various institutions of foreign countries, from a people whose representations are liable to be influenced by their political relations, as well as their personal peculiarities.

In our first attempts to think, and to write for ourselves, we must expect many unsuccessful efforts; and the author will have no reason to complain if his work finds a place among the unfortunate number; but he confidently believes, that an attempt to add to the common stock of information, will be received with indulgence; and, he sends this volume abroad with the full assurance, that whatever may be its fate, the decision passed upon it by his fellow citizens, will be dictated by liberality and justice.

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## LETTER I.

*Embark in the Roxana at Boston—Voyage to Gibraltar—Straits and fortress—Coasts of Spain and Africa—Voyage continued—Description of medusa—Portuguese men of war—Sardinia—Meritimo—View of Sicily—Arrival at Palermo—Prospect of quarantine—Sicilians.*

Ship Roxana, off Malaga, Nov. 9, 1816.

I FOUND the incidents of a sea voyage so uninteresting, that I concluded not to perform my promise of writing to you until I should have seen some spot to identify the old world. As proposed when I left Pittsfield, I joined Mr. and Mrs. \* \* \* at Boston, and embarked in the Roxana, Capt. B. on the first day of October. We dropped down to Nantasket Roads with a gentle breeze, and were there two days becalmed, enveloped in fogs, and benumbed by the cold of that remarkable season.

When we got out to sea, the weather became warmer, and until our arrival in the Mediterranean, the mercury ranged from 60 to 65. In consequence of severe gales and adverse winds, we failed of making the Azores, where it was our intention to have taken a second departure. We also passed to the south of Cape St. Vincent, and were not a little surprised, on the 8th of November, at 10 P. M. to find ourselves in sight of Cape Spartel, in Africa. The moon was near its full, the weather delightful, and we were laying our course before a gentle west-

erly wind. It was not necessary for us to change our direction, or to delay entering the Straits of Gibraltar. We soon found ourselves under the influence of a strong current, which added to the rate of our sailing, about three knots an hour. As we entered this celebrated pass, the mountains seemed to be closing around us. My curiosity kept me on deck nearly all night, but I was barely able to distinguish the bold outline of a mountainous shore on both sides.

At dawn we were in the narrowest point of the Strait, and the Rock of Gibraltar in sight, rising like a cone above the level of the sea, and apparently disconnected from the shore. All around us the high and bare mountains rose upon our view as the light increased; and we could distinguish the white walls and spires of the city of Algeziras, situated on the west side of the Bay of Gibraltar. These were the first human habitations we saw in Europe. We looked with delight upon the first traces of mankind, and felt the dreariness of ocean solitude to be suddenly at an end.

We passed so near the Rock of Gibraltar that we had a fine view of its vast fortifications; but our instructions not allowing us to enter the port, we had no opportunity to examine it with minuteness. The breeze continuing, we pursued our course, inclining towards the coast of Spain. As the Mediterranean expanded before us, the high mountains of Africa receded from our view on the right; on the left, the naked summits and barren cliffs of Andalusia extended, in gigantic ridges.

We are now in sight of Malaga, and can clearly distinguish above the mass of its edifices, the dome of the

celebrated cathedral. The buildings of every description seem to be of the same dull white colour, and of massy and durable structure. The tops of the mountains of Granada, covered with snow, rise, white and clear, above the clouds, while at their feet is extended a country of perpetual verdure, adorned with plantations and enlivened with edifices. The summits of all the mountains within our view incline to a conical shape, which gives to the coasts near us a strong and remarkable feature. The African shore differs from that of Spain in its exhibiting a little more boldness and magnitude of general outline.

10th.—During the night we passed Cape de Gatte. At dawn the African coast was still in sight. Our course through the day has been east north east, and we have been gradually losing the mountaineous shores. Except the snowy summits of Granada, which are yet visible, Cape Pallas, near Carthage, was the last point to vanish behind us. At this moment the Captain has called all hands, and from his loud orders and hasty lowering of the sails, we presume he expects bad weather.

11th.—The squall which threatened us last evening, was followed by a strong wind from the north without clouds or rain. We were a little surprised at this circumstance, because we have not before experienced a gale without its being attended with rain. This "dry gale," the sailors assure us is very frequent in the Mediterranean. There is a chilliness in the air which we have not observed at main ocean.

12th.—Yesterday we passed Yvica and Formosa, and are this morning opposite Majorca. The mountains of this island, like all we have seen, are conical and barren.

The changes of temperature and of the wind are more frequent and severe than at main ocean.

16th.—*Off Sardinia.* We have lately observed an unusual brightness in the wake of the ship during the night. This singular appearance seems to vary perceptibly with the changes of weather, and the sailors notice its increase as ominous of high winds. This beautiful phenomenon is supposed by Spallanzani and others, to be caused by small sea animals of the genus *Medusa*. Since we entered the Mediterranean, we have constantly observed a great number of the common species of this animal. On examining such as we have been able to take with a scoop net constructed for the purpose, we have found the *M. Urticina* to possess, in the highest degree, the power of emitting light. The small animals which cause the bright sparkling in the wake of the ship, are too minute to be detected by the naked eye. The medusae are usually denominated Sea Jellies, and when floating near the surface of the water, have the appearance of bodies void of life. When more closely observed, they are found to possess considerable muscular power. They are nearly transparent, though we observed several of a striking orange hue, and others of a faint red, blue, &c. These animals are most frequently found in warm climates, but are occasionally met with in every region. Each animal consists of a globular, gelatinous mass, covered with a transparent membrane, and having *tentacles* (or *feelers*) attached to its most depending part. They move through the water by means of the alternate contraction and dilatation of their bodies or disks, which are usually convex above and slightly concave below. The tentacles are from half an inch to two or three feet in length, and are the



instruments with which they seize their prey, or attach themselves to rocks. Notwithstanding the simple and delicate structure of this animal, its favorite food consists of small shell fish and hard insects—it is oviparous. The green and the indigestible remains of food are expelled from the same opening, which also serves as a mouth. Several of the medusæ possess the power, when recently taken from the water, of producing an itching sensation when applied to the skin. Hence the name of the species, *M. Urticaria*. The light emitted by these animals is supposed to be a secretion. We caught a great number of various sizes, &c. but none possessed the power of emitting light, or of producing the itching sensation in so great a degree as the *M. Urticaria*. Our first prisoner had a vesicle attached to its disk, inflated with air. It floated upon the surface of the water like a white bubble. The vesicle was not globular, but of an oval shape. The animal possessed the power of compressing the sides of this vesicle so as to make it hold the wind like a sail. Like a boat well manned, the little animal can *brace up* sharp to the wind, or scud at his pleasure. The sailors called this Portuguese man of war. The second was of a globular shape, having no air vesicle, and of a dirty orange hue. The tentacles were very short and delicate, and covered with tender spiculae, which easily fell off, and rendered the water in which it was kept, turbid. It moved feebly, and soon died.

The third was a little larger, and more solid. It had eight tentacles, four of which were large and hollow tubes for conveying food to the disk, four smaller and more delicate, hanging eighteen or twenty inches below the body of the animal. It moved with considerable vigor,

but made no effort to escape when caught in the hand. The contractions and dilatations were perfectly regular, resembling the action of the heart of cold blooded animals. This motion is presumed to be essential to the life of the animal, as it never ceases until vitality is extinguished.

On touching this medusæ with the back of my hand, an itching and smarting sensation was felt like the effect of cowhage, or the most poisonous kind of nettles. In the disks of other medusæ we had found some very small fish still alive. Having put these into the basin with the *Medusa Urticaria*, they soon came in contact with the tentacula, which instantly killed them. They were then slowly conveyed through the hollow tentaculæ to the disk or body of the medusa.

Another species we always observed in clusters, consisting of eight or ten gelatinous masses, adhering together by a process from the back of each. These had no tentaculæ, and were of an oval shape, having an aperture at one end large enough to admit the little finger.

Here also we had occasion to admire the watchfulness of nature in providing the means of subsistence to these motionless and passive beings. The mouth is so formed that small fish are tempted to run into it as a place of security from other enemies, when the valvular aperture by which they entered closes behind them, and prevents their escape.

We kept a number of each kind for the purpose of examining them in the evening. All were phosphorescent, or emitted light, but the *M. Urticaria* in the highest degree. This, when disturbed, showed a bright

and silvery light, which was repeated in a feeble flash three or four times after touching it with a stick.

16th.—We passed Sardinia during the night. When we awoke from our comfortless repose (the wind had blown a gale) the eastern point of that island bearing W. N. W. was sinking far behind us. Two quails, nearly exhausted by their long flight, attempted to light upon the rigging, but not being able to gain firm foot hold, were brushed into the sea. A whale played around us, of a colour as light as the canvass of our sails. A fine turtle seemed to be asleep upon the water until we came very near him, and all necessary preparations were ready for his capture, when lo! the sleeper vanished, and with him all our hopes of soup.

17th.—Early in the morning we were in sight of Merisimo, a small rugged island near the western point of Sicily. We now had a fine breeze, and have been sailing at the rate of six knots an hour along the rocky capes and barren mountains of Sicily. At sunset we were opposite Cape Gallo, at the entrance of the bay of Palermo. After it became dark, we were so near the shore that we could distinctly hear the surf breaking upon the rocks. By day light this would have been a most welcome sound, but in the unusual darkness of this evening, seemed ominous of danger. The wind continued to favor us, and at length the beacon light at the entrance of the harbor was discovered. By this joyful guidance we reached the anchorage ground at 12 o'clock. After being hailed by an officer of the port, and declaring our name, country and destination, we were allowed to cast anchor.

18th. As soon as it was light we descended impatient to see every object around us, and to ascertain when we should be permitted to go on shore. Among the first objects which claimed our attention were the bold mountains which encircle the bay and the plain in which Palermo is situated. The steep and barren summits are slightly covered with snow. Palermo is so near that we can view its streets and edifices almost as well as if we were walking upon its pavements. There is a uniformity in the colour of the walls, and an air of antiquity and permanency in every thing, which reminds us that we are viewing the monuments of the old world.

A great number of small boats have surrounded us, offering oranges, grapes, figs, strawberries, pomegranates, and other delicious fruits, as well as fresh provisions. We receive all these things through the hands of an old Sicilian, who has come on board to share with us whatever quarantine the health officer may dictate. We have been visited by the medical board, and we are sorry to find, shall be kept in quarantine several days. A report has reached this place, that the yellow fever prevails in the West-Indies. The gentlemen of the health-office will make no distinction between the West-Indies and New-England.

12 o'clock.—The mole near which we have anchored has been, during the morning, covered with people. The majority are beggars. Some have been tendering us their services in various ways—others offering to supply us with fruits, servants, and provisions. By their great anxiety to serve us, they discover a degree of poverty which is calculated to astonish an American. Several young men who beg for employment as agents, interpreters, &c. are extremely well formed and neatly dressed.

In conversation they use many gestures, and have an air of singular sprightliness. Even the beggars possess this peculiar gracefulness of action. Among the idle persons and beggars we observe many old men, miserably ragged and filthy. The waiters, who keep a constant hallooing around us, have the voices of eunuchs; an octave at least higher than the voices of Americans.

We are not able to-day to ascertain what will be the duration of our quarantine. Every thing invites us on shore, but our delay is of unavoidable necessity. I hope soon to be able to write you from Palermo, and shall continue during my residence there, and my future journeys, to give you a circumstantial account of my daily progress.

Yours, &c.

## LETTER II.

*Quarantine—Release from quarantine—Page's Hotel—Its apartments, &c.—The Marina—Public garden—Lazzaroni—The principal street.*

Dec. 1st.—SINCE I last wrote, we have ascertained that the quarantine regulations, in their full extent, are to be applied to us. It seems to be the policy of the health-officer, if it err at all, to err on the side of safety. In our case, coming not only from a healthy, but northern port, the notion of imposing a quarantine of three weeks seems vexatious and absurd. The Sicilians apologize for the severity of their quarantine laws, by asserting that the Turks and the Barbary powers pay so little attention to such regulations, that they are constant-

ly, exposed, to infection from them; and it is in most instances impossible for the health officer to ascertain by whom strange ships may have been visited at sea, or what communication they may have had with sickly crews. In a city which has suffered by the plague so severely as Palermo, no one can reasonably complain of such precautions. American ships have been, in some instances, allowed to land their passengers, and discharge their cargoes, under circumstances similar to ours. In this instance, the persons to whom we are consigned have exerted themselves in vain in our behalf. With the hope of finding more comfortable quarters than our ship afforded, we obtained permission from the health officer to visit the Lazaretto.

For this purpose we started from the ship early this morning, attended by a boat from the health-office, which guided us to the place, and acted as a guard upon us. We found the buildings denominated the Lazaretto sufficiently large, but entirely deserted, and of a ruinous appearance. They are principally used for the deposit of goods under quarantine. We concluded we should not improve our condition by exchanging our confined ship's cabin for this forbidding place.

The weather continues extremely mild, though the Sicilians call it severe winter. Since our arrival the mercury has not been below 62, or above 69. Rains have been frequent; usually in short showers, followed by an interval of sunshine. The high summits of the mountains are frequently covered with snow for a few hours. Vegetation is of the bright and lively green of spring. Strawberries and green peas are offered in the greatest abundance.

The American consul, Mr. Porter, who is a passenger with us, receives many presents from his friends, and from those who intend to ask favors of him in his official capacity, of fruits, wines, vegetables, &c. so that our table is abundantly supplied. The wines of the country are of excellent flavor, and we understand, usually costs about 18 cents per bottle. Articles of provision are generally cheap and good. I don't know whether it is doing justice to the Sicilians to suppose the presents we are daily receiving are intended to tax our generosity, or to purchase from us any favors in return. Baskets of fruit, flowers, ice-creams, &c. have been sent us almost every day, with the most civil messages and billets, as if all were dictated by the kindest hospitality.

§.—The term of our quarantine expires on the 8th, but we have been officially informed we may expect our liberation to-morrow. At the commencement of our quarantine the health officers did not think proper to let us know precisely how many days we were to wait for Pratique.

In the irksomeness of our confinement we have made this a subject of complaint, but now we feel decidedly obliged to them for remitting two days of our punishment. If we meet the health officers on shore we shall be very likely to thank them for their civility.

§.—*Page's Hotel, Palermo.* The joyful tidings of our release reached us this morning. Our English friends came with their carriages, and we rode to Page's Hotel, where preparations had been previously made for us. I am now located in one of the chambers, surrounded by every necessary convenience. During the day we have

\* Official notice of the expiration of quarantine.

had time to explore our habitation, and to take a hasty survey of the city. The castle of my landlord Baga (castle it seems to me) is a pretty good specimen of the common houses of the city. We entered it by a large gate, which admitted the carriage in which we rode, into a paved court. The flag stones which form the pavement of the streets are continued into this court. A flight of stairs on each side leads up one story, to the inhabited apartments. The ground floor is occupied with coarse store rooms, the porter's lodge, and stables. The walls are thick, strong, and plain, like the walls of a fortress, and we feel confident we shall find them a sufficient defence against all enemies except flies. Between the tiles which form the floors, and in the crevices of the walls, these tormentors lay in ambush, and issue forth to attack us whenever we sit down. The doors and window-sashes are of very coarse workmanship. The walls are without chair-railings, or any ornamental work in wood. The apartments are destitute of fire-places, and the furniture consists of half a dozen plain chairs, a table of the most beautiful marble, and a large mirror.

It is so cold that we require a little fire, and we find upon enquiry, that there is one room in the house which has a fire-place. This we have secured by a formal stipulation with Mops. Page, who assures us he has been at the expense of building this solely for the accommodation of his English guests, and that the Sittians never think of requiring such a convenience.

7.—We passed our first night on shore with great comfort. The chambers are large and airy; we slept upon mattresses placed upon high iron bedsteads, where we enjoyed the luxury of free air and clean linen.



After breakfast, which consisted of excellent coffee, eggs, warm bread and fresh butter, we made our first excursion to view the Marina, the gardens, and whatever objects of curiosity might come in our way.

Our hotel is situated near the northern wall of the city, and a short distance from the gate, *Porto Felice*, through which we walked to the Marina. We stopped a moment to admire the noble building which forms this gate of happiness; so named from its opening to the Marina, a place devoted to healthful exercise and amusement. It is ornamented with columns, and rich sculptures, in white and fine marble. The Marina is a promenade extending along the beach about a mile, having a broad and elevated flag walk near the water for foot passengers, and behind this a space for carriages. It is so situated as to command a view of the bay, and to receive the sea breeze. It has no shade trees, but is ornamented with two fountains, which supply an abundance of water, and are each surrounded by statues of marble.

To this place the Palermitans repair to meet their friends, to display themselves or their equipages, and to view a scene of gaily and splendor, which is every day renewed. We walked to the garden, which is entirely ornamental, and contains a collection of the trees and plants of this delightful climate. We entered at a large gate, which, like the *Porto Felice*, attracted our attention as a magnificent building. It is ornamented with sculptured marble of various kinds. In its design it has a relation to the shaded avenue to which it opens, and its architectural proportions give it an elegant appearance when viewed from any part of the garden. A straight broad walk led us to the centre of the

enclosure, where there is a large fountain springing from an artificial rock, and flowing into a marble basin about 150 feet in circumference. Groupes of beautiful statues are placed near this fountain, as well as in various parts of the garden, but it would be vain for me to attempt to describe in detail its decorations and ornaments. This garden being the first of the kind I had ever seen, I walked through its avenues and enjoyed its shades with unmixed delight. The evergreens predominate so much among the shrubs, that the small number of deciduous trees are not at all observed. In the arrangement of the shades, and the distribution of the aisles, there is a geometrical precision which did not strike us agreeably. Nothing can be imagined more beautiful than the fountains and the groupes of statues. The graceful forms, and pure whiteness of the sculptured marble intermingled with the verdure of the orange, the cypress, the box, and other beautiful trees, forms a combination of singular elegance. We lingered long in this fairy field. When we returned to the Marina, the expected company had begun to collect. The people were well dressed, and the equipages confirmed the glowing descriptions we had previously received of them. While we were dazzled with the gaily and splendor of the crowd, we were shocked and astonished to observe the groupes of poor and miserable wretches, who, in the most pitiful and importunate manner implored charity as if they were ready to perish with want. Knowing us, from our dress and manner to be strangers they persevered in their cries for charity, and followed close to us until we were compelled to give them something. Though the weather is extremely mild, these half clothed beings, standing about

and sitting without exercise, feel the want of fire. Many of them carry a small earthen vessel in their hands, containing ignited coals, by which they warm their fingers. When the sun shines, they collect on the south side of walls, and employ themselves in lousing one another; an operation which however disgusting, seems to be very much needed. I never before saw such pitiful forms of wretchedness, filth and misery.

1808.—It was so cold this morning that I found it necessary to order fire, which was brought in a brazen dish, and gave me a specimen of what the Sicilians may, if they choose, call fire-side comfort. I shall beg the liberty, however, of considering it very uncomfortable.

1809.—We find ourselves under the necessity of hiring our own servants. Mr. A. gives his valet about 25 cents per day without feeding him. With this pittance the servant can live. He is dressed like a gentleman, and is very attentive in his attentions.

1810.—Mr. A. has engaged a coach with two small horses to be always at his disposal, for about two dollars a day. When making enquiries on this subject this morning, we had occasion to call on one of the numerous hackmen who are observed in the square before Page's. Instantly a whole flock of them answered us, and came running in great numbers; and offered their services with so much solicitation and earnestness, that we thought it prudent to retreat to the hotel, and leave our Sicilian valet to close business again. On the beach, where I wished a boat to take me to the ship, I was surrounded in a similar manner, and found considerable difficulty in making my way through the crowd of boatmen who met me before I came to the bank, and seemed desirous to anticipate my

wishes. If they had been starving, or perishing with thirst, they could not have discovered more eagerness. By chance, the man whose boat I stepped into could speak English. I enquired of him about his means of subsistence, when he told me that his sole dependence was the little bark in which we were rowing; that he sometimes got a tari, about eight cents, which would purchase skates enough to subsist his family for two days.

In the morning we had been surprized at the squalid and miserable appearance of the people in the streets, but observed later in the day, a better class, which gave us a more favorable idea of the population of the city. At 4 o'clock we were at the *Porto Felice*, looking at the principal street *Via Toledo*, which presented a scene of magnificence and splendor which equalled my expectations of a great European city. From this point we could view the whole street, extending in a straight line, one mile, to the opposite gate. The houses are five stories in height, closely built, and nearly of uniform architecture, having light iron balconies before the windows of each of the upper stories. The street is narrow, and paved with flag stones. The great height of the buildings makes them appear near together, and conduces to coolness during the summer, by sheltering the pavement from the direct rays of the sun. The front of each building seems to be alive with its well dressed inhabitants, and the street is thronged to the opposite gate. As far as I can see, the same gay scene continues, exhibiting an extent of edifices and of human beings, which excites our admiration and astonishment.

These buildings, looking now so rich, and producing such an admirable *chef d'oeil*, when examined in detail.

are found to be constructed of the same coarse materials, and characterized by the same careless finish as the habitation of my landlord Page. I imagine I can discover in this style of building a dignity and chastened grandeur, which gives pleasure without dazzling the eye or wearying the imagination.

### LETTER III.

*Vice Roy and family attending mass—The Octagonal Fountains—Statues mutilated—Churches—Mendicants—Eggs—Inconveniences at the Hotel.*

Don. Juan W. has witnessed a specimen of court-pageantry this morning. The Vice Roy, with his Princess, and family, attended high mass at the church of St. Joseph. A place had been secured for us in one of the pews of the Corro, where we had a view of the procession from the balcony. The royal carriages, covered throughout with burnished gold, with harness of corresponding richness, were each drawn by six horses. The postilions and footmen were dressed in scarlet and gold. Four or five gilt carriages followed, each drawn by four horses. Next attended the most splendid equipages of the city, ninety or an hundred in number, created by a band of 1500 horses. They moved slowly through the principal streets and entered the church at 11 o'clock.

The building was decorated for the occasion, its entire atmosphere was ornamented with flowers and paintings,

and hung with golden tapestry. The churches are lighted in such a manner that candles are always necessary, but on this occasion the ordinary feeble light was positively excluded, that the luster of gildings, and of the gold and silver furniture might be displayed to better advantage.

The Royal family swept along to a temporary throne, when mass was performed by a number of priests and splendidly dressed as their visitors. All was good order and elegance. Yet the crowd of people who stood around this assemblage of court splendor, the spectators of the gay scene, were a more squalid and miserable looking company than I ever witnessed in my own country, collected on any occasion. The Vice Roy is fleshy, and not prepossessing in his appearance. The Princess is short and also fleshy, which I learn is considered a requisite of beauty in Sicily. She has light hair and a mild and agreeable countenance. I could discover in her features a slight resemblance to the faces of the Bourbons, as impressed upon the Spanish coins. She is the daughter of the late king of Spain. The Prince is the son of Ferdinand, king of Naples.

The Princess smiled very graciously upon the guests and the people as they retired from the church. Two favored gentlemen were allowed to kiss her hand, and they fell upon their knees, gracefully and gladly, like true knights-errant, and seemed fully aware of the magnitude of the favor. While the crowd was jostling to get a nearer view of the Royal personages, one of the hazzards attempted to steal a handkerchief from my pocket, which the servant of our friend, Mr. C. perceiving, gave the fellow a blow over the head with his fist, which almost

brought him to the floor. The handkerchief was repaired, and the circumstance did not seem to occasion any surprise or attention.

When mass was over the well dressed people repaired to the Matina. Our Anglo Sicilian friends informed us, that Sunday is considered a holiday, after the religious exercises of the morning are past. The weather continued fair through the day, and every part of the city corroborated the information that the Sabbath was a holiday—a day of rejoicing.

In the centre of the city, where the two great streets, the Corso and Toledo intersect each other, is a space called the Ottongola, which receives the shape of an octagon from the construction of the buildings of each corner. These are of uniform architecture. From the foundation of each a stream of fresh water gushes into a large basin for the accommodation of the city. The fountains in every part of Palermo are profusely ornamented, and all abundantly supplied with excellent water.

During the heat of summer the luxury and convenience of the fountains must be invaluable. A little distance from the Ottongola we went to view the largest fountain of the city. This had before attracted our attention when passing near the Ottongola. As it astonished and delighted us so much, I shall attempt to give a very slight picture of its work, which the Palermitans justly rank among their splendid ornaments. The water rises into an umbrageous jet of great height, which overflowing on all sides, falls into a circular basin, 120 or 200 feet in circumference; this represents the backs of various sea animals of colossal dimensions, sculptured in white marble. Overflowing again, and forming beautiful cascades, it is received into

a basin still larger, a few feet above the level of the pavement. The whole is surrounded by a line of statues, and encircled by an empalement of bronze. After filling the lowest basin, the water disappears under the pavement, and is carried by aqueducts to supply other fountains. Nearly all the statues that ornament this beautiful building have been violently defaced or mutilated. Many of the noses, ears, fingers, &c. have been broken off. On enquiring the cause, I was told that the mischief had been done by an incendiary from Mesena. Some statues in that city were defaced by an unknown hand, but as the people believed by a Palermitan, who envied them their ornaments. As an act of retaliation, some person from Mesena has avenged himself upon the statues of Palermo.

11.—Brydone in his account of Sicily, says that this city contains more than 300 churches. I have spent the day in visiting the most remarkable of them, and have been astonished at their riches and magnificence. In two or three, the ornamental work about the altars must have cost more than any single building I ever before examined. The inside of the church which forms a part of the Ottongola, is entirely covered with sculptured marble and precious stones. Upon the walls, the beautiful variegated marble is wrought into ornaments, in which the different colours are made to produce the effect of painting.

This kind of work must have been immensely expensive; but whether it be in good or bad taste, I must not at present venture to judge. In this and in all the churches, the most expensive and elaborate works in



marble, as well as the greatest profusion of gold and silver furniture, are to be seen around the altars.

In general I observed that there was less labor and expense bestowed upon the external ornaments of churches, than would be expected from the great wealth of the interior. The old cathedral is almost the only church, with an open space around it. They are usually incorporated with the blocks of buildings with which they are united. The doors were all open during the first hours of the day; and in every instance I was allowed to enter unchallenged except by beggars. I could usually determine by the number of Lazzaroni at the door, whether the church within was magnificent or otherwise.

12.—The mendicity of this city is a painful subject of every day and every hour's observation. It is not possible for a stranger to detect at once many of its latent causes. Some of them indeed readily occur to the most superficial observer. The mildness of the climate enables the poor to subsist without shelter or clothing. In consequence of an excessive population, many are necessarily without employment. The lowest class have no education, and their system of religion is not calculated to expand the mind, or to teach them that freedom of thought which induces men of all ranks in our country to explore their own resources, or enables them to rise above conditions of dependence.

Be the causes what they may, we can never go from our apartments without being assailed by beggars, and they are so importunate, that it is impossible to avoid giving. We find it necessary to furnish ourselves for this purpose, with the lowest denomination of copper coin. They are satisfied with the smallest trifle, yet

knowing us to be foreigners, will not leave us until we give them something. The Sicilian gentlemen treat these miserable beings with much apparent kindness, and if they refuse their petitions, they do it without expressions of impatience or contempt.

Many of the Lazzaroni are young; apparently healthy, and do not seem to have injured themselves by intemperance. Under rags and filth, a fine form may frequently be discovered, which might stand as a model for a statuary.

As a faithful traveller it is incumbent on me to mention fleas, those blood thirsty foes to the peace of strangers, which no one can hope to escape. So many of these insects are upon us, that we find it entirely in vain to attempt to destroy or dislodge them. It is necessary to submit to their attacks with what patience we can command. We do indeed sometimes escape them during the night, by wrapping ourselves in clean linen, and ascending our high beds in such a manner as to carry none of our enemies along with us. If the bed stands at a considerable distance from the wall, and has not previously been occupied, we usually escape without being much disturbed.

Being confined to-day by incessant rain, I feel little inclined to dwell upon the evils of our within-door establishment. I have no carpet under my feet, and the floor of my chamber is laid with tiles. The windows are deep and small, much like the grates of a prison. A fire burns or rather dies in a brazen brazier, and when brought in glows for a moment, destroys the elasticity of the air, and leaves me shivering with cold and oppressed with head ache. Yet it is so cool that a fire is unnecessary.

able. Such are all the evils I can now find "to torment me withal," even when I sit down determined to complain.

#### LETTER IV.

*Il Colla—Villa Favorite—The Olive—Scenery—Stone quarries—Aqueducts—La Bagaria—Palace of Prince Polonia—Queen's palace—Scenery.*

Dec. 13.—THE first country to the south and west of Palermo, extending to the foot of the mountains, is called *Il Colla*. A ride of eight or ten miles in a circuitous direction, carried us over a country of much beauty of scenery, and variety of cultivation. We passed many palaces and villas, each distinguished by some peculiar elegance. The *Villa Favorite*, is a summer residence of the Vice Roy of Sicily, and is built in the style of Chinese edifices. The palace is painted in various bright colours, and the whole of its decorations are so unlike any edifice in its neighborhood, that it attracts the attention of all by its singularity. My companions disliked the style of the buildings, and complained of the whimsical effect of every thing connected with them.

The parks and gardens are extensive, and ornamented with statues, fountains, and the numerous shrubs and trees peculiar to the climate. The orange and lemon are covered with fruit. The almond is now in bloom; a few trees are without leaves or blossoms. Among these I observed the fig, which in size and shape is not unlike the common pear tree. As we approached the mountains, we observed the olive planted in extensive

orchards, like the apple in America. The olive is ever-green, and at this season, adds greatly to the rich and verdant appearance of the country. Scattered orchards of this valuable tree are to be seen in all directions upon the plain, but rough and steep places are best adapted to its growth. On the sides of hills and mountains they nearly exclude all other trees. On account of its value, the olive is protected by law, and no man can destroy it, even upon his own grounds, without the permission of government. The tree is hardy, of slow growth, and great longevity. It is confidently stated that some orchards are now flourishing which were planted by the Sarracens. A small grove was pointed out to us whose history, we were well assured, could be traced back a thousand years.

This tree never acquires great size or height. The top is large and branching. Its decay commences at the root, and in some instances I observed the trunk cleft in two or three parts, each supporting its tuft of green foliage.

The plain, throughout its whole extent, is highly cultivated. The roads are narrow, traversing it in various directions, and separated from the fields by walls, in many places so high as to intercept the view of the surrounding country.

All the habitations, except the palaces, are small and filthy. In all places we met beggars, and before every door saw men and women covered with filth, and lousing one another. The country in every direction is enlivened with groves of orange, lemon, and a great variety of other fruit trees, which are planted in clumps, and have the varied appearance of forests. The mountains rise abruptly above the plain, with a bold and indiscribable beauty.

On our return, we stopped to examine the stone quarries which furnish the building materials for the city. They are situated in the plain, near the "Villa Favorite." A great number of laborers were employed in sawing stone, and in cutting it into proper masses for use. Before it is removed from the pit, it is soft, but hardens on exposure. It consists of an aggregate of sand and marine shells.

The water which supplies the fountains of Palermo is carried across this part of the country in aqueducts, which are laid under ground. Our attention was directed to a number of buildings of a pyramidal shape, which we found, on examination, to contain earthen tubes filled with water, and connected as reservoirs with the subterranean aqueducts. The pipes are about twelve inches in circumference, and made of burned clay, but are harder and of a finer quality than the same kind of ware, manufactured in America. These tubes are so placed in the pyramids as to constitute the principal mass of the buildings. They are from 30 to 60 feet in height. We passed fifteen or twenty of these singular hydraulic machines.

We were much surprised that earthen ware, which, in New-England, should be found sufficiently durable to be used for an extensive series of reservoirs above ground.

La Bagaria is eight miles north-east, but in full view of Palermo; situated on the opposite side of that part of the bay which extends before the Marina. The coast is not so good, nor the country so rich, as we passed yesterday in our ride to Il Colla. The village of La Bagaria consists of a small cluster of miserable houses and

three or four splendid palaces, whose possessors reside at Palermo during the winter. When we looked at this place from the Marina, we thought it a considerable city. It is so situated that every thing seems magnified from that point of view.

The Palace of the Prince Polonia, was mentioned to us as one of its principle objects of curiosity. We found it as whimsical and extravagant as represented by Brydson. The six hundred statues which he describes, are now diminished to about one hundred, and placed around a fountain, or on the roofs of some small buildings near the palace. They are sculptured in coarse, perishable stone, and time is rapidly demolishing them. In the collection still remaining, there is not a single statue which represents any living thing; but all are monsters—the strange creation of the builder, whose imagination seems to have been solely bent upon producing combinations odious to the eye, and outrageous to the established laws of nature.

On entering the palace, every thing surprises as much as its exterior decorations. The floor of one of the principal apartments is made with all the beautiful varieties of Sicilian marble, cut in diamond shape, and finely polished. The ceiling over head, and the sides of the room, are lined with foiled glass, and with marble so highly polished that the apartment presents a reflecting surface, which multiplies its own ornaments in a thousand forms.

Another saloon is finished with more expensive materials, and in a more ridiculous style. To the fine marble and foiled glass are added, columns, arches and urns, formed with various articles of China ware; such as tea-

pots, cups, saucers and plates, piled one upon another, and secured in their places with cement.

The furniture of this apartment is magnificently rich, and the profusion of precious stones employed in its various decorations, of incalculable value. An universal want of good taste however is most obvious. Possibly the design of the builder is accomplished in attracting the attention and producing the astonishment of every spectator.

At a palace near this, called the Queen's Palace, we experienced a different kind of surprize and delight in observing the good taste, and fitness of every thing. The buildings are simple in design, and though less costly than those we had just left, combine convenience and elegance. The view from the garden exceeds any thing of the kind I have ever seen. Language, painting, or the imagination, cannot do justice to this delightful prospect. The fertile gardens and splendid palaces of La Bagaria, are as full of enchantment as the fairest creation of the fancy of Tasso or Milton. Near these fields of Paradise, are bare rocks and bold precipices, ornamented with statues, chisselled into walks or covered with vines, as wealth and taste may have dictated. At a distance, the verdant valley is closed by rugged mountains, rising point over point till their snow clad summits reach the skies. At the utmost verge of the clear horizon we can distinguish the white top of Etna. The sea and the Lipari Isles bound the prospect on the left.

We hastened back to Palermo before it was quite dark, our servant and driver frequently reminding us, that there was the greatest danger of banditti, in passing the solitary road after sunset.

## LETTER V.

*Sabbath—An excursion—Lizards—Insects—Vineyards—Prickly pear—Public Square—The Opera—Ride to Mont Reale—Cathedral—Monastery—Landscape.*

Palermo, December 15/22

*Sunday.*—THE religious exercises at the churches are nearly the same on the Sabbath as on other days. After morning mass, the people repair to the *Marina*, the gardens, and other places of amusement. The wealthy, and fashionable, appear with their best equipages. On no occasion is the *Marina* so crowded; yet a regard to the day produces a decorum of manner which constantly reminds us of the Sabbath. The *Palermians* consider it a holiday, and observe it as a day of rejoicing. The priests mingle with the gay multitude, and cheerfulness and good order universally prevail. This, they consider the proper method of observing the Sabbath. As a sense of guilt never intrudes upon their amusements, they are not liable to indulge in them to great excess.

At 2 o'clock the *Corso* was fitted up like a vast saloon for the reception of company, and the balconies unusually crowded. While religious processions were passing, we were sorry to observe the shops open, and merchandize hawked about the streets. The fountains had been opened, as is customary in fair weather, and the water made to overflow the pavements; producing an agreeable freshness of the air. All was cheerfulness and gaiety. Even the beggars surrounded us with upstart and triumphant importunity, as if they expected that all men would be charitable on this happy day.



We rode in the morning into the rich and beautiful country, which extends to the eastward of Mont Reale. The views are more confined and limited, by the mountains, than on any road we have before taken; yet, from this circumstance, derive a character of solitude, and quiet, which induced us to prefer this, before all the excursions in the neighborhood, except that to La Bagaria. We stopped by the side of a small stream which is almost concealed by its high banks, and a thick growth of native shrubs.

Every thing we observed, was calculated to remind us that we were in a foreign land. The thicket was filled with plants we had never before seen, and with strange varieties of reptiles and insects. The lizard, an animal unknown in the northern part of America, darted from every wall and crevice of the rocks. The beetle, the locust and the earthworm, were much larger than I had before seen. Inside a prisoner a grass-hopper, which seemed to have lately passed, from the larva state, and was indeed a giant. The lizards vary in weight from a few grains, to five or six ounces. They are fond of basking in the sun, and can be always seen if approached with caution on the sunny side of walls, rocks, and every thing that can defend them from the wind. They are usually of a bright green colour, with white or yellow stripes on the back. When disturbed, they dart quickly out of sight, but soon return to the same place. They are very rapid in their motions, running without difficulty in all directions on the smooth sides of walls. There is something in the shape and appearance of this animal extremely disgusting, but we are told it is entirely harmless, and considered here as a favorite. The vineyards

we passed were so closely pruned, we supposed them fallow grounds, until I found by walking through them, that the short stalk of the vine was preserved, but so small we could not see the rows, from the road. The fields of wheat look finely. The prickly pear abounds in all waste places, and by the sides of the road. The olives cover the hills like forests.

16.—Looking from the window of our hotel, we have a view of the largest square in the city. It is an open area of about two acres, not ornamented with trees, fountains, or statues. It is not a place of resort for fashionable people, yet we frequently see it filled with the motly mass of population, exhibiting in a remarkable degree, the grotesque and peculiar manners, which distinguish the people of Palermo.

At this moment a number of groups are amusing themselves with a game which resembles the common play of marbles, except that balls are used, of the size of the common wicket ball. The market people, carrying baskets upon their heads, are crying their articles with voices loud, shrill, and an octave higher than I have been accustomed to hear the cries of men. Nearly all the well-dressed persons, belong to the various orders of monks. When engaged in conversation both priests and beggars make use of such constant and violent gesticulation, that Mrs. A. has thought them quarreling; yet their manners without exception, graceful. Children acquire it before they can articulate; even the dirty and half-dressed offspring of the Lazzareti, use proper gestures, as they pass the from the basket on their mother's shoulders. All seem to be full of vivacity as if electrified—and ~~and~~ though we can discover no indications of serious employment.

110 In the evening we followed the tide which was flowing towards the opera. The favorite performer at present is *Madam Dardanella*. The opera is the darling amusement of the Sicilians; and music the art in which they have almost excelled as well in ancient, as in modern times. The merit of *Madam D.* we understand is a theme of most serious moment, and excites as much interest as any topic at Palermo. She undoubtedly excels all others of her profession here; and though no connoisseurs we have often listened to her voice with great satisfaction. The performance of this evening, was probably, of the highest order. Notwithstanding the vast superiority of *Madam Dardanella*, no part seemed deficient. The auxiliaries all contributed to the general effect, while the chief interest and pleasure followed the heroine without violence or distraction, as she had no competitor. The company remained silent, and grave; as if serious business had been in hand. When *Madam D.* made her greatest and most successful efforts, there was a low murmur of applause, and two or three shouts of 'bravo.' The Palermitans never hint; never express, loudly, their applause.

115 During the interludes a person carried cold water and cakes through the avenues, crying "Aqua-gelata," which was the only refreshment offered. Mr. P. and myself took a second box, where we had a good opportunity to see both actors and audience. The pit was filled with well-dressed young men; the stillest, the most gentlemanly in appearance; and the most graceful in manners we had ever seen on a similar occasion. *Madam Dardanella* added to astonishing compass of voice; a personification of beauty and elegance. With inimitable

120 my of quae et Cold water.

green she floated like a spirit before the gazing multitude, charming all souls to silence. . . .

17. Mont Reale, which contains five or six thousand inhabitants, is seven miles from Palermo. It takes its name from the mountain on which it is situated. The road to this village has been built at immense expence, and is supported in many places upon arched vaults of solid masonry. In consequence of the steepness of the mountain, the road ascends in zigzag. At the angles are placed fountains, ornamented with sculptured marble, like those at Palermo. On the declivities of the mountain are some fine situations, to which, as to Mont Reale, the wealthy Palermitans retire during the heat of summer. The elevated situation of this village renders it cool and salubrious. The palaces are not so splendid as those at La Bagaria, and from the appearance of the buildings generally, we judged it could not be so much frequented, as a summer residence. What principally attracted our curiosity and observation, was the Cathedral, one of the most ancient churches of Sicily. The building was injured two years ago by a fire which destroyed a part of the roof. Repairs were soon commenced, and the work is still progressing. Nearly the whole of the inside of the church was covered with mosaic, pieces of which, the workmen had thrown down upon the pavement, and we were enabled to examine the material of which it was made. It proved to be coloured glass, not stone as we had supposed. The pieces which were wrought into the largest pictures, were about the fourth of an inch square, and either coloured or gilt. The gilding was defended by a thin film of glass like the glazing upon porcelain. The design of these mosaic paintings

ings is uniformly bad, and consists of bare outlines, which indicates their antiquity. The quantity of this work was so great that it nearly covered the walls and roof of this vast edifice. The doors of the church are of bronze, covered with well executed bas-relievos; the floors of polished marble; the altars of rich materials and exquisite workmanship. The galleries rest upon corinthian columns consisting of single shafts of granite. Every ornament, in a corresponding style of magnificence, is rendered venerable and imposing by age.

A wealthy monastery is attached to the church. We were permitted to walk through a few of its numerous apartments. At the entrance we were showed a historical picture on canvass, representing king William the good, discovering the hidden treasure of his father. This is the first good painting we have seen, and we must not doubt its value, since we are assured that 20,000 guineas have been lately refused for it. I cannot vouch for the truth of this statement, nor am I sufficiently acquainted with paintings to form the least idea of its merit. The erection of churches, temples and convents, like those we have viewed, must have required incalculable expenditures. How can so much money have been supplied in a country of small incomes, and limited commerce? By taxes upon superstition and credulity; the sale of indulgences, confiscations, tithes, and other revenues of the church. The pomp of the catholic religion requires that its temples should possess grandeur, and its observances have perpetuated a taste for magnificence in edifices and ornaments. When we left the church we were surrounded with beggars, so that it was not without considerable difficulty and delay we made our way through them. As I

was putting my hands into my pockets for biocos, my hat blew off, and I was so crowded by the Lazzaroni that I could not stoop to pick it up, but was under the necessity of waiting until it was handed to me.

From the brow of the mountain as we returned, we had an extensive view of the bay of Palermo, the city, and the surrounding country; but from a situation too elevated, as it gave to the landscape before us something of the flat and spiritless appearance of a map. The view is more extensive, but not so pleasing as that from La Bagaria, as there, you are nearly on the same level with the scenery, a part being above and a part below. The nearness of objects gives them life and reality.

## LETTER VI.

*Table talk—Churches—Situation of Palermo—General sketch of streets, markets, &c.*

Palermo, December 19, 20.

We have been confined one day by rain, and accepted an invitation to dine, which has marred another. We met an English party at Mr. I's. Mr. I. is a bachelor, and lives in a hired dwelling, yet an amount of expenditure which would not be considered great in any of our cities, enables him to occupy a palace. Our enquiries on this subject satisfied us that rents, and all expenses of living, are remarkably low.

A foreign merchant has lately been detected in an extensive fraud upon the custom-house. The English gentlemen here say that this will cost the delinquent fifteen

thousand ounces for bribes. They speak of bribing judges and commissioners as if it were a thing of course, and greet the accused as if nothing had happened. Our late consul, Mr. Gibbs, was a man of great influence, and had more dependents than any private individual in the island. At one time he could command more money than the Sicilian government, and was in the habit of loaning it large sums. His affairs became unexpectedly embarrassed, and before any one had supposed him in failing circumstances, he put an end to his own life. Such a disgraceful catastrophe was not sufficient to obliterate the favorable impression which his numerous and extensive business transactions had produced. The Sicilians, the Americans, and the English, still speak in the highest terms of his talents and character. The English do not speak favorably of the Palermitan merchants, or the government. The foreigner, above alluded to who has committed the fraud upon the custom-house, is said to combine the steadiness of an Englishman with the knavery of a Sicilian.

21. — We spent the morning in visiting churches, and palaces, in company with an English gentleman, who has resided several years in this city. We commenced with the Cathedral, and spent as much time in this and other remarkable edifices, as our plan for the day would permit. I fear that I shall entirely fail, in an attempt to communicate any of the interest which is naturally felt in viewing these splendid temples. The cathedral, or mother church, is the most remarkable of these buildings, but its external appearance is so unlike any edifice known to you and myself, that I can recollect no comparison in America. The style of the architecture is irregular, be-

ing a mixture of the Grecian orders, and Saracen. The entire exterior is of hewn stone. The ornaments are minute, and the general outline so complicated, that it appears like a pile of small edifices.

On entering it we found the interior divided into three aisles, or more properly two aisles and a nave. The aisles are separated from the nave by columns which support the galleries. There are no pews or seats. The floor is of polished marble.

A second open space like the nave crosses the first, before it reaches the end of the church opposite to the door, and gives the area of the edifice the form of a latin cross; this is called the transept. At the extremity of the nave is the principal altar, elevated a few steps above the pavement, and ornamented with precious stones, columns of marble, and the richest furniture of the church. At each extremity of the transept are altars, less elevated and decorated with comparatively less magnificence, which are used on ordinary occasions. The high altar is reserved for occasions of ceremony. In some instances there are other altars by the side of the aisles; if in deep recesses, they are called chapels. Funeral monuments are placed in every part of the churches, except near the altars, where no sculpture is admitted, unless it be purely ornamental.

The monuments of kings, princes, and patron saints, are placed in the cathedral, at the foot of the nave. The baptismal fount is also in this part of the church.

In every church we saw confessional chairs. They are made of wood, with high backs and sides, having ear holes where the confessor listens, while the penitent whispers his confession.



The doors of the church are open every day until evening, and people go in at all times to worship. After having touched the holy water and crossed themselves, they kneel in silence before the altars. There are no seats. I have not heard a sermon on any occasion, or any religious exercise except the mass. The churches are always neat, and perfumed with incense. No one enters without demonstrations of awe and respect, or presumes to interrupt the profound silence of the sanctuary. Even the Lazzaroni uncover and cross themselves at the threshold of the door.

There is a similarity in the design of all the churches. The less magnificent are copies of the greater churches, and very few are without some rich furniture or sculptured marble. The devout worshipper may forget, in the presence of elegance and magnificence, that he is himself poor, filthy, and miserable. Judging from the appearance of people in the churches, I should think them extremely devout.

22.—Palermo is one mile square, situated on a plain, and the streets intersect one another at right angles. The walls are thirty-five or forty feet in height, and firmly built. The four principal gates opening into the largest streets, are situated equidistant upon the four sides of the city. There are few buildings outside of the walls; of course the population, consisting of two hundred thousand souls, is crowded into a small compass. The streets are flagged, narrow, and without side walks. It is unnecessary to say that every corner is full of people to overflowing. The lanes and narrow passages are seldom neat. Mechanics, with a few exceptions, are classed, and each trade located in a particular section of the city. In one

place blacksmiths occupy every building on each side of the way; in another workers in wood, exclude every other trade:—Stone-cutters, sculptors and jewellers next are arranged, to the great convenience of those who purchase manufactured articles, and the good order and neatness of the city.

In the markets a want of cleanliness is universal. Meat is usually sold by persons who carry quarters or sides upon their shoulders, in many instances hanging to the ground and dragging in the mud.

New bread is piled in heaps upon the flag-stones, which having been overflowed in the morning, are covered with filth.

Mud, cast away vegetables, fragments of fish, and other unclean things, accumulate under foot, making the most unseemly combination imaginable.

We have always observed a variety of fish in the markets, an abundance of eggs, fresh butter, though not in plenty, artichokes, cauliflowers, and other vegetables. The meats are poor, but abundant; wild game plenty, cheap and excellent. We have lately seen green peas, though they are scarce.

At this season the fruits are, apples, grapes, figs, principally pears, pomegranates and strawberries. Oranges are not yet ripe, though we have seen them in the market within a few days. Grapes and figs have been long kept and are therefore scarce and dear.

Hearing by accident of an English brig in the harbor bound directly to Catania, I have concluded to avail myself of the opportunity which it affords of visiting that part of Sicily. On my return perhaps I shall again resume the exhaustless subject of Palermo.

## LETTER VII.

*Departure from Palermo—Faro of Messina—Calabrian and Sicilian coasts—Messina from the Faro—Sicilian coast and Etna, views of—Arrival at Catania—First view of Catania—Convent of St. Nicholas*

Brig Hero, off Faro of Messina,  
(Scylla and Charybdis) Dec. 25.

ON the morning of the 24th instant I embarked in the *Hind*, Capt. Krish, for Catania. The weather was favorable, and at 12 o'clock last night we were so near the Faro of Messina, that our Palermitan pilot thought it prudent to wait until day light. We are now, 6 o'clock, in sight of Scylla.

5 P. M. The wind was fair and we made for the Faro under easy sail. When about three miles distant we could perceive the roughness and agitation of the water. The Rock Scylla is on the Calabrian side. It is a steep promontory projecting into the sea. The vortex Charybdis is on the Sicilian side near Messina, and five or six miles from Scylla. Opposite Scylla, at the distance of three miles, is a low point, on the extremity of which is a round light tower by the Greeks called Faro. Hence the name of the pass. On the same side we observed a cluster of fishermen's huts, and on the summit of Scylla a fortress covering a small village. The Calabrian shore is mountainous and more bold than the opposite coast. Messina is situated twelve miles from Scylla, at the southern extremity of the Faro. We felt a degree of triumph as we entered this celebrated pass, on account of our perfect security. It presents no terrors to modern navigators.

The whirlpools effected us sensibly, but with a little exertion at the helm the ship kept steadily in its course. The ripple of the water at the edge of the vortices, resembles a strong tide flowing into a smooth river. At a distance of three miles we could hear the surf breaking against Scylla.

The mountains on the Calabrian side decline towards the sea with an easy descent, and are cultivated from the water's edge quite to their tops. Behind the first range the more distant summits rise higher and bolder, and are at this time covered with snow. On the Sicilian side the shore is not so high, but is thrown into parallel lines resembling the ramp walls of a fort. This, we presume is the effect of earthquakes. We were so near Messina that we could see the citadel and mole. The ground upon which the city is built rises like an amphitheatre, which enabled us to view its entire plan from the Faro. The houses are low, and have been so constructed since the great earthquake of 1643. They are less liable to be injured by earthquakes than more lofty edifices.

The weather was cloudy until about 4 o'clock. After we entered the Faro we had been able to see the base of Etna. In vain for several hours our eyes had sought its summit, when through the broken clouds and far above them, we suddenly discovered its awful head; clear, majestic, and bright with snow, its smoke curling away in immense volume, before the wind.

12 o'clock.—The night is clear and calm, the moon near the full. We have been frequently on deck to look at Etna. It is so far above us and so bright it seems to belong to a purer world. The mountains in its vicinity

ly, though high and steep, are diminished into mole hills in its awful presence. Etna stands in solitude.

26.—The wind has changed. I don't know how long we may be beating about before we reach Catania, now only twelve miles from us. We are near the islands of the Cyclops, so renowned in classic fable. They are small barren rocks of basaltic lava. In the direction of Etna this fine morning, the Cyclops form the fore ground of one of the most delightful pictures in nature. Directly behind them is the city of Miscaris, almost concealed from our view. A vast number of cottages, groves and gardens appear beyond, gradually diminishing in distance, until the houses seem small dots under the woody region of the mountain. Etna, with his clear head, towers above all, and

"Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world."

*Catania, 9 o'clock P. M.*

We arrived about 5 o'clock. The Catanians came down in a crowd upon the mole, tendering their services much like their countrymen at Palermo. Two young men came on board who can speak English, offering their services as guides and interpreters. I have engaged one of them.

Catania had once a good and spacious harbor, which was filled up by the eruption of lava which destroyed the city in 1669. The same eruption which filled up the old harbor formed the new one, where we are now anchored. Formerly there was a sufficient depth of water; it is now so shallow that Capt. Keith assures me he cannot ride out a storm here in safety, and must accordingly hasten his preparations to depart.

27.—It has rained incessantly all day; yet Signore Salvado Lombardo Buda, such is the long name of my

Cicerone, was faithful to his engagement, and made his appearance at an early hour. Notwithstanding the bad weather, we visited the Cathedral, the Museum of the Prince de Biscaris, and the Benedictine Convent of St. Nicolo. We examined in various parts of the city, the ruins caused by the earthquake of 1693, and the eruption of 1669. The streets being deluged with water, the appearance of the city was cheerless and dreary. To-morrow, I hope to see the same objects under more favorable circumstances.

28.—The Benedictine Convent of St. Nicolo was miraculously preserved from the torrent of lava which overwhelmed the city in 1669, by the efficacy of a nail of the Saviour's cross, which was carried around the building in solemn procession during the eruption. When the lava approached the walls it was staid in its progress. The relic is still preserved.

The buildings attached to this convent are the most magnificent of the kind I have yet seen, and Sig. Lombardo assures me it is the greatest monastery in Italy, and that its wealth is incalculable. The church is a vast temple which would be a pride, and a glory, to any country as a national edifice. Its walls are loaded with fine marble sculpture and paintings.

A number of priests were performing mass, accompanied by the organ which Brydone pronounced, long ago, superior to that of Haerlem. Its tone exceeded any instrument I have heard, and I am inclined to give full assent to his high praise of it. There were twenty or thirty persons engaged in performing mass, and six chorists; a ghostly interpreter and myself included.

## LETTER VIII.

*Signore Lombardo Buda—Elephant of lava—Prince de Biscaris—Story of his marriage—His garden—A dying Frenchman.*

Dec. 20.—My interpreter Buda once lived at Genoa, where he contracted, as he says, in consequence of exposure to cold, a complaint of the lungs. Five or six years since he removed to Sicily for the benefit of a milder climate, and with the hope of regaining his health. He resided one year at Messina. From, an apparently hopeless consumption he recovered such a degree of health that he was able to enlist in Lord Bentick's army while that nobleman had possession of Sicily. For two years he served on board several ships; where he learned the English language, and acquired the rank of lieutenant, with the privilege of wearing naval buttons on his coat, which he displays in triumph to this present time. He speaks English tolerably well; and quotes Lord Bentick, the Prince de Biscaris and the chevalier Giovanni, so very often that I can hardly keep him long enough upon the subject before he gains such information from him as he seems well qualified to give. He intends to publish a translation of some English treatise on medicine, and I have agreed to write from Palermo after my return, if I find a work there which I can recommend to him as worthy his attention. It is stipulated also that I shall direct to Signor Lombardo Buda, &c. American vice-consul Catania—that he is at present American vice-consul, but he has made application in the regular way for that purpose, and he has no doubt of his being so

appointed before my letter shall reach him. I found this a point of no trifling moment, so I made no objection to conceding it. The climate has done for him what is usually to be expected in such cases. Without removing the cause of his disorder it has suspended his fate, and put off the catastrophe which awaits him. His countenance retains the strong and peculiar marks of a consumptive habit. His breath is short—chest narrow, nose hooked. I allow him to take my arm, and he hangs upon me like a skeleton, reminding me at the same time of my profession and my mortality. Capt. K, as large as a ton, and his small wife, joined us at the mole. We went through the principal streets, which are wide and extremely well built. The largest street leads from the bay nearly west, and commands a view of the mountain and the sea. The city has an airy and cheerful appearance, and the glorious summit of Etna seems to shine into every avenue. The mountain is always before our eyes—the streets are wider, and the situation of the city better than that of Palermo. Sig. Lombardo is certain that no city in Italy is so magnificent, with the exception of "immortal Rome."

The principal square is nearly in the centre of the city, and is ornamented with a large fountain, the basin of which is placed by the side of a pedestal which supports an elephant, sculptured out of a vast block of lava. It is of colossal dimensions and an admirable representation of the animal. The surface is left in its natural porous state without polish, so as to resemble the rough skin of the elephant. The tusks are of white marble. The flag-pavement under our feet was laid with square blocks of lava. No other stone is employed in buildings or walls.



We continued our walk through the city in the direction toward Etna, to view the gardens and unfinished palaces of the Prince de Biscaris. The present Prince is the son of the Prince de Biscaris mentioned with so much respect by Spallanzani. The father established the first museum in the city. His immense incomes were employed with great liberality upon objects of public improvement, and procured for him universal respect and esteem. His extensive charities endeared him to the lower classes; his politeness, learning and urbanity, procured him the love and veneration of the nobility. After his death, the alliance of his son, the present incumbent, was sought by the Prince \* \* \*, who wished him to marry his daughter. Being defeated in his attempts to effect this by fair negotiation, he directed his daughter to send for the young Prince and request a private interview. The invitation was accepted without suspicion. While he remained with the young lady in her own apartments, her father entered, and pretended the greatest surprize and indignation at finding him with his daughter without his knowledge and consent. After remonstrating with him in terms of the severest reproach, he declared that he must now save his family from disgrace by taking his daughter in marriage. Such were the chivalric notions of the Catanian nobleman, that he believed himself in honor bound to comply with this unreasonable demand. The nuptials were celebrated, but he refused to receive his wife to his bed, and she has resided in separate apartments of the palace, except when she has been under the necessity of seeking an asylum from his severity, at her father's house.

The prince is morose and unsocial; has few servants, and associates little, if at all, with the nobility of Catania. His family consists of a younger brother, and a cousin, a merchant of Malta. His immense incomes are at present consumed in the idle waste of his stables, theatres, and various establishments, which are not of public utility. The numerous poor, no longer share the beauty of the favorite title. Yet the people impute the morose and unsocial character of the Prince to his unfortunate marriage, and their dislike is tempered with that feeling of sympathy, which misfortune usually begets.

Sig. Lombardo is answerable for the truth of this story, which now brought us to the entrance of the garden, which is the most extensive in the vicinity of Catania. It is half as large as the public garden of Palermo, and being built upon the lava of 1669, has an unevenness and variety of surface, which it is impossible for art to supply. There are many fountains, but none so large or so expensively ornamented as those at Palermo. The plants and ornamental trees are scattered indiscriminately, another cause of agreeable variety. Signore, our learned Cicerone, still continued his character of the Painter. "He neglects this garden and you see it overgrown with weeds. The extensive foundation of this edifice which was commenced by his father, is but a pile of ruins. The spirit it that would have fulfilled, and realised, its magnificent design, is asleep in the dust."

As we returned through the city we visited a large and airy hospital, which we found neat and well arranged. The wards are large and without partitions. In one of them an old Frenchman was breathing his last, without attracting notice, or pity. An attendant went to his

conscious, and shook him, to ascertain whether he was yet dead. The dying man gazed upon us with that strange expression of vacancy, and fixedness, which characterizes the last agony of life. I could accuse his attendants of more inhumanity, than that of not watching his last moments. I saw the evident good arrangement and abundance of every thing. I yielded my full assent to Buda's English protest of the establishment. Great attention to the rich, as practiced as a religious observance.

#### LETTER IX.

*Church of St. Nicoloso—Mass and music—Lava of 1669, covered the City—Monte Rosso—Attempt at theft and its punishment—Afflictions of Buda—Theatre of Prince de Biscaris—St. Nicoloso—The Organ—Relinquish visiting Etna—Museums—Roads and travelling in the interior.*

Catania, December 30.

I went early with my lieutenant Buda to attend mass at the church of St. Nicoloso, and to listen to the music of the celebrated organ. After mass, I communicated through Buda a request that the musician might play some good common church music, with which he civilly complied.

In the worship of this house there is something peculiarly grand and imposing. The traveller kneels with the Catholic in this magnificent temple, and forgets that he is a stranger, when worshipping before the God of all nations. The morning devotions soon ended, the few persons who

had entered St. Nicoloso with us, joined the parties in the streets and the gardens, and as before noticed, the day bath was spent in various amusements.

The particular object of our observation, after leaving the church, was the great field of lava formed by the eruption of 1669. From the balconies of the convent we had before surveyed the track and extent of this disastrous eruption. This monastery stands just within the ancient walls of Catania, and not far from the point where the lava approached the city. Both to the right and left of this point, the lava buried the wall, overwhelming with it all the buildings in its range down to the water, and even filled up the harbor. From Monte Rosso, which was formed by this eruption, the lava extended a distance of fifteen English miles to the walls of Catania. All the southern quarter of the city was buried, except the convent of St. Nicoloso, and a few buildings behind it, which escaped in consequence of the lava's dividing into two streams, as it passed across the inclined plain of the city, towards the sea. The lava approached the wall opposite this convent, and after having risen above the height of sixty feet, and even projecting its fused mass, so as almost to touch the building, was unaccountably stayed in its progress. That it was here stayed, the Benedictines believe was owing to the efficacy of their most valued relic, one of the nails of the Saviour's cross, which was carried around the church in solemn procession during the eruption. The half of the city, which was not overwhelmed, was preserved by the veil of St. Agatha, which was displayed in the direction from whence the eruption threatened. St. Agatha is the patron saint of the city to this day.

**Monte Rosso**, which is more than 800 feet in height, was formed entirely by this eruption. It is at the foot of Etna. The great field of lava, on which modern Catania is built, extends of course to this mountain, and as we look towards it, presents a rough, uneven surface, much resembling the dark waves of the sea in cloudy weather. It produces considerable vegetation, but not enough to conceal the blackness of the lava.

At 2 o'clock we returned on board our brig. A Catanian, had attempted to steal some brush-wood, which had been laid upon the quay to be used in stowing the cargo, which I find is to be Barylla.

Capt. Keith informed me, that his sailors had received a small allowance of money last evening, and one of them, after a carouse in the city, had returned in a state of intoxication. As he staggered towards the ship he was followed by a Catanian, who attempted to pick his pockets. Another sailor, who happened to be sober, discovered his intention in season to prevent his companion from being robbed. Like a true jack-tar, he pushed the poor rogue into the sea. He escaped from his cold bath with some difficulty, and with the loss of his loose coat, which was brought on board as a trophy.

Signor Lombardo, seemed dull and full of anxiety all the morning. At length he opened his budget of sorrows. His eldest child was sick, and his wife had been brought to bed of a monster.

In the evening, we attended the theatre of the Prince de Biscaris. The entertainment was not of the most select kind. The Prince was present; and his face a pretty good comment on the character we had heard of him. Buda attended us late, and repeated his queries about his

lump. Nature, for it was so monstrous, be-fathered his wife would be subjected to injurious suspicions. I assured him there was no danger from such persons, as knew their husband, and I presumed the public would make great allowances for the caprice of nature.

31.—I commenced the day at the church of St. Nicol-son; attracted there by the hope of listening to the tones of that matchless organ. The doors were already opened, though it was scarcely day-light, and the music filled the holy place with a force and melody, indiacribable. I can imagine no comparison but the harmony of angels before the throne of the Almighty.

The business of the morning was to make a final determination on the subject of visiting Etna; and we are sorry to learn that the season is so advanced, and the snow so deep as to render it impossible. I have accordingly relinquished the intention, and have only to make the most of my time in examining objects near at hand. I have visited, a second time, the museums of the Prince de Biscarie and the Chevalier Giovanni. In the first is a collection of ancient armor, Roman, Sicilian, Carthaginian and Grecian. It is arranged in a spacious saloon, with such weapons of war as are supposed to have been of the same periods. These remains refer the spectator to ages when Sicily was the theatre of bloody wars, either waged by her own governments, or a scene for the contests of more powerful nations. For many centuries, this island has not been visited by war. It may perhaps be owing, principally to this cause, that civilization is almost confined to the populous cities.

The roads in the interior are in the most neglected condition. I have thought of returning to Palermo by

land; but I had on enquiry, that, should I undertake this journey, it would be necessary to employ a guard, and to carry provisions; probably to encamp in the open air, during the night; and that the Sicilians, seldom undertake such a long and hazardous pilgrimage.

When Sicily was warlike, it was also civilized. The spoils of its cities were among the early trophies of Roman valor; and when removed to Italy, contributed greatly to form a taste for the fine arts, in which the Romans so much excelled. Syracuse was celebrated for its learning, philosophy, and power, long before the period of Roman greatness. But these are themes for those who have leisure and learning; ours must be a passing sketch.

In another saloon of the palace of the Prince de Biscan, is a collection of capitals, statues, and various sculptured marbles, which have been recovered from the ruins of ancient Catania. Many of them are beautifully executed; but are principally valued as authentic and ancient specimens of Grecian and Carthaginian sculpture. There is also a large collection of ancient utensils, vases and medals. Among the works in terra cotta, or burned clay, are some vases of uncommon elegance.

Having at hour unengaged, I examined some tracts of lava near the bay; particularly the promontory which forms the south side of the little harbor. It is black, rough, and full of fissures, and the surface porous like pumice stone. The progress of this immense eruption was not rapid; but so slow that it was compared to the creeping of insects. Where nothing interrupted its course, the side of the hardened lava is twenty or thirty feet in height, and perpendicular, like a wall.

By ourself I of guidance to the bay.

In many places where there is no soil perceptible, some vegetables are sustained, but not enough to constitute a general black and barren appearance. I entered the harbor in a boat, and intended to have walked upon the lava, but found the fissures so deep and the surface so rough, that I could not pass over to the opposite side, though the distance was less than half a mile. I frequently got into chasms so deep that I lost sight of the city, the sea, and the mountain. Not far from the mole, where our ship is anchored, the lava is blasted for the purpose of obtaining blocks for building. It is easily wrought, and makes durable walls. At the bottom of these cavities it is compact and without fissures; though near the surface, where it was not, when cooling, under a high degree of pressure, it is so porous to be fit for the purpose of building.

#### LETTER X.

*New-year's view—Buda's ills—The captain's report—Descent into ancient Catania—View from the bay—Remarks.*

Jan. 1.—We take no note of time. This date however, reminds me of the commencement of another year, and that it is the season we have been accustomed to call winter. How unlike my own country and my past recollections, is every thing around me! The weather is as mild as the month of May in New-England. The almond, and a variety of fruit trees are in blossom, and the nature is clothed in the dress of spring. As I look toward



some of the whole country between Catania and the mountains is covered with verdure. The standard of the unpolished winter dress, but it is another world. On our faithful attendant came to the door, and without ceremony. His master had been interested in our journey, and he remained disconsolate. I ordered him in the best way I could, and promised him my attention in detail, as we pursued our perambulation of the city. We spent two hours again, in the immense cabinet of the Girardin, Giovanni, examining the productions of the saloons of the Mediterranean, as well as the pearls, corals, and precious stones. There is a library connected with the museum in which we observed many English books. We also visited a large silk manufactory. Silk fabrics are among the chief articles of the exportation of Catania. There were about 200 persons of the most squalid and miserable appearance employed in this manufactory; but so far as we could discover, nothing remarkable in its machinery or arrangement. When walking through the streets, we perceived we were followed by boys and beggars as objects of curiosity. This is not much to be wondered at; for my large friend the Captain, his little wife, a lass of about twenty years, and my ghost Buda, formed the party.

The Captain has been loading his brig with Barylla, and he assures me that notwithstanding a guard of two persons has attended each load from the store-house to the mole, there has been pilfering of that coarse article. How poor must the wretches be to steal such trash! Capt. Keith has bought provision at a low price, and of superior quality. The wines are better flavored than in the neighborhood of Palermo. Bees are almost unknown.

at Palermo. We see here, a small breed with remarkably large horns. Fresh beef is seldom seen in the markets of this city, or Palermo. If they ever have corned at Palermo it is brought from Naples. The butter purchased for one table while there, was from the dairy of the Rector, the Prince d'Aci, and is not an article in common use. The Palermitans drink goat's milk with (bais) coffee, and make, with it, cheese of a very inferior quality? "

It is not common for a ship, of the burthen of six, to lie in this small harbor. The Captain who reports, that the Catanians have visited him every day to look into his great ship; and that the ladies have not deemed it unworthy of their curiosity.

Jan. 2.—With my ghostly lieutenant and a Christian Cicerone, I descended to view the excavations which were made by the late Prince de Biscaria, among the ruins of ancient Catania. Near the portal of the Cathedral the super-incumbent lava has been perforated, and descended by a narrow stair way into the centre of the ancient bath. The plaister on the walls, and some delicate ornaments in stucco, still remain entire. The sound of carriages rattling upon the pavement, over our heads, disturbed the stillness of the dark cavern, and reminded us of the fearful change that had been wrought by the eruptions of Etna!

We visited an ancient theatre which was discovered by the same Prince. It was a vast edifice, as much as we could see, (for the arena was filled with water) was built with masses of lava. Ancient Catania was distinguished for the number, magnitude, and splendor of its edifices. Those who have studied them minutely, have discovered a source of peculiar interest in their architecture.

Macdonald states, that "Catania was already a city when the Tyrians, attracted by the commerce they had begun to carry on with the inhabitants, made a successful attempt to establish themselves there, and expelled the natives, long before the foundation of Syracuse. Alcibiades afterwards surprised it in the expedition of the Athenians into Sicily, while Nicias was laying siege to Syracuse."

It was taken in the first Punic war by Valerius Maximus, in the 490th year of Rome, and became a Roman colony. In succeeding ages it followed the fate of Sicily, and was laid waste by the Saracens."

The eruption of 1669, destroyed a great part of the city, but spared the inhabitants; the advance of the lava along the level plain from the foot of Etna, being so gradual as to give them time to escape. A more terrible disaster awaited them twenty-four years after, when thirteen thousand people were instantaneously destroyed by an earthquake. A few solid edifices resisted the shock. The convent of St. Nicolo, so miraculously preserved from the lava, withstood the earthquake so as to be susceptible of repair, and became an object of renewed veneration. It was many years after the return of the inhabitants to Catania, before they ceased to erect low buildings, like those of the present day at Messina. The modern buildings are lofty, and the people seem to have at length forgotten that dreadful calamity.

Our last excursion was in a boat to view the promontory of lava which forms the south side of the bay. We passed its most projecting point, bounded by a smooth yellow beach, nearly level, or undulating in gentle swells, and covered with verdure. At a little distance from this

point, the spectator beholds this wonderful scene, with a more lively consciousness of the changes which Etna has wrought, than from any other point of view. On one side and so near, what Sicily was, before her highlands were covered by the black and barren lava; on the other, the new creation, dark, waste and ruinous. Beyond; white and serene, the cone of Etna is traced upon the clear blue sky; the spires and domes of Catania, arise before us in their varied forms, surrounded by all that is delightful in the environs of this lovely city. "Glad I would walk thee round" a little longer! but I am warned by our captain that we must depart to-morrow.

I have hardly seen enough to justify me in making a remark upon the general character of the Catanians, yet I must observe they appear less beggarly than the Palermitans.

In the streets we were always treated with deference as strangers. Our ghost Buda assured us every moment that all places were free to our curiosity, and that the Princes and Barons were proud to open their doors to foreigners. At all places we have been permitted to enter, and have received every proper and kind civility.

Capt. Keith came here upon business, and my contract with him is to obey his convenience. I hope some wind, adverse to his destination, will blow us to Syracuse or Messina, or where it will, so we linger on this fairy coast.

## LETTER XI.

*Departure from Catania—Voyage through the Faro of Messina, a squall there—A water spout—The Lipari Islands—Strombolo—A gale—Arrival at Palermo.*

Brig Hero, at Sea, Jan. 4, 1817.

WE sailed from Catania on the evening of the 2d inst. As there was little wind we cast anchor, and remained in sight of that city during the night. Yesterday morning a breeze from the south enabled us to make a small part of our voyage. The weather has been delightful. Etna seems as near as when we left Catania. The high mountains of Calabria are covered with snow.

As we pass near each coast, we can distinguish the dark green verdure, covering the plains and the gentle slopes of the mountains; while the steep places are continually barren. The beds of the rivers are wide, and dry enough to be used as roads. The naked mountains look old in their barrenness. The wind, now a head, is barely sufficient to fill our sails; we are beating lazily towards the Faro of Messina. The Calabrian mountains appear to touch the shore of Sicily, and close the pass before us.

5.—The weather continued only until twilight, when we entered the Faro. The sky became overcast, and as the moon had not yet risen, the evening was extremely dark. After we had passed Messina we were alarmed by a sudden and violent squall. All hands were instantly employed in shortening sail, but the wind came from such a point that it was impossible for us to keep our course. We were barely able to weather Scylla. The wind continued all night strong from the west, and it was

a question whether we should not return through the Faro, to avoid being driven upon the rocky coast of Calabria. At six the wind abated, and with the favor of more propitious gales we are now, 12 o'clock, in sight of the Lipari isles. Etna, clear of clouds, is yet over our heads. Volcano and Strombolo are casting forth volumes of smoke. The weather is again delightful, though we have just observed a water spout near us, which has alarmed our Sicilian pilot. He assures us it is a sign of a violent gale. The motion of the air which produces this beautiful phenomenon, is similar to the whirlwind that so frequently raises the dust in roads and sandy places. The unbroken expanse of the ocean, gives to such currents of air, an extent and force, which they are prevented from acquiring by the inequalities of the surface of the earth. The sea was much agitated by this whirlwind, and the spray, which formed the water spout, was so dense as to have the appearance of a continued sheet, for many fathoms higher than the mast of our ship. The column of water moved rapidly, and varied perceptibly in size as the wind increased or diminished. No cloud was produced, though the water formed a mist, resembling smoke, which soon disappeared.

Our Sicilian pilot, who is our oracle, since Sig. Lombardo; says, that Volcano has not been known to smoke as much as at present, for many years, and he likes not its omen. This is the island which gave a name in our language to the most tremendous phenomenon in nature, yet the fire which has been burning forever, still burns. We are within ten miles of Volcano, and it is almost concealed in its own smoke!

All the Lipari isles are of volcanic origin. Lipari, the largest, has a city of the same name, containing ten thousand inhabitants. We can now view this city very distinctly with our small ship telescope. We have the authority of Spallanzani, for believing it more ancient than ancient Troy. Vulcan's tremendous forge, was located under these islands. The god of the winds dwelt at *Æolia*, now in sight. The shores of all these islands are nearly perpendicular, and the centre of each rises into two, three, or more conical summits. They appear black and barren, though we can discover houses and villages in the valleys. A volcanic soil is always fertile. These islands are well known to produce all the grains and fruits of the neighboring countries, in the greatest perfection. The grapes are superior to those of Sicily. The climate is fine, beyond example. The Lipari isles are too small to invite aggression of any kind, and appear to us the perpetual abodes of peace and happiness. Perhaps it is wise to pass on and not enquire more minutely into their history.

4 o'clock.—We are now between Strombolo and a small cluster of bare rocks, called the Panara Isles. The shores of all the islands are very steep, but these insulated masses rise to a great height, and present a most singular appearance. One looks like a ship at anchor, another like a tower, another like an enchanted castle. The steep precipice which forms the side of one of these islands near us, seems to consist of regular columns, which are basaltic of immense size and height.

Strombolo, the only volcano at present in a state of activity, is also the highest of the Lipari islands. It is a single cone not exceeding four leagues in circumference, but rising to such a height that the clouds which gather

around it, are considerably below the level of its crater. Its smoke curls upward a short time and then falls below the summit, forming a dense cloud so low as to intercept our view of the volcano. We can distinctly hear the explosion which attends each emission of smoke, though we cannot yet perceive the flame or the lava.

8 o'clock.—As we approached Stromboli the crater became visible. It is a little below the summit but on the west side. Before it was yet dark we could see the flames, and hear the explosions at intervals of eight or ten minutes, resembling the report of cannon, or volleys of musketry; every report is accompanied with a quantity of smoky matter which is thrown to an immense height into the air; then rolls down the side of the mountain and falls hissing into the ocean.

The lava does not flow from the crater like molten matter, but falling after having been thrown into the air in confused masses, rolls from precipice to precipice down the steep side of the mountain and reaches the water before it loses its red heat.

10 o'clock.—During a part of the evening the mountain has been covered with thick clouds, which when illuminated by an explosion, seems like a curtain of smoke thrown over the very gates of the infernal world. One Sicilian pilot believes this to be the habitation of the damned. The idea is very natural. Few were so objects in nature can be more calculated to excite terror. The flame which issues from the mountain is of a peculiar dark, red colour. Evidently, there is no combustion or blaze. The light is caused by the intense degree of heat. This volcano differs from all others in one very remarkable particular. It is the only one in the world which is often looked at in the day.



disquietudes. It is far as its history can be traced, it has been in a state of activity.

For considerable time the clouds have been thickening, and it is now, 12 o'clock, only visible when illuminated by an eruption. A wind has sprung up from the west which compels us to shorten sail and change our course.

At the last date we little dreamed what perils awaited us. We had barely time to put the ship in readiness, before the wind blew a hurricane, and fully justified our pilot's predictions. The storm increased during the whole night, and we lost several small sails. At 6 o'clock the fore and aft mainsail gave way. This had not been so much supplied, than our only remaining fore and aft mainsail was torn into a thousand pieces. As this was the mainsail upon which we principally depended, its loss caused considerable consternation. At this moment the thick mist which had enveloped us cleared a little, and we discovered that we were within two miles, and to the windward, of the Panara Isles. Crippled as we were, it appeared to us we were in great danger, more especially as the ship had not recovered its regular motion since the loss of the large sail; but fortunately, the momentary view of these small islands enabled us to get under their lee, and with the other Lapani islands, afforded us shelter during almost the whole of the day. The storm however, continued, but abated in the evening, and the wind changed to the north. We are in sight of Palermo harbor, but the rough sea caused by the late storm continues, and the wind is not sufficient to fill our sails. These who have often rocked in the calm which succeeds to a violent tem-

port knew how to appreciate the comfort of our more-  
 1821 to 1822

2 o'clock. At ten we were becalmed in the mouth of  
 the harbor, and in danger of being driven against the  
 rocky point towards La Bagnarà. This last danger past,  
 a light breeze sprang up, and we rode into the anchorage  
 ground, rejoicing—and thus my log book ends.

## LETTER XII.

Mr. A. attended by a Palermitan physician—Music and  
 devotion of the Palermitans—The Opera—Madame  
 Dardanella—Manners of the opera—Sicily and  
 Temperature of Sicily compared with New-England  
 and its relation to human life—A magnificent  
 religious procession.

I found my friends at Palermo in good health and  
 spirits except Mr. A. who was just recovering from a se-  
 vere illness which had been induced by imprudent fati-  
 gue. His kind and judicious physician, Sig. Patronejo,  
 a Palermitan, had afforded him every possible assistance.  
 The sound sense and quick discrimination of this oblige-  
 gentleman demanded our entire respect and confidence, and  
 gave us a high idea of the science, and acuteness of his  
 countrymen. We have been a little surprised to learn  
 that the regular charge of a physician for a visit to a pa-  
 tient of the standing of merchants, is three shillings or three  
 pence four cents. I presume this does not represent the  
 of the profession so much as it does the poverty and the  
 uncommercial character of the Palermitans.

many of the patients are regularly instructed in medicine, and gratuitous care of the sick forms a part of their parental duty. It is a custom among the higher orders of gentility, to watch with the poorest sick, and to send medical officers for them in the hospitals, as a religious obligation. In addition to the personal aid they afford, their example makes it a fashion to practice kindness and humanity. I am confirmed in the observation made at Catania, that the sick are well treated in Sicily.

The Palermitans have always been celebrated on account of their fondness for vocal and instrumental music. At all hours of the day we hear voices and instruments, which would astonish the most refined circles in America. The Lazzaroni form parties under the walls, and sing or play before the pictures of the virgin. Their songs are usually devotional. The lowest beggar shares the consolations of religion, and is capable of enjoying the pleasures of music. With the simple pathos of his song he enlightens the fervency of worship, and is equally affected by the charms of melody and the mysteries of religion. His religion is a passion which controls him strongly when quiet, but is inconstant: his love of music, and his exquisite discrimination in it, is the necessary consequence of the physical conformation of his body and mind. And I learned this evening to a Sicilian in the habit of a pilgrim, who was singing before an image of the blessed virgin, I observed the Palermitans flocking to their usual amusement, and I followed the crowd to the all attracting opera, to *Madama Barchetta*, the idol of the city, made her appearance in one of her favorite characters. I happened to be seated where I could observe the faces of the great crowd which filled the pit. Their eyes were intent

upon the play; and as they listened in silence—indeed, emotion and passion, were depicted in their countenances as the plot progressed, with a more obvious and lively expression, than I ever before witnessed. A painter might have made it a study of the passions. I was seated in one of the avenues, where I was frequently incommoded by persons who passed by, but I have reason to confess however, that I was jostled with great civility. The good manners, the elegance, and even the beauty of the young men, cannot be denied. I can hardly say as much for the ladies, though their manners in public are entirely unexceptionable. According to the Sicilian standard of beauty, a belle must be short, fleshy, and high coloured. Such most of them are, and all incline strongly to the brunette. Their dress is rather open, the folds of drapery being so disposed as not to conceal, but to improve the form; and combine modesty with elegance. They wear their hair parted on their foreheads, and sparkling with diamonds. They have the appearance of perfect health and never failing vivacity.

14.—We have been two days confined by rain. This morning the sky is clear, and in consequence of a light wind, a delightful temperature. The southern wind is much dreaded in summer but welcomed with joy during the winter. It always causes an increase of heat, but is never of long continuance. It is supposed to derive its heat from the deserts of Africa. The accuracy of this conjecture certainly admits of many doubts. It seems to be of too short duration to have created a heated atmosphere over such an extent of ocean and land. Brydone states that the mercury rose in one instance dur-

ing his summer residence at Palermo, to 112 Fahrenheit. This is considered a most extraordinary fact, if correct. 100 is called a very high temperature in this city, and is seldom exceeded. The usual range of the mercury during the summer is from 75 to 85. In the winter from 50 to 65. (The freezing point, and 100 may be considered the utmost extremes in common seasons, leaving a range of 68.) In New-England we have 100 above and 20 below its own range of 120. Our climate then, is inclement when compared with that of Sicily as 120 to 68. The milder climate is undoubtedly most favorable to human life. Accordingly the inhabitants of Sicily will be found to be more healthy than the people of New-England, with the exception of such diseases as depend upon local and accidental causes, as contagion, miasm, animal and vegetable exhalations, &c. Acute inflammations, scrophula, and consumption, the spectre of northern regions, are almost unknown in this island.

Jan 19.—The Carnival commenced on the 12th, but our Anglo-Sicilian friends kindly informed us that it was unfashionable, and ungentee, to attend the masquerade during the first week; we have consequently avoided seeing the strange farce until this evening. At one of the largest theatres, the seats were removed from the pit, which was occupied by the masques. Visitors and unmasked spectators as usual, were seated in the boxes and galleries.

All who entered the pit were in masques, and each seemed made up to sustain some assumed character, and endeavored to add to the general amusement, by his gesticulations. Priests, lawyers, doctors, merchants, and even bankers, were caricatured and ridiculed. Oth-

one were dressed in splendid antique armature, others walked to display a fine person; others, the graceful outlines of female beauty in the costume of antiquity, sustaining all liberties with the human form for the sake of elegance. Some stalked about the stage to astonish with the display of muscular strength and brawny limbs. No one spoke unless it was a masque to a spectator unmasked.— Their intercourse was by gestures, bows, &c. which afforded constant opportunities for the display of that cast and energy of action, for which the Sicilians are so remarkable. The accomplished person and the clown could be easily distinguished by the disparity of grades.

The great object of all, seemed to be a display of elegance of person or manners. We were astonished at the high effect they were able to give to this dumb show, and at the shades and varieties of character which could be disclosed by such an exhibition.

The cheerfulness and good humour of the party was without interruption. Men and women engaged in affected amours, pursuing, retreating, and pretending to distinguish, with a voluptuousness of manners on the confidence, but (considering it was a masquerade,) always within the bounds of decency.

This was the first act of the play. As the soft strains of music now came in and occupied the orchestra, they commenced suddenly with a bold and full strain of music which "caught with ravishment the thronging audience," all the pantomime was changed to attention, until the prelude ended. The curtain now rose, the stage was filled by twenty or thirty dancers, male and female, holding wreaths of flowers in their hands and kneeling before a statue of Bacchus. To the sound of music all approach-

ed the statues, casting their flowers at its feet, while one of their number placed upon its brow a crown of myrtle, and the dance recommenced.

37 We did not wait to witness the close of the amusement of the evening, but retired sooner fatigued than from the most party, the opera.

THE.—The carnival has given a novel appearance to all the groups in the streets. Panchinella is a character of increased consequence and success. The Lazzaroni are admitted to countenances and buffoons.

Even the religious processions partake of the ridicule of the occasion. There was a singular exhibition of this kind to-day. Priests, monks, citizens of all descriptions, women and children, formed a long procession and crossed the city in various directions. They carried a large golden image, holding a bunch of grapes in one hand and a wand in the other. Next followed an image of silver with a cross, then a pall of crimson velvet supported on a staff, after this a cross of silver. At short intervals through the long procession were carried banners with Latin inscriptions. Candelabras, crosses, and other rich ornaments from the churches. The priests were in the dresses of their several orders—black, grey, crowned, canted caps without cowls; all preceded by two files of white mace-bearers and martial music.

[illegible]

## LETTER XIII.

*Sicilian diving—Excursion to the shrine of St. Rosalia—Mt. Purgatorio—Provincial peculiarities of Catania.*

Palermo, January 21.

"MANY tales have been told of Sicilian diving. A man at Catania astonished me so much by his power and audacity in the water, that I believed, I should be able to produce a wonderful story on this subject. The Sicilians are very athletic, are much in the sea taking fish with nets, and adventuring in small boats; the water is always warm; why should they not swim? Not long since an English ship, having sprung a leak, put into the harbor of Palermo in distress. The captain commenced discharging his cargo, for the purpose of careening and repairing her. A Sicilian observing this, offered for a trifling compensation, to stop the leak by diving; which he effected. The extent and situation of the injury was such, as in the estimation of a judicious Englishman, rendered the undertaking ridiculous and hopeless.

I have been able to record no better story of Sicilian diving. A sirocco, superadded to a warm day, blew heat and stupidity upon us.

22.—We had experienced too many of the repellent of Palermo, to feel willing to depart from so delightful a city without paying our respects to its patron saint.

Accordingly a party was formed to-day for the purpose of visiting the shrine of St. Rosalia. Our friends had kindly provided sedan chairs for the ladies, and donkeys for the gentlemen, which we found ready for us.



when we arrived at the foot of the mountain. The chapel of St. Rosalia, is situated on the summit of Mount Pergrino, near Palermo. All was soon prepared for the ascent; the ladies bestowed in the sedan chairs, and the gentlemen each furnished with a donkey.

As a donkey was provided for me by a friend, I could do no less than accept of the diminutive animal, though I felt almost able to bear him on my own shoulders. He discovered his inability to carry me full soon, and refused to proceed. When the servant endeavored to urge him forward, he threw himself down upon the road where he remained until we got out of sight, in spite of all endeavors to whip him up.

The ladies soon tired of their sedans; the donkeys were all discarded, and the excursion continued on foot.

We rested a moment at a small lodge half way up the ascent, where the keeper of the gate expects a few *Grains* for the sake of St. Rosalia.

In a valley near the top of the mountain, which commands no extent of view except of the heavens, we found the church, small and poor, for the termination of the pilgrimage of so many votaries. It is built over the cavern where the bones of St. Rosalia were discovered. An image of marble reclines in the situation, whence the precious remains were taken.

Under the principal altar, also in a reclining posture, is another image of the little saint; the particular object of the favor and veneration of religious pilgrims. It is covered with diamonds, gems and precious ornaments, the donations of folly and superstition.

Near the altar is a fontian ever overflowing. This water is the vehicle which conveys to the devout Palermitan, the miraculous influence of the saint.

From the roof of the cavern the water constantly descends, and is conducted away by small leaden pipes, which are covered with stalactites of beautiful whiteness.

In the entrance of the church, are hung a great variety of paintings and waxen images miserably executed, representing the miracles of St. Rosalia; presented by the grateful individuals to whom she has deigned to extend her protection.

A waggish inmate, in the dress of a monk, showed all this nonsense and laughed with us.

St. Rosalia was the daughter of King William the good; remarkable for personal accomplishment and early piety. She, unaccountably, disappeared from her friends; and for a long time, was supposed to have been translated to heaven.

After many years had elapsed, when a dreadful plague raged at Palermo; a priest who had been monk in the king's family, during the life of the princess, dreamed that he was guided by an angel to the cave of Mt. Pellegrino, where he found her remains on the spot where she had perished. When engaged in solitary devotion, he had too long neglected the calls of nature, and died of hunger.

The vision commanded him to carry the body to the city, and the plague would be stayed. But the priest disregarded this celestial bidding. In a few days it was repeated, with threats of vengeance, in case of disobedience. The vision was obeyed. When the solemn procession had passed round the city three times the pestilence ceased. The reliques were then returned to this sacred retreat; and the saint beatified without the knowledge of his Holiness.

ness the Pope. She became the patron saint of the city, and continues to protect it to this day. Once a year the Palermians perform a pilgrimage to her tomb. The ceremonies connected with this anniversary constitute their most splendid religious parade.

A few weeks since, this holy shrine was robbed of some valuable jewels. As no measures have been taken to detect the robber, it has been whispered, that this outrageous sacrilege was committed by royal authority. It has been suffered to transpire with a degree of indifference, that seems to imply connivance on the part of the clergy. Not so did the Catalians, on a similar occasion. They prayed unto saints and dreamed dreams until the treasure of St. Agatha was discovered, hidden in a field. On the spot where it was found, a church was erected, which now stands a monument of their piety and gratitude.

The summit of Mount Peragrino, is a bold promontory, which overlooks the bay. Upon the brink of the precipice is a chapel dedicated to St. Rosalia. Here we enjoyed a fine view of the sea, the Lapari Isles and the mountains of Sicily. We could distinguish Etna, by its shape and its snow, though more than one hundred miles from the spot where we stood.

Mount Peragrino, when viewed from Palermo, has the appearance of a bare and barren rock. The surface is covered with fragments of stones, more or less smoothed and rounded, which do not entirely cover the ground. A great number of goats were feeding among the rocks in all directions. The grass is of the finest kind.

The rock is without deep fissures, and the sharp summits without precipices. What geologists call the debris, (on the steep sides of the eminences) is more gradual

and apparently older, than I have been accustomed to see in America. There are no shrubs, to conceal the stones, which had given us a mistaken idea of absolute barrenness.

During our walk we observed a few birds, animals and reptiles. Some people were collecting large snails from the holes in the rocks, where they found them in great abundance. They are used to prepare a soup for the sick. As these people turned up the stones for the purpose of finding snails, we observed the earth-worms, in its external characters, resembling the common fish-worms of New-England, but three or four times larger. A small pigeon hawk, seemed to be of the same size and plumage as ours. The ravens hung around us in flocks, uttering their hoarse notes of ill omen. They are about as large as the American crow, but the beak is stronger, and the note not the same.

We commenced the descent about 5 o'clock.

23.—While at Catania I noticed a considerable contrast between the general appearance of the inhabitants of that city and Palermo. We saw there, few well dressed persons in the streets, and no splendid equipages. There is in that city no public promenade, or Marine for amusements. The Catanians use less gesture in conversation, and are by no means as graceful in their manners; every thing shows them a poorer and less polished people, removed from the metropolis; yet, we judged from the appearance of the museums, libraries, &c. that Catania was the seat of learning and science, rather than Palermo. The museum, attached to the church and convent of St. Nicoloso, which I did not mention in my remarks upon Catania, is more extensive than any similar collection in

~~The city~~ Indeed, every thing connected with that  
~~public~~ establishment, evinces great wealth and mag-  
~~nificence.~~ It is inhabited by three hundred monks and  
 priests, whose lives are devoted to religion and study.  
 As celibacy is necessary to their retaining their places,  
 the funds of the institution must always afford them the  
 most ample support. They enjoy all the advantages of  
 education, leisure, and retirement. With a more liberal  
 system of religion, and a better form of government,  
 what a wonderful source of knowledge, and improvement  
 to mankind, would this establishment prove? Yet we  
 hear nothing of the learned men of Catania!

I left that city fully convinced that there were many  
 things in their private politics, which I could not com-  
 prehend; but still, astonished that such a noble institu-  
 tion did not produce men of science and philosophy, ca-  
 pable of becoming bright and shining stars in the learned  
 world.

#### LETTER XIV.

~~Monastery of Capuchins—~~ Singular manner of burial-  
~~ride to Mr. Reale—~~ The Prince d'Aci at his gar-  
~~den—~~ New residence of my friends.

23.—Two miles from Palermo, in the II Colla, is a  
 capuchin convent celebrated on account of its manner of  
 burial. The buildings connected with this establishment,  
 are considerably extensive and have more claims to mag-  
 nificence, than is common to the edifices of this humble  
 order of Franciscans. They are professed beggars, and  
 have no incomes except such as arise from voluntary con-

tributions. You can never pass a street or a market on any groupe of a dozen persons, without distinguishing some pilgrim of this fraternity, with his long beard, bare feet, and chordon of St. Francis. They carry a box in their hands, upon which there is a picture representing the crucifixion of our Saviour. Their manner of begging is to place themselves near the person whose charity they solicit, and hold the box towards him with an imploring look, but without speaking. The common Lazzaroni evidently consider these monks a superior race of beings; and they have great reason to treat them with deference, as we were convinced this morning, from the numbers we observed receiving their accustomed allowance of food from their hands. Not less than one hundred of the Lazzaroni were making their breakfast before the gates of the convent, when we arrived.

The vault where the dead are preserved, is a subterranean apartment, corresponding in extent with the outer walls of the church. The stairway descending to it, is near the centre of the building. It is lighted by lateral windows like a cellar. The walls all around are filled with niches, where, after having undergone a preparatory process, the dead are placed. The bodies are secured with wire in their niches, and kept in a standing posture, clothed with the garments last worn in life.

When first received into this repository, the bodies are laid in a dark cell upon grates of stone, where they are exposed to a slow operation of heat for six months. After the muscles and soft parts are dried, the carcasses are removed to their niches. The niches are arranged in rows, one over another, so close that the apartment is literally filled with its silent congregation, who stand in

mockery, of the living, and the dead. In the process of drying, the faces are distorted into every expression of ghastliness and horror, that can be imagined. The skin is shrivelled and brown; the teeth exposed, and of many that have been effected by moisture, the under jaw has fallen, so as to distend the mouth, while the skull covered with the hair, and the cawl, is kept in its place. The shocking and disgusting effect, is heightened by the clothing, which is kept sufficiently entire to prevent the bodies from falling to the ground as they decay.

We left this heart appalling assembly for a more lighted part of the vault, where we saw the bodies of children clothed in the gaudy colours of the nursery.

An African king, who died in Sicily, was buried here. The skull and the bones of the arms were painted black and placed in a small niche. All the skeletons, standing in niches, hold scrolls of parchment in their hands, upon which are written their names and ages, with the time of their death.

In the cavern where the bodies are prepared, there were four, in different stages of the process. One of these was a Prince, whose funeral we had a few days since, witnessed at Palermo. The circumstances of his death at that time related to us were remarkable.

Like many of the Sicilian nobility, his incomes were extremely limited. The consolation and solace of his old age, was an only child and daughter, whom he had spared no pains in educating. She was of a proper age to be married, and the hope and care of his life, was to effect for her an advantageous connexion. At the opening of the theatre of St. Carlos, at Naples, many of the nobility, with a relation of this Prince, went to witness the

splendid exhibition. The favorite daughter was of the party, under the protection of her relation. During the subsequent festivities, this accomplished young lady attracted the notice and partiality of a Spanish nobleman, of wealth and consequence. A negotiation was commenced, which soon terminated in a treaty of marriage. When information of its happy consummation reached the father, he was overwhelmed with the joyful intelligence, and survived but a few hours.

24.—In our accustomed ride to-day, we visited the country residence of our friend Mr. I. on the acclivity of Mont Reale, four miles from the city. It is so delightfully situated that Mr. A. whose health yet remains delicate, has determined to accept of the very kind invitation of Mr. I. and remove to it without delay.

Mr. I. was of our party, and his servants having had notice of our coming, had prepared refreshments of wine and fruits.

In the garden we found an abundance of oranges, now ripe, of the kind, called blood orange from their colour.

On our return we met the Prince d'Acì, who had requested the American consul and our party, to see him at his gardens near Palermo. He had previously sent for Capt. Blake, the agent for the American ship Sally Anne, and had changed her quarantine in consequence of his representation, from eighteen, to seven days. This favor was unsolicited and unexpected. He then dismissed Capt. Blake, with a present of half a dozen pheasants, and a wild boar from his park. As we walked through the garden, the Prætor pointed out to us several American plants, on which, he had the civility to say, he placed a particular value in compliment to our country. He made



many enquiries about America, and observed, that "Sicily was worn out," "and your country too," to an Englishman; "If I were not past fifty years of age, and infirm, I would emigrate to America."

In the evening we repaired, as usual, to the opera. We have found no other public amusement, or any place, where we can while away a few hours with so much pleasure. We have met the same faces, so frequently there, that we begin to feel domesticated among them. The good old physician, Patronajo, is always present, and he never fails to offer us some civility. We are even recognised by the players. Madam Dardanella, came to our box this evening to mention to the American consul and his friend, that to-morrow night would be her benefit, and to beg we would accept of the box, where she had been happy to observe us, for several evenings. This civility was obviously intended for Mr. Porter. In the box adjoining that in which we were seated, we observed a lad sixteen or eighteen years of age, of delicate appearance and singular beauty. While we were making our remarks, and whispering his praises, he seated himself very near us, when lo! the beautiful lad proved to be a lady, very prettily dressed in men's clothes. We have frequently observed woman dressed in this way, in the pit, but never before in the boxes. It is not considered proper for women to be seated in the pit, and we have never seen them there, unless they were in the disguise of men.

25.—We intended to have spent an hour, in walking through the apartments of the palace of the Prince Butera, but were detained there nearly all day, and at last did not complete our tour of this magnificent edifice. We were attended through the suits of apartments, by a ser-

vant in livery, who repeatedly informed us that he was the major duomo; and in the absence of the Princess Butera, had orders to demean himself with courtesy towards strangers. The apartments on the first floor are spacious, and the furniture plain, but extremely rich, consisting of tables of the finest marble, mirrors, chairs, &c.

The principal dining hall is large enough to accommodate three or four hundred guests, and the tables permanently fixed in the centre of the room. In the next story many of the apartments are hung with silken tapestries manufactured in Palermo. The mirrors are large and expensively gilt, the chandeliers, &c., &c. of immense value. On this floor is a bath; a cabinet of natural curiosities, philosophical instruments, and a magnificent chapel.

In the third story is a library, a collection of paintings and sculpture, and apartments for lodgings. Among the pictures we observed a well executed full length portrait of Lord Nelson, and several pictures of Lady Hamilton.

28.—I am spending my last days in this delightful city, and have determined to take the next packet for Naples. My friends are pleasantly situated at their new residence, and will remain there until the winter or winter season is past. If the wind favors me, this is my last date from Palermo. Adieu.

How many times have I stood on the shore of the bay, and gazed at the many regions left me, and the knowledge of a country I have never seen. Do not, my dear friends, but send me a satisfactory view of the bay.

new and built as before. . . . .  
 . . . . . **LETTER XIV.** . . . . .

*Voyage to Naples—Description of the Bay—Vesuvius  
 —Arrival and prattique—Police investigation—  
 Lodgings—First walk in Naples—The Studio—The  
 Catacombs.*

—sailed with the . . . . . Ship Sally Anne, at Sea, Feb. 1.

We sailed from Palermo at 6 P. M. or according to the  
 Sicilian mode of computing time, the 24th hour of the last  
 day of January. At Palermo the day begins at 7 and  
 ends at 6 P. M. They do not count to twelve, and then  
 commence again at one, but continue their computation  
 to the twenty-fourth hour. Mid-day is consequently the  
 eighteenth hour; but to make themselves intelligible to  
 Englishmen they sometimes say, the first, second, third  
 hour, &c. after mid-day. We have nothing to do but to  
 tell the hours, beginning as we will, and counting as fully  
 as we choose; for we are this morning becalmed so far  
 from land that we can only see the blue mountains of Si-  
 cily upon the sea—our vision forever! A feeling of  
 sadness and regret mingles with our last adieu. We have  
 left behind us millions of human beings; and can  
 never again study their manners and peculiarities. A  
 chapter of human nature has been passed over, unturn-  
 ed—the probation of our curiosity in Sicily has ended.  
 How many facts have escaped us! How many cities,  
 monuments, and ruins, have we failed to visit! How  
 many regions left unexplored! how little, added to our  
 knowledge of a country so full of interest!

Do not, my dear friend, complain of my limited and  
 unsatisfactory view, but consider that my hasty excu-

sions will not admit of my entering into long discussions which indeed should be the business of learned leisure. If there is any thing worthy of our curiosity in the present aspect, the mere exterior of things ; it is this only I can promise as a reward for the labor of following me in my journeys and voyages.

Feb. 2.—We had a favorable wind for a few hours last evening, but it has changed to N. E. and this morning blows a gale. The sky is clear, and the weather uncomfortably cold.

Feb. 3.—Sick ! sick ! sick ! We have commenced our fourth day at sea, and are still tossing before a head wind. We suppose ourselves about ninety miles from Calabria, and one hundred from Naples, though we can see no land. The sky continues clear, but the aspect of the sea and the heavens is as cheerless and dreary as if it were raining in torrents. It is as much as I can do (for sea sickness) to climb the companion way, and holding with both hands, contemplate for a short time the dreary prospect. The ocean tossing its mountain waves to the sky ; now lifts us above, now sinks us into the abyss, as if to plunge us into its bosom forever ! A sense of solitude overwhelms the imagination, when surrounded by the waste of tumultuous waters. So far from human aid ; so dependant upon the rude elements, the soul involuntarily addresses its silent aspirations to the God of nature, and leans upon the protection of his watchful providence.

Feb. 4.—We are not in sight of land, but suppose we have lost distance for the last twenty-four hours. The wind has ceased, and the sea is nearly smooth ; we can now enjoy the delightful season, and easily make ourselves content to linger on our voyage. At sun set, the

sky was clear; even when at sea, and no island relieves the sameness of the prospect, the clear sun setting is singularly beautiful. The brightness of the sky tinged with gold, and the quiet expanse of ocean, are peculiarly enchanting at this hour.

Feb. 5.—The coast of Italy is at last in view, but we know not what part of it; so much have we been driven from our course. We have not had a good observation for the last two days.

Feb. 6.—We ascertained by an observation, at 12 o'clock yesterday, that we were a little to the north of our port. About midnight we passed between Ischia and Procida, two small islands in the mouth of the bay of Naples, and were called from our beds to catch the first view of Vesuvius. The night was dark, and we could see nothing but the volcano, which served as a light to direct our course. Its eruptions are similar in frequency and appearance to those we observed at Strombolo.

This morning we were becalmed until 10 o'clock, and have since been beating against a pretty strong head wind, which has rendered it necessary for us to approach the shores of this celebrated bay at different points. The surrounding country is bold and greatly variegated. To a spectator in the bay it appears mountainous, but on approaching the shores he discovers extensive and fertile plains, gradual hills, and all the diversity of surface which combines beauty with grandeur.

Human structures are but specks in the great pictures of nature. On a near view we find they are not wanting around the bay of Naples. Palaces, villas, and castles, are scattered in all directions; but they are entirely secondary in the majestic scenery before us.

2 o'clock.—The only fault we have ventured to find with this beautiful bay, is its great extent, which distances it, in too remote perspective, the life and reality of things. The bays of Palermo and Messina\* have not this fault. Vegetation is in full verdure around those harbors but has here, been injured by frost. The extensive vineyards to the west of Naples, look like naked American forests in the winter season. We were surprised at this; though we need not have been, had we adverted to the fact, that the Sicilians had been shipping fruits to this place for some weeks before we left Palermo.

Naples is now in view, situated upon the side of a hill, overlooked by its fortress, and almost encircling its harbor, which is filled with the sails of all nations.

10 o'clock.—We anchored in the harbor of Naples at 5 o'clock. The health boat visited us, and in an hour we received prattique. It was too late for me and my two American companions to find lodgings in the city, and we concluded to spend the night on board the ship. Our ship was moored in a secure harbor, amidst a fleet of merchant-vessels, which gave us an exalted idea of the opulence of Naples. Before we had been half an hour at anchor, a boat loaded with half a dozen musicians, came under our bow and began with much gravity to serenade us. We soon found that their civility was an appeal to our generosity, and they persevered in playing and singing, until they were more than once, complimented and dismissed.

7.—We repaired to the police office on account of our passports, as soon as it was open. The halls and avenues of

\* The spelling of *Messena* is copied from a map, but it is usually, and more accurately written *Messina*.

of the building were filled with people, some on the same errand with ourselves and others answering before the officers of justice, for various misdemeanors. We waited in a crowd of Lazzaroni, and culprits of all descriptions, until twelve o'clock, when at length our passport received the necessary signatures.

My next enquiry was about lodgings. It is necessary to take lodgings here as at Palermo, and I have found a very convenient house near the public garden, to which there is no objection, except its enormous rent. Mr. H. an American gentleman whom I have had the good fortune to meet, has aided me in the search for a habitation, and as he has resided considerable time at Naples, I shall follow his advice.

Via Vittoria, Feb. 8, 1816.

The house we have taken, and where I am now writing, is near the public garden, and fronts towards the bay, of which we have an unobstructed view. The garden is the principal public promenade of Naples, and the street where we are situated the route for carriages, like the Marina of Palermo. The garden, Via Vittoria, and a wide street extending parallel with the garden, called *Chiaja*, are frequented by the same description of people and for the same purposes as the Marina.

My first walk happened to be through the principal street, the *Dorso*. In examining new objects, one of the first things that occurs to us, is to compare what is present with what we have seen on former occasions. In comparison with the *Toledo* at Palermo, this street is wider; is filled with a greater and more active crowd, greater and richer displays of merchandize, and has more the appearance of business. Many of the buildings are elegant,

but destitute of the uniform and imposing grandeur of the edifices of Palermo.

I intended to have seen the Studio, but finding it shut, I continued my walk to the sepulchral chapel of St. Severo. This building is remarkable on account of three statues which were sculptured by Caraccioli. I had heard and read descriptions of these statues, and my expectation was much excited. The best executed of the three, the Saviour in the sepulchre, covered with this drapery, had the implements of crucifixion by his side. Little inferior to this, is the second figure, Modesty, standing in a niche, covered with a veil, so transparent and light, that every feature is more than shown through it. The remaining piece is an allegorical design representing a man struggling to disengage himself from a net, aided by an angel. It alludes to the conversion of one of the family in whose honor, and memory, the chapel was erected.

What is particularly admired in these statues, is the astonishing imitation of drapery that covers the whole form and the countenance, without destroying the expression and character of the composition; also the stupendous execution of the meshes of the net. The idea, I am informed is original, of covering all the features. The Saviour discloses through the light folds which conceal his face, "a divine expression of countenance."

9.—Having delivered a number of letters, I spent the morning in making some necessary calls. At 2 o'clock I went again to the Studio, which I found open. I need not inform you that the Studio is the principal gallery of Naples, where the choicest and most valuable statues, paintings and antiquities of the south of Italy, are collected.



The entrance, and the lowest story of this, immense building is filled with statuary. The second contains the library, and gallery of paintings, the Herculean manuscripts, and the collection of antique vases, idols and utensils. Many of the statues are from Herculaneum and Pompeii. The most valuable on account of their sculpture, were brought from the galleries of the Farnese palace at Rome, and are the spoils of the ancient baths of Caracalla. Among these the most remarkable statue is the colossal Hercules. It was sculptured by Glycon, an Athenian, and is considered the most perfect representation in existence, of strength, reposing from toil. Hercules is supposed to rest after one of his labors. The statue has contracted a yellow stain by age.

It is impossible to make particular observations upon even the most remarkable objects in such a vast collection. It appeared to me that many of the statues, vases and antiques, possessed charms to the eye of the learned

The gallery of paintings contains an immense number of pictures, but in my rapid survey, I felt as much confusion and solicitude. The attention is wearied, and the mind disturbed, by hurrying along from picture to picture: I could not tell which pleased me most, yet felt myself impelled by an irresistible curiosity, to glance at all.

The impression left on the mind by sculpture, is less confused, after such a hasty view, than that produced by the inspection of pictures. The excellence of sculpture is immediately obvious to the eye, and the feeling,

In revisiting the Studio in future, it will be necessary to confine the attention to a few objects. To look at the whole is like meeting a crowd of strangers.

When I had fatigued myself, and confused my brain, in this endless museum, I returned to the chapel of St. Severo. There was a peculiar pleasure in sitting a short time in this choice circle of exquisite productions; not unlike that which is felt in returning to the fire side of a particular friend, after having spent a weary evening in a mixed and crowded company.

11.—A large suit of apartments in the Studio, is occupied with articles from *Herculaneum* and *Pompeii*. The *Herculanean* manuscripts are in a charred state, and so numerous that a case more than thirty feet long and twenty in height, is filled with them. These manuscripts were written upon papyrus, and folded in such a manner that the conclusion of the work forms the outside of the roll. The process of unfolding is very slow; as fast as the characters are discovered, they are copied with a pencil, and directly engraved upon copper. Nothing of great value has yet been discovered. Two or three persons are constantly employed in this slow and tedious labor. The machine for unrolling is a small frame, placed on a table, consisting of two upright standards, and a cross bar, from which is suspended a strip of parchment, corresponding in width with the manuscript; on this parchment is spread a tenacious mucilage. That part of the papyrus where the unrolling is to commence, is cautiously attached to the parchment, when as much as becomes moistened adheres; while the roll itself, slowly gravitates towards the bottom of the frame. Centuries will be required to finish the manuscripts preserved in this wonderful cabinet.

The floors of the apartments, containing the antiquities of *Pompeii*, are covered with mosaic work brought from

that city, and laid in the same manner as found in the ancient buildings from which it has been taken.

A part of the business of the morning was to visit the catacombs in the north eastern suburbs of the city. I waited at the entrance, before a chapel of St. Januarius, a full hour; when I was joined by my American friend Mr. Trotter. "Oh! these knavish Neapolitans; how they cheat and deceive me!" exclaimed Mr. T. after having scolded his *valet de place* for not bringing him more directly to the catacombs. Mr. T. speaks bad French and no Italian. His valet knows very little French, and not a word of English; of course, mistakes and misunderstandings must occur frequently. Malfatta, my valet, was with me, but he can speak no English, and my scanty stock of French words frequently left us in awkward dilemmas. After mutual dissertations upon the blunders of the morning, we entered the cavern through a broad level passage which penetrates the steep hill, near the hospital of St. Januarius. After continuing three or four hundred feet in a straight line the excavation divides into narrow galleries, diverging in all directions; the sides of the walls are filled with an immense number of horizontal cavities, arranged like shelves, one over another, in which the dead are placed.

The bodies were enclosed with slight masonry, which in a few instances remains nearly entire. Two guides attended us, with flambeaux, and we perceived as we continued our walk, the roof of the cavern becoming more lofty, and the galleries more spacious. We entered a large apartment, where we observed an altar, and some poorly executed paintings, which showed it had been once used as a chapel. These coarse fresco paintings are be-

lieved to have been executed in the sixth century. From this chapel, narrow stairs ascend and descend to extensive galleries above and below. In some of these galleries we saw bones piled in large quantities, or thrown promiscuously into pits. The galleries, as far as we explored them, were without regularity, but dry, and the bones in good preservation. The extent of these cemeteries is much too great to admit of their being thoroughly examined by a casual visitor. We traced them until we were fatigued; and if our guides had not well understood their duty, we should have been bewildered in inextricable labyrinths.

It has been supposed by many that the catacombs were excavated by the early christians as places of refuge in times of persecution; or to serve as chapels for the celebration of their worship in secret; or as places of sepulture, where the ashes of the dead might remain undisturbed. But how could a persecuted sect perform such immense labors without the aid of government?

Another conjecture, which seems much more probable is, that the excavations were made for the purpose of obtaining Puzzolana, and were used from time immemorial as public cemeteries. At present they are not used as places of burial.

## LETTER XVI.

*Review of Austrian troops—Weather—Grotto of Pausilypo—Pozzuoli—Temple of Diana—Solfatara—Amphitheatre and other ruins of Baiae—Monastery of St. Januarius—Second day at Baiae—School of Virgil—Lucrine lake—Avernus—Grotto of the Sibyl—Baths of Nero—Cape of Misenum—Elysian Fields—Prison of Nero—Tomb of Agrippina*

Feb. 12.—In the morning we attended a review of 10,000 Austrian troops, at which the King of Naples and the Vice-Roy of Sicily were present. It was fine—quite beyond my powers of description. The weather was so warm that we felt oppressed when viewing this splendid parade from the balcony of our friend's house on the north side of the Chiaja. The Chiaja is a wide street extending parallel with the public garden, which bounds it on one side; from Mt. Pausilypo to the two streets called Via Vittoria, and Corso. It is wide and finely flagged, affording one of the finest areas for a military review that can be imagined. The balconies of the Chiaja were crowded with spectators, and the garden filled with people. The troops performed their evolutions with great rapidity, and the whole pageant vanished before eleven o'clock.

At no season of the year, do we have more delightful weather in New-England. You know how much has been said in praise of the climate of Italy, and I presume no description can do it more than justice. But it is the English that speak in such rapturous terms of the brightness of the Italian sky. They have not a clear atmos-

phere in their own country ; but I must confess that I have not yet seen any thing to exceed the star light nights in America, or to equal the dazzling brightness of our clear days in winter. The Italians enjoy a mild and agreeable temperature, through all the seasons, with which our changeable climate will bear no comparison.

We spent the evening at the house of an English gentleman, where I had the pleasure of meeting eight of my countrymen, who were travellers, besides several American gentlemen who reside at Naples.

13.—As I have but a few days to spend at Naples, I commenced without delay my tour of its environs, by an excursion to Pozzuoli, about five miles from the city. I took my valet into a cabriolet, and mentioned to the driver my place of destination, he obeyed in a style that would have done honor to Jehu of old. The road passes through the grotto of Pausilypo, which is an artificial perforation through Mount Pausilypo, near a mile in length. It is wide enough to allow three carriages to pass abreast, and its height from 40 to 50 feet : two galleries commence in the roof of the cavern at a considerable distance from each entrance, and perforate the mountain obliquely upwards to admit light. At the centre of the passage is a small chapel dedicated to the holy virgin, and a row of lamps forming a beautiful arch over the head of the traveller. Lamps are placed at intervals through the whole passage except where it is lighted from the openings, and entrances or ports of the grotto. The direction of this cavern is such, that towards the end of October the sun, just when it is setting, shines through its whole length. The history of this vast excavation, like that of the catacombs, is unknown ; the gate keeper, among

other fables of its origin, says that it was made by the enchantments of Virgil.

The stone of this grotto is a hardened Puzzolana of a beautiful cream colour, and proper to be used for building. The most probable conjecture is, that the excavations were begun for the purpose of obtaining building stone for Naples, and continued, to shorten the distance and improve the road to Pozzuoli and Baiæ. The tomb of Virgil is above the entrance of the grotto.

Our son of Jehu, seemed to delight in the speed with which he hurried us along; after leaving Mt. Pausilypo we passed a champagne country, three or four miles in extent, which is planted with vines and mulberry trees. The vines are not close pruned like those noticed in Sicily, but are allowed to climb upon poplar trees (*Populus dilatata*) which from the bay of Naples appeared to us like forests. A few small cottages which we noticed scattered in this delightful solitude, with a little aid of the imagination, may be supposed the romantic retreats of rural happiness and innocence. The approach to Pozzuoli is one of those beautiful portions of earth which are indescribable. What invisible spirit has chosen it, I know not; but surely some being more pure than man, watches here, over the graves of millions, the ruins of cities and the regions of silence and oblivion. Before us is the site of ancient Baiæ, now a waste—the cape of Misenum—the Elysian fields—the shores of Avernus and the hill that conceals the grotto of the Cumean Sybil! When the name of England was unknown, and the existence of our country had not been conjectured by civilized men, those whom England has been proud to imitate, and America has called illustrious, have stood, perhaps, where we stand,

and wondered at the quiet sea, the glorious sky, and the varied landscape !

Having reached a rocky point on the sea shore, we came suddenly in sight of Pozzuoli, and stopped on the gentle rise which overlooks it, to examine the ruins of the temple of Diana, and of an ancient amphitheatre. If we had required any farther evidence that man existed here two thousand years ago, these ruins furnished it, but the rocks, the earth, and the ocean, seem to me as authentic monuments of the lapse of ages.

We ascended the gradual steep a little farther, to the Solfatara. It is shaped like an extinguished crater, which it doubtless is, and contains five or six acres. As we descended into it, we followed a foot path through a low growth of evergreen shrubs. The shrubs only extend around the margin of the crater; the bottom is covered with crystals of sulphur, and so hot, that I could feel it burning under my feet. A vapor rises slowly from the earth, but without intermission; of a suffocating odor, and half conceals the

"singed bottom all involved"

"With stench and smoke."

If Milton did not borrow his ideas of the aspect of the infernal regions from this place, he has nearly described it, when he supposes the Prince of darkness to stand upon the firm brimstone.

"on dry land"

"He lights, if it were land, that ever burned"

"With solid, as the lake with liquid fire"

Near the centre of the Solfatara is an excavation, with steps to descend about twenty feet. I took off my coat and descended into this pit, but was soon compelled by



the heat to return. It is filled with steam, which is always of the same temperature.

We next examined the amphitheatre of ancient Baiae. It was so strongly built as to resist the shock of the earthquake which destroyed the city. Its walls have been lately uncovered to considerable extent. It was built of brick, and covered about an acre of ground.

The buildings and ruins in this vicinity were sunk to a considerable depth. The temple of Jupiter Serapis is nearly on a level with the beach. Its marble altar and fine Corinthian columns have been corroded by sea water, but raised at some subsequent period to their present level. The steep banks, hills, and excavations in this neighborhood show an immense extent of ruined masonry, broken earthen ware, marbles and other remains. At a short distance is *Monte Nuovo*, a considerable mountain covering the site of a part of Baiae. It was thrown up by a volcanic eruption in a single night.

Not far from the temple of Jupiter Serapis, but upon higher ground, were the temples of Diana, Venus, and Bacchus. The walls of these buildings were of such great strength, and thickness, that they have not been thrown down by earthquakes. There are many temples in this vicinity. Those are least injured which had roofs, rising directly from the lateral walls, making the top a dome. The construction best calculated to resist violence and decay, is that which combines the circle and the arch.

We turned from the remains of ancient magnificence and temples of idolatry, to the modern monastery and capuchin church near the Solfatara. It is the shrine of St. Januarius, the patron saint of Naples. On this spot St. Januarius was beheaded after having miraculously escaped

from the wild beasts in the neighboring amphitheatre. An angel caught the blood, which is to this day preserved, and becomes liquid at every anniversary of his death. Near one of the altars a door opens upon a rock which shows a stain of that holy blood. When the phial of blood liquifies this assumes a crimson hue. A priest with a shaved head showed me this, with great solemnity and seriousness. The ancient Italians had a religion as rational! A reasonable man would as soon kneel before the altar of Jupiter Serapis, as of St. Januarius. This saint is to Naples what St. Agatha is to Catania, and St. Rosalia to Palermo. Venus, Diana, and Jupiter, were persons of no less doubtful character.

I rode back to Naples just after sunset. The vine dressers, "their labor done," had collected around their miserable hovels, with less appearance of comfort and content than I expected. Nature is so lavish of her provisions in this delightful country, that one would suppose idleness itself could hardly reduce men to starvation and want. Yet these laborers were covered with rags, and almost without exception ran toward us: instead of bowing or accosting us civilly, as American laborers would have done, they begged for money.

14.—I returned to Pozzuoli this morning in a boat which I preferred to a cabriolet that I might view the coast from the bay. I engaged a waterman who keeps his boat near my lodgings, to row me there, and was ready to start at an early hour. It is indispensably necessary to make a bargain and fix upon a price before you employ a Neapolitan; or he will charge you enormously, and never be satisfied. I agreed then, with Ralpho, that he should furnish his boat with two rowers beside himself, to take

me and my valet de place to Baiae or Pozzuoli, where he should wait as long as I chose to detain him, and then to return us to the castle d'Ovo. For this service I agreed to pay him one dollar and fifty cents and a gift, if he performed his agreement well. The preliminaries fully explained and settled, we embarked at the castle d'Ovo at six o'clock.

We kept close to the shore, which is strewed with ruins to the water's edge. In many places broken masses of mason work are half concealed by the waves. As soon as we weathered the point of Pausilypo, a heavy swell from the sea drove us rapidly between the small islands and the main, into the bay of Baiae. After doubling the point of Pausilypo the shore is bold and full of caverns and fissures. The school of Virgil is a rough point which stretches towards Nisida. It is black and barren, but its rugged features impart to it a beauty which has rendered it worthy of being dignified by the name of their favorite poet.

Nisida is a small island, a short distance from this point. Its shores are so perpendicular that there is a safe harbor between it and the main where ships ride quarantine.

I directed Ralpho to leave me upon one of the piers of the mole which once formed or defended the harbor of Pozzuoli. This work was not solid like modern moles, but consisted of a series of arches like a bridge; the abutments were laid with brick and small stones, with a great proportion of mortar. The cement has been more durable under water than the bricks or stones, which in many places are washed away and have left the mortar retaining a reticulated surface.

We landed at the head of the bay at the entrance of a small canal which leads to the Lucrine lake ; which is a muddy pool filled with weeds, and at this day only remarkable for its abundant supply of fish. After walking along its eastern shore for thirty or forty rods we came in sight of another small lake, with high and steep banks on all sides, except that on which we approached ; on the opposite shore two small cabins near the water's edge ; on the east a ruin, covered with ivy ; the high banks all around covered with low shrubs and brambles — it was Avernus !

We walked a little distance upon the southern bank to the entrance of the grotto of the Cumean Sibyl. The aged priestess who guided Æneas, had forsaken her sanctuary ; but the Cicerone lighted his flambeau, and I followed him into the narrow subterranean passage, about five feet in height and eight in width, which leads towards the centre of the hill. When we had penetrated about ten rods, our track was interrupted by a chamber crossing that in which we entered at right angles. We turned to the right and descended through a narrow gallery five or six rods. The roof was so low that we were under the necessity of stooping, and we soon came to a place where the floor was covered with water. I was now compelled to accept the offer of my guide to carry me upon his back, and in this style, was ushered into the chamber of the priestess.

The apartment is about eight feet by twelve. Its furniture consists of a basin hewn out of the rock on one side, and on the opposite, a table also hewn out of the rock which is called the *sopha*. Here say the learned was

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the retreat of the *Cumean Sibyl* and the *Sanctum Sanctorum* of her mysteries.

We continued our walk in a straight line, on the same level as we entered, and came out on the opposite side of the hill.

A considerable cluster of buildings appeared before us on the opposite bank as we came out from the grotto. In ancient times these buildings extended along the brow of the hill and skirted the coast for a considerable distance. They were erected by Nero as houses for bathing. Some repairs have been made, within a few years, and the baths frequented by invalids.

On entering one of the deserted apartments, we observed the steam covering the walls and rising in a thick cloud to the roof. A passage leads from this chamber, hewn through the rock like the grotto of the Sibyl, descending to a boiling spring which emits the steam to the apartments above. The same guide who had carried me in safety through the grotto, challenged me to accept his conduct here, and taking a flambeau as before led the way through the heated and narrow passage. It required a little resolution to master the current of steam which repelled us from the entrance. I found that by stooping I escaped the most heated column, which passed over my head, and my body soon accommodated itself to the high temperature. The water in the spring is always at the boiling point. After we had remained a short time enveloped in steam so highly heated, the temperature became very agreeable, and we experienced no chill in returning to the air.

Our next place of destination was the Promontory of *Misenum*, which received its name from *Misenus* the pi-

per of Æneas, who was drowned in the neighboring bay, and here interred by the kind hand of his master.

Under our feet, the soil was filled with fragments of bricks and marble, broken walls and pavements. We were yet within the limits of what was once Baiae.

When we had gained the hill, the extremity of which forms the cape of Misenus, we looked down upon the Mare Morto (sad acheron) and the Elysian Fields. Charon rowed the dead across the Mare Morto to the Elysian Fields, which are now covered with a low growth of shrubs. A few white stones without inscriptions indicate that it was once a place of burial. These stones are plain, square blocks of white marble.

The bell was ringing and I followed the peasants to the little church in the village of Baiae. The humble inhabitants assembled in their gala dresses, were all upon their knees before an image of the virgin and an infant of wax. It was a holiday, and the church decorated and illuminated by a dazzling galaxy of lamps. Three priests were officiating at the altars. Eighteen hundred years ago the people of Baiae may have been engaged in worship with as correct ideas, of themselves and of deity.

Continuing our walk we visited the subterraneous remains of the prison of Nero, and explored by candle light, the cells for confinement. The place bears internal evidence of having been a prison; as the rings remain, to which prisoners were fastened. The width of the cells were just sufficient to permit a person of ordinary stature to lie extended upon the floor. The stone which forms the pavements was raised upon one side high enough to serve as a pillow for the prisoners. Not far from this

spot is the building called the tomb of Agrippina. One may here view the scene of the debaucheries of the monster Nero; the theatre of his cruelties, and the tomb of his mother, who was murdered by his command.

## LETTER XVII.

*The tomb of Virgil—Public garden—The Opera—The Portici—The King's palace and museum.*

Feb. 15.—The tomb of Virgil is on the side of Mt. Pausiypo, over the entrance of the grotto. It is about half a mile from our place of residence; the walk to it is through the public garden, along the Chiaja, and the road called *Sirada Puzzuolana*. When we arrived at the opening of the grotto we turned to the left and ascended the hill by a winding path, which leads through a vineyard. We did not discover the small building called the tomb of Virgil, until we had walked beyond it, and again descended a little distance towards the mouth of the cavern. It stands on the brink of a precipice, surrounded by steep and broken rocks. The building is of a circular form, about twenty-five feet in circumference; its roof is covered with soil, and supports an ilex of considerable size. It contains a single apartment with four small niches on a level with the floor. On the south side is a door, so low that it was necessary to stoop as we entered it, and on the north a window. The pavement of the cell is smooth and the niches empty. On a marble slab placed in the rock near the door we observed the following well known epitaph.

Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc  
Parthenope, cecini pascua, rara, duces.

It is a matter of considerable doubt among the learned whether this tomb ever contained the ashes of Virgil, but it seems a pity to unsettle the pleasing faith, which makes this spot so interesting to the unlearned, as well as the classic pilgrim.

We returned through the public garden, which is considerably more extensive than the garden of Palermo. It was enlarged and much improved by Murat, during the short period of his authority at Naples, but his design was only in part accomplished. A large piece of ground was enclosed by an iron palisade, and levelled, with the intention of planting it in parterres, and ornamenting it with statues and fountains; which has received no improvement since the death of Murat. He had also commenced a magnificent road over Mount Pausilypon, a little distance south of the entrance of the grotto. This, I understand was intended principally as an ornamental work, and is going to decay for the want of attention. In that part of the garden which had received the last improvements of king Joachim, as he was familiarly called by the Neapolitans, there is a display of taste and magnificence which is deservedly the pride and boast of the city. A more delightful situation for a promenade cannot be imagined, and it would be difficult to conceive of an artificial ornament which would render it more complete. The statues are more numerous and generally better sculptured than those in the garden of Palermo; many are of colossal dimensions, and are placed upon high pedestals. The fountains are large, and their ornaments in good taste, and endless variety. But the most distinguished ornament of the garden is a groupe of statues, representing Amphion and Zethus binding Dirce to the horns of a bull.



This celebrated piece of sculpture, was found among the ruins of the baths of Caracalla at Rome, and was removed to Naples by one of the Princes of the Farnese family, to whom it belonged. The dimensions of all the statues composing this groupe are colossal, and the marble of such chalky whiteness that it has the appearance of being new.

Amphion and Zethus, were twin sons of Jupiter, by Antiope the repudiated wife of Lycus, king of Thebes, who afterwards married Dirce. Antiope, becoming pregnant by Jupiter, was suspected by Dirce, of improper intimacy with her husband, and was on that account cruelly persecuted. When Amphion and Zethus came to mature age, they remembered the unjust treatment of their mother, and to avenge it upon Lycus and Dirce, besieged them in Thebes. The king fell in battle, but Dirce being taken prisoner, was tied to the tail of a wild bull, and perished among the mountains.

The sculptor has improved the story, by tying Dirce to the horns of the animal. This groupe is frequently called the Toro. The bull is by many, supposed to be the best sculptured quadruped in the world. "It was originally brought from Rhodes and is the work of Apollonius and Tauriscus. The whole group was cut out of one piece of marble. It had become mutilated and was repaired by Giovanni Battista Bianchi."

This delightful garden is surrounded by a palisade of iron, carriages, or horses are never admitted into it, and the gates are shut every evening. The Chiaja and Via Vittoria, where carriages are driven, as upon the Marina at Palermo, are both so far from the garden that those who ride to show themselves, can neither see, nor be seen

by those who walk in the garden. Perhaps it is from this circumstance, that the gay and fashionable people in Naples are allowed to walk, without outraging the established laws and usages of the city. If a lady were seen walking at Palermo, in any of the streets, except in the Marina, it would be considered an indelible disgrace.

The garden at Naples has been crowded every day since we arrived, but the equipages are not so numerous and splendid as at Palermo.

We spent the evening at the theatre St. Carlino. The opera was a paraphrase of Shakespeare's *Othello*, and we were not a little surprised, as well as delighted, at meeting our old acquaintance, *Deidemonia*, *Iago*, and the *Moors of Venice*. The singing and the orchestra were very fine, but the theatre is too large for a good effect of sound; from several circumstances, we judged the opera was not the exclusive resort of the bean-mend, as at Palermo; at least, that the standard of public taste is a little different. The painted scenery, and all the machinery of the stage are much better, than at any theatre we saw at Palermo; the dresses of the players more splendid, and evidently greater pains is taken to produce theatrical effects. We were constantly disturbed with noise. The dance called *Cinderella* was performed as an afterpiece, and the evening was closed by a perfect triumph, of acrobatic allusion and machinery. A fountain was so admirably represented, that for several moments we supposed real water was used. The deception was produced with gilded paper moved in such a manner and under such an incidence of light, as to have the exact appearance of water. This scene terminated with a display of gas lights, which so astonished the spectators, that it was some time after the

curtain dropped before the outcry of applause commenced; it then continued, a perpetual roar, until the manager had made his appearance three times.

Feb. 16.—The lake of Agnano is about five miles from Naples, on the west side of Mount Pausilypo. It is a little larger, and its banks higher than Avernus; but it is a small muddy pool, which in America would not be dignified with the name of a lake. On the south side of this lake is a cluster of buildings in a ruinous state; the baths of St. Germanicus. The apartments are filled with steam from the volcanic soil upon which the buildings are erected. The steam is nearly of the same temperature, and sulphurous odour, as that which rises from the Solfatara. The sulphurous exhalations in the neighborhood are destructive to vegetation.

Not more than a stones throw, from the baths of St. Germanicus, on the east side of the lake, is the *Grotto Del Cane*, so celebrated on account of its deleterious gas. A small emaciated dog, whose mangy appearance and unavailing efforts to escape from his keeper, proved that he had been often thus tortured, was held in the mephitic air, until he was apparently dead. After being removed for two or three minutes, he became violently convulsed, and recovered. The grotto is a very small excavation in the side of the hill, not more than twenty feet above the level of the lake; the entrance is closed with a small wooden door which fastens with a lock. The cavern is not more than six feet in length and four in height: the carbonic gas, being heavier than the atmospheric air, remains near the ground, or runs from the grotto like a spring of water. By placing a lighted flambeau in the gas, we could ascertain with perfect accuracy how high

It rose above the ground, as that part of the flame which came in contact with it, was instantly extinguished; we also observed that the quantity remained nearly the same, and its surface defined, as that of a pool of water. We passed the lighted torch close to the ground, before the grotto, and found that a stream of the gas was flowing down towards the lake, but soon mixed with the atmospheric air, as we could not trace it more than five or six feet. This curious grotto is in fact a fountaining spring, of carbonic acid gas.

Feb. 17.—At the house of an acquaintance, I had the good fortune last evening to meet Admiral Perotti, an English gentleman, who is about to commence his journey towards Rome, and we have made arrangements to travel together. As he had not seen Vesuvius, it was proposed to make an excursion for that purpose this morning. We took a cabriolet and arrived at Portici, a village at the foot of the mountain, before sunrise. Unfortunately, the weather was cloudy, and we concluded to relinquish visiting the mountain, and spend the day at Portici, Herculaneum, and Pompeii.

The village of Portici is built upon the field of lava which covers ancient Herculaneum. This city was destroyed by the first recorded eruption of Vesuvius in the time of Vespasian, and the seventy-ninth year of the Christian aera. It is well known that the situation of this city was forgotten and lost, for more than fifteen hundred years, and was accidentally discovered in making a perforation through the superincumbent lava, for the purpose of finding water. The village of Portici was built before this discovery; it is now a populous and beautiful city. Its distance from Naples is about six miles, from

the top of Vesuvius three miles, and from the bay of Naples three miles. The view of Naples, Paestum, and the bay, are indelibly fine from every part of Portici, and a more delightful place of residence in every respect, cannot be imagined. The people do not even feel the least degree of apprehension in consequence of their near vicinity to Vesuvius, but consider it only as a grand and sublime object, which adds beauty and interest to their scenery. The ordinary eruptions of this mountain, do not endanger the inhabitants of the villages and cities around its base, though the lava in 1810, flowed down to Torre del Greco, more distant from the crater, and a few miles south of Portici. Its progress was so slow that the people had ample time to escape. The king's palace at Portici, was erected before the discovery of Herculaneum; in magnificence, and extent, it is not exceeded by any edifice at Naples. It consists of four wings enclosing a spacious square or court, through which the road passes to Pompeii. The two arched gates are ornamented with columns and sculpture, and form the principal decorations of two fronts of the palace. Arranged in a suite of apartments in this princely edifice, we saw a collection of statues, manuscripts, paintings, and other antiquities of Herculaneum.

The paintings are all of that description called fresco, done in water colours upon plaister or stucco. In order to preserve them uninjured, it has been necessary to remove the walls, where the plaister upon which they were traced, could not be detached, and, unless broken, or chafed in their removal, they are in astonishing preservation. The colours are strong, and the light and shade disposed, as in modern paintings, but we noticed many faults in

the perspective, and what artists term foreshortening. The execution seems not to have been much labored, and Mons. Bailey, a French gentleman who had spent considerable time at Portici, suggested that they were copies of good paintings, done in a coarse way, as rooms are frequently painted at the present time.

One of the largest pictures of this valuable collection represents Theseus vanquishing the minotaur of Crete. The picture is in the form of an arch, and was taken from one of the niches of the forum. Theseus is of gigantic size compared with the other figures. The minotaur is overthrown under the feet of Theseus, who holds him by one of his horns. Three young men placed at the side of the picture, seem to be viewing the combat, and would not assent to the justice of Mons. Bailey's remark, as applied to this and several other pictures, which seem to have been executed with great care and skill.

In the apartments which contain the paintings, are a great number of statues of bronze and marble, small images of bronze, vases, lamps, lacrymatories, instruments of agriculture, and domestic utensils of all descriptions, which have been found at Herculaneum and Pompeii. The pruning hook was nearly of the same size, and form, as those we saw in the hands of the vine dressers near Paestum, and we could hardly distinguish the sculptural tools from those now in use. There is a saw, in perfect preservation, but of course workmanship, as are all the iron utensils. An iron cuirass, a brazen helmet, and other pieces of armor, reminded us of the pursuits of men, who had been buried in oblivion near two thousand years.

In another apartment is a most singular collection of combustible articles which were found in a charred state, and admirably preserved. Among these we noticed wheat, barley, beans, almonds, peaches, walnuts, apricots, figs, dates, &c. Many of these articles were perfectly preserved, without the least change of shape or appearance of decay. There were also, small loaves of bread, pieces of cloth, and bunches of thread, equally well preserved.

Upon a loaf of bread about nine inches in diameter, we observed several letters and words, distinctly impressed. I did not copy them at the moment, but I find by turning to *La Lande*, the words and initials as follow.

to 512 10 15 "Seligo C. Glanii E. Cicere."

The various remains, which have been found at Pompeii, do not show the effect of heat. In this museum are the skull and bones of an arm from that city; not only entire, but white and strong.

Hama, 1814, 1815, 1816, 1817, 1818, 1819, 1820, 1821, 1822, 1823, 1824, 1825, 1826, 1827, 1828, 1829, 1830, 1831, 1832, 1833, 1834, 1835, 1836, 1837, 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842, 1843, 1844, 1845, 1846, 1847, 1848, 1849, 1850, 1851, 1852, 1853, 1854, 1855, 1856, 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861, 1862, 1863, 1864, 1865, 1866, 1867, 1868, 1869, 1870, 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, 1877, 1878, 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 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sitors and human habitations, which had been lost in oblivion more than sixteen hundred years..

In the silence, the obscurity and solitude, we seemed to have intruded ourselves among the spirits of forgotten dead, and we paused in breathless expectation! Might not the grave disclose some phantom to welcome and receive us, or to chase us, from the threshold of the tomb, where no living soul may enter!

The imperfect light just enabled us to discover the extent of the apartment in which we stood. We had passed the vestibule of the amphitheatre to the proscenium or stage before the orchestra. The seats for musicians and the semicircular rows for spectators, rising one behind another, were nearly entire. But how silent and dark! The echo of our own steps seemed an unhallowed sound interrupting the sacred repose of the dead! Where are now the thousands and tens of thousands who have spent their nights of rejoicing within these walls! The God of nature has laid the foundations of their everlasting monument, to which the pilgrim of the world may repair, to wonder and adore forever!

The lava, which overwhelmed Herculaneum, did not throw down and prostrate the edifices which, like the amphitheatre, were built with hewn stone. This theatre was ornamented with a great number of statues of bronze and marble, which were all found entire, and have been removed either to the museum of Portici, to the Studio, or other cities of Italy. We regretted extremely that we could not have seen these antiquities in their original places, whence they have been sacrilegiously torn away. The stone employed in the walls of the amphitheatre was the fine marble of Paros, and the plan of the building so per-



fect that Palladio made it a model for the theatre at Venice.

The diameter of the semicircle of this building, including the corridor, is 234 feet, the length of the proscenium 130 feet; the number of ranges, or rows of seats, 21. It is said to be large enough to contain six thousand persons.

The statues and sculptured marble of various kinds, imbedded in lava, if removed with great care were found to be uninjured.

The Forum is the largest edifice which has been uncovered, though now, on account of the rubbish thrown into it, inaccessible to the traveller. It is a square building surrounded by a perystile or portico, ornamented with forty-two columns, and paved with marble. The portico is composed of five arcades, each ornamented with statues. Two noble equestrian statues from this building, are now at the Studio. The Forum is joined by a common portico to two Temples of smaller size, which are also ornamented with columns, and their vaults painted in fresco.

Another building, concealed from our view by the rubbish, is a tomb near the Forum of about the same size as the tomb of Virgil. We presume from the description, it is similar in design, and probably of the same period. It is ornamented on the outside with columns, but its interior is an apartment formed with brick twelve feet by nine, surrounded by niches in which were placed cinerary urns, that were found standing in their places.

The floors of many of the temples and common dwellings were covered with mosaic or tessellated pavement.

This beautiful work was made with small pieces of marble of various colours, so placed as to present a smooth polished surface, upon which were traced, by means of the arrangement of the coloured pieces, pictures of animals, arabesques and inscriptions.

In the windows, sheets of mica, and thin plates of transparent gypsum were used instead of glass. We distinguished that some fine window glass, and broken goblets, were found at Herculaneum, but the pieces of this description deposited in the museum at Portici attracted our notice.

At present the excavations are discontinued; the reason assigned, is the danger of undermining the palace of Portici. Probably this is only an apology for a want of funds or curiosity, as the lava is so compact, that it is difficult to imagine the least danger of disturbing the foundation of the palace. The king is accused of a great want of curiosity and public spirit in things of this kind. Another very substantial reason assigned for discontinuing the excavations, is the fear of cheapening what has been already recovered, by glutting the public curiosity with too many similar articles.

At the same time that Herculaneum was destroyed, Pompeii, situated on the opposite side of Vesuvius, was covered with ashes, earth and cinders. It was buried to such a depth, that like Herculaneum, its site was forgotten for ages. It does not appear that the matter which concealed this city for so many centuries was either heated, or that it fell in such a rapid manner as to destroy the inhabitants. The earth was probably thrown from the crater of Vesuvius by the volcanic explosion, which when it ejected lava, forced with it, the superincumbent strata

of earth. The light sand, small pebbles, and scoria, were projected so high in the air, as to fall like a shower upon Pompeii. That a great part of the inhabitants escaped death, evident from the fact, that so few human remains have been discovered, and no small articles of any considerable value. Yet that many perished seems equally evident, since about sixty skeletons have already been found. Pliny the naturalist perished during this eruption a little distance from Pompeii; his body was found three days after he had left Stabiae, about three miles distant, only in part covered with sand and ashes.

We had walked half a mile along a lonely road, and entered a vineyard on the site of Pompeii. It is situated near the foot of the mountain, upon a piece of ground which has a gentle descent to the south, and no building or village near, except the Auberge, half a mile distant, where we had left our carriage; within twenty or thirty yards we observed a long bank of earth, apparently thrown out of a ditch or canal, which on our approach, proved to be a street extending north and south in a straight line about half a mile. Having followed this excavation to its northern termination, we entered the gate of the city. The street before us was narrow, not exceeding eighteen feet, and paved with large blocks of lava, of irregular shape, but so fitted together as to present an even surface. On this pavement we observed the marks of carriage wheels which had worn considerable ruts, not more than four feet asunder, and left a stain of iron upon the stone. On each side were raised walks or parapets, for foot passengers, three feet wide, and twelve inches above the level of the street, leaving the space for carriages exactly twelve feet. Near the gate we observed on each side of the way,

a number of plain sepulchral monuments, but one larger than the rest, and of a different construction, called the tomb of the gladiator. It is nearly of a square form, and placed a little higher than the level of the pavement on the west side of the street. Its front is ornamented with well-executed baso-relievos, representing a combat. The earth has been removed from around this beautiful building without defacing its delicate sculpture, which has been as perfectly preserved as it could possibly have been in the securest cabinet. The marks of the chisel appear upon it, distinct, and recent, as if it had been very lately sculptured. We now crossed the street and entered a house, the front of which was almost entire. It consists of several small square apartments, which open outward into a court or portico, where were the remains of a fountain. The rooms were about ten feet by twelve, and the court perhaps twelve feet square. There were no windows toward the street, and the height of the building fourteen or at most, eighteen feet. The walls are painted, and ornamented with medallions and baso-relievos in stucco; all the smooth surfaces of the walls are painted light red or green, which serves as a ground upon which small figures are painted, representing birds, animals, flowers, fruits, &c. The pavement is a beautiful mosaic of polished marble, in pieces about the eighth of an inch square, and the colours so disposed as to represent figures of animals, urns, and arabesques. The houses were all built with small bricks, but plastered and painted both inside and out; nearly of the same height; and none larger than that we first examined. In a building nearly opposite to the first we entered, we observed the greatest deviation from the common plan of the dwelling-houses.

This had a cellar, or basement story, which opened into a garden. In the cellar we saw a long row of earthen jars, of a globular form, standing in the places where they were found. They are supposed to have contained wine.

As we continued our walk toward the centre of the city we examined a building which is called a shop, from the paintings in front indicating it, as well as some glasses and measures having been found when it was uncovered. Upon a ledge of brick which probably served as a counter, stands an ancient hand mill for grinding wheat. It consists of two stones, convex on one side, and concave on the other. The upper stone is so concave above, that it served as a hopper, and is perforated in the centre. The friction occasioned by giving the upper stone a rotatory motion, upon the rough face of the under one, produced the flour as in mills of modern construction. The whole apparatus is about four and a half feet in circumference.

Several temples have been uncovered which contained statues and inscriptions, as well as a great variety of sculptured marble and utensils, which have been removed to Portici and Naples, but their principal ornaments were of stone, and their interior merely lined with polished slabs of marble. The columns were principally brick covered with plaster, and many are yet standing on their pedestals. The largest of the temples was dedicated to Isis. The outer walls are entire, and the marble linings remain in many places unoffaced. The length of this temple is ninety feet, its width sixty; the columns are twelve, six and a half feet in height, with marble capitals. We saw at Portici statues of Bacchus, Venus, and Priapus, taken from the niches of this temple.

As far as the excavations have been extended the dwelling houses are found to be very similar to the one above described, and the streets are equally narrow.

After leaving the street by which we entered, and turning at right angles from it, towards the centre of the ancient city, we came to the forum which has lately been uncovered. It was surrounded by columns of marble and stucco about fourteen feet in height, some of which now remain upon their pedestals. On the most elevated side, and terminating the area of the forum to the north, stood a building ornamented with a portico. We judged that the design of this building and the forum, of which it formed a part, must have been singularly elegant. Continuing our walk through this part of the excavations, we saw two small amphitheatres, called the tragic and comic; a temple of Esculapius, and an amphitheatre for games and combats. The last is nearly entire, and as it stood in the highest part of the city, was barely covered with earth. It is large enough to contain fifteen thousand spectators. The arena is of an oval form, and its largest diameter one hundred and fifty feet.

The walls of the temples and theatres were all of brick, and the marble ornaments consisted of thin slabs, and friezings. In the decorations and general design of the city, good taste and skill both in sculpture and architecture are evident; we saw no exceptions to this remark, unless the manner of painting the interior of walls was such, as Pompeii was evidently a city of less wealth than Herculaneum.

Feb. 18.—The weather being very fine we started for Portici at six o'clock, for the purpose of ascending Vesuvius. Twenty or thirty men crowded around us, as soon as we dismissed our cabriolet, offering horses, donkeys, and

guided to the mountain. As no one had arrived before us, we were able to make a good selection of horses, and immediately commenced the ascent. From Portici to the foot of the steep cone of Vesuvius where we left our horses, is about three miles. The road is neither steep nor difficult, but winds through a volcanic tract, which in many places is susceptible of high cultivation. Where the fields of lava are of recent date, they are uniformly barren. We left our horses at an hermitage, and commenced the ascent of the mountain, to the summit of which is just a mile. This we found tedious and difficult, but were every moment compensated for our toil, by the consciousness of approaching nearer and nearer, to the great object of our curiosity; and by the extensive views of the surrounding country, expanding and varying with our ascent. For forty or fifty rods, our feet sank deep into the loose cinders, which rendered our progress extremely slow and laborious. We then got upon a ridge of solid lava continuing in a direct line to the summit; upon this we climbed quite to the top, and rested on the side of the large crater which forms the summit of the mountain. In its ordinary state there is a small cone rising in the centre of the large crater, but at present two, which are constantly throwing up smoke and lava. The large crater includes an area of five or six acres. The bases of the two small cones are in contact. They are from one hundred and fifty, to two hundred feet in height, and five hundred in circumference. From one, a thick smoke constantly ascends, but increases it intervals with an explosion like a discharge of cannon, accompanied by an emission of smoke and lava. In the other crater there is less smoke, but a louder ex-

plasma and a greater quantity of fused matter thrown up at every eruption. At the base of this cone is a fissure from which lava is constantly flowing, but it creeps along so slowly that we could but just discover its motion. The surface of this mass is so nearly cooled that we could stand upon it in safety. We ascended to the brink of the other crater, and looked for a moment into the horrible abyss, but could remain only a moment, as it was necessary to reach the bottom of the cone before the next explosion. When this had passed, and the lava projected into the air had fallen like a shower around us, all was again quiet. "Should we ascend a second time to the appalling brink?" After some hesitation Admiral Fournier declined, and our guide, willing to avoid the toil of running up the steep ascent, and retreating so hastily, over the lava, pretended that the attempt was hazardous.

The explosions take place at intervals of about five minutes. After assuring myself that they were nearly regular as to time, I was satisfied there was no danger, and went again and again to the brink of the crater. I reached this spot soon after an explosion, the dense smoke which fills the cavern was so agitated and broken that I could see the boiling lake of fire two or three hundred feet below me, extending in all directions.

The inside of the crater is shaped like an hollow cone, and grows wider as it descends. Though the circumference of its mouth is not more than two hundred feet, the surface of the red hot lava below is three or four times as large; and extended under the spot where I stand. There is a kind of shelf formed by the lava on the inside of the mouth of the crater which I perceived would afford an excellent view, if it were strong enough to bear my



weight. To ascertain whether it was safe to stand upon it, I descended to the bottom of the cone and took a large block of lava, and after the next explosion, hastened up, and threw it with considerable force upon the shelf before mentioned. It proved quite firm, and I directly trusted myself upon it, within a few inches of the crater: I held with one hand by a crag of lava, and could stoop over, so as to look down upon the wonders, and horrors of this dreadful abyss. As the smoke was occasionally moved by the gases ascending from the cavern, the lava became visible. Sometimes I could see only a small part shining with a dark lurid flame, half-obscured by the vapor; again I had a momentary view of a vast uneven surface which seemed in some places perfectly fused, and in others covered with black scoria, which only allowed a glimmer of light to pass through it. I could stand here a minute and an half, possibly two minutes, when the noise of the crater would increase with a loud hissing, like that produced by steam escaping through the valves of an engine, warning me that an explosion was about to take place. Each explosion was attended with a deafening sound, though unlike a report of cannon, musquetry, or any thing else I ever heard; and threw into the air an immense quantity of lava, which fell back into the cavern, and around its mouth. Being projected many hundred feet into the air in a state of fusion, the lava is divided into innumerable fragments, and usually falls to the ground in small pieces, so much cooled as to be black. Some fragments however, are very large, and so hot as to spread over the scoria upon which it falls. I presume some of the largest masses of this kind which fell near the mouth of the crater, would weigh two or three tons.

When standing near the base of the cone the lava frequently fell near us, so much fused, that we could not dent it with our sticks. In the deep fissures under our feet we could see the red hot lava, and a stick might be thrust down, in many places where it was entirely safe to walk, which when withdrawn would be found smoking, or burned to a cask. The same phenomena were repeated after every explosion, but a great quantity of smoke and steam was constantly escaping with the most appalling and unnatural sound. Unnatural, because unlike the roar of winds and waters, or any other sounds which from our being accustomed to them, have lost their terrors. The explosions are constantly varying in force, in duration, and in the quantity of matter which they project from the crater. The explosions are doubtless caused by the bursting of the half congealed surface of the lava. Perhaps the lava has an action in itself depending upon its heat, like melted metal in a crucible; or that in consequence of its approach to the surface, and the consequent diminution of pressure, gasses become extricated, which cause a boiling motion, and break through its hardened surface.

The difference of sound, as well as the quantity of matter ejected, may be explained by supposing the congealed surface to burst in different places. Sometimes nearly the whole force of the explosion is expended upon the sides of the cavern, and no lava is thrown out; when again, the eruption is perpendicular to the opening, the lava is thrown to an immense height, and the sound of course differs from the last. This succession of reports or explosions has been noticed in all volcanoes, but I have never seen it satisfactorily explained; our repeated observation of the varieties of sound, as well as all the

appearances of the waves, convince us that it must depend upon the above causes.

The light emitted by the lava is of the same dark, red and intense appearance, as was observed at Stromboli, and is the effect of heat alone, not of destructive combustion. The aspect of every thing around the crater; the black and barren waste filled only with volcanic productions, and obscured with clouds of sulphurous smoke, and the constant incessant sound of the volcano, reminded us of Milton's description of chaos.

"The womb of nature and perhaps her grave."

Is it not probable, that a state of fusion was the original and chaotic condition of matter? How can we more satisfactorily explain the origin, and phenomena of volcanos than by adopting the theory of those who believe the central regions of the earth still in that state? The most careless view of volcanic eruptions must convince any one that their heat is not produced by ordinary combustion. Can any one believe the decomposition of iron pyrites through the agency of water, has supplied the volcanos with caloric from the beginning of the world? A great part of Italy, Sicily and all the Lipari islands are well known to be of volcanic origin. The active volcanos have been perpetually adding mountain after mountain to these countries, since the remotest period of history. Can a limited chemical process like the disintegration of pyrites have produced such vast and durable effects? *Leibnitz*, *Des Cartes* and *Buffon*, supposing the central regions of the earth in a state of fusion, get along with volcanos much better. According to the theories of these writers, volcanos are mere breathing holes, for the central fire, which constitutes an essential part of our globe, as much

as the rock strata of which its surface is formed; and why may we not suppose it; since matter may have been elevated of one degree of temperature as well as another? Why may we not extend the theory farther, and suppose that the whole surface of the earth, with the strata of rocks and imbedded minerals have been formed by the gradual decomposition of lava, through the agency of water, atmospheric air, changes of temperature, electricity, chemical affinity, and the lapse of time? The first change observed in lava is its conversion into soil. The lava of 1649, at Catania, supports in many places a luxuriant vegetation. It is not improbable that this soil, if acted upon by chemical agents of requisite power, on a large scale, would be found to contain the elements of the earths or stones, and many, perhaps all, the metals. The Lipari islands at this time produce all the fruits and plants, natural to the climate, in the greatest abundance. The volcanic character of the soil of these islands, and of the countries in the vicinity of Etna; or those peculiarities of colour and external appearance which to the naturalist indicate its origin, become more and more indistinct in proportion to the age of the specimen examined. Multiply the age of any given specimen, and we may easily imagine that its distinctive characters may be entirely lost. At some remote period when the earth was in the chaotic state alluded to in scripture, the water in the form of steam, may have constituted the greatest part of its atmosphere. At length from the gradual cooling of the surface it became condensed but at a temperature little below that which changes water to steam. As the earth progressively becomes cooler, the high degree of heat, would yet allow the water to hold many sub-

strata in solution, which are now precipitated from it. The first regular deposit from the water may have been the stratum of rocks called primitive. Afterwards some violent convulsion of the earth broke up this stratum, In consequence of its being thin, compared with the crust of the earth, after the subsequent strata were formed, its angles of inclination to the horizon are more acute, than the rocks of later formation. After the first revolution a period of rest ensued; another stratum was quietly deposited, the water in the mean time covering the whole face of the earth. Again, earthquakes and volcanos broke up this stratum, but as it rested upon the last, both together formed a thicker and stronger crust, which did not so easily yield to the force which disturbed it; accordingly the second stratum is not so steep, and its angles of inclination are less acute than the first, the third less than the second, and so on in regular order to the last, or alluvial formations. This stratum has been disturbed, and you know in every part of the world occasionally deviates from a horizontal position. May not this indicate the era of the deluge of Noah? and may not the Mosaic account of the creation be descriptive of one of these great revolutions, by which the earth was changed from a chaotic to a habitable state? You know with how much ingenuity speculations of this kind have been lately reconciled with the account of the formation of the earth given in scripture.

This theory helps us to explain a few of the phenomena of volcanos, but like other dreams and hypotheses on subjects of which we are ignorant, leaves us many times in doubt and uncertainty. After this long episode upon "the cosmogony of the creation of the world," we must hasten back without attempting to notice the broad and

fertile country which extended below us, as we passed the brim of the great crater, and commenced our descent towards Naples. We were not more than twenty minutes in reaching the hermitage, at the foot of the bare cone, from which it had taken us more than an hour to climb to the summit. The height of this cone is 1230 feet, the whole altitude of the mountain above the level of the sea 3700. The scoria is so soft and deep upon this part of the mountain that we sank into it, above our knees; but we half ran, half slid, along the steep descent with great rapidity, and perfect safety. At the foot of the cone we met a party of English gentlemen and ladies going up to enjoy an evening view of the volcano. We arrived at Naples a little after sunset and found the principal street illuminated. It is the last day of the carnival, and there has been an universal masquerade. We understand the streets have been crowded all day, and we are assured that we have lost a great deal, by being absent from the splendid fete.

### LETTER XIX.

*A morning at the Studio—Preparations for a journey to Rome—First day's journey—Fondi—Terracina—Pontine marshes—Valletri.*

Feb. 20.—WE spent the morning at the Studio, and felt a new interest in examining every thing from Herculaneum and Pompeii, since we had seen those remarkable ruins. The statues from Pompeii are not as well executed as those from Herculaneum, though none of the latter are equal to the great master pieces of Grecian sculp-

ture, such as the Farnesian Hercules, the Venus of the Bath, and several other statues in this immense collection. One of the statues from Pompeii is a Jupiter, which seems to have been ancient when that city was destroyed. We observe in most of the Grecian statues a peculiar simplicity of design, in which respect this image of Jupiter is defective. Perhaps it was sculptured at a period more remote, than that, when the arts were most successfully cultivated at Athens, and it may have been an object of worship long before the christian era. Possibly it was a thousand years old when Pompeii was buried. Add to this one thousand seven hundred and forty-nine years, the time elapsed since the destruction of that city, and we have a duration of two thousand seven hundred and forty-nine years. How forcibly do such objects carry back the imagination to remote ages! The beholder views in this statue, a land mark half way between the present moment and the period of the creation of man. It is a record of the proficiency in art, and of the religious opinions of the age in which it was produced. It shows that the men of that period had some ideas, however erroneous, of a supreme being, the immortality of the soul, and the necessity of worship. The opinions of ancient idolators, have a sufficient resemblance to the revelations of scripture to lead us to the conclusion, that the Heathen nations must have derived their ideas of futurity from the same original source, and that they were transmitted by tradition. It requires no effort of the imagination to suppose that oral tradition may have descended from Noah, or from Adam, to all the families of the earth. That there is a God, that the spirit of man is immortal, and destined to a future state of rewards and

punishments ; are probably facts, not self-evident but feeble understandings, but were revealed to our first parents, and have descended by oral tradition to all the families of mankind. The idolatry of the ancients furnishes, perhaps, one of the strongest collateral evidences of the truth and antiquity of the bible.

The clearness of revelation, as transmitted by tradition, has been rendered obscure and discrepant, by the fabrications and amplifications of profane writers. The earliest heathen poets seem to have had some distinct ideas of the future destinies of man ; and the most ancient writers approach nearest to the sublime conceptions of scripture. To the opinions imputed to Orpheus, this remark is peculiarly applicable ; but Homer, Hesiod, and subsequent poets, degraded these ideas to the mere machinery of song.

The American savages believe that the Great Spirit is the creator of heaven and earth. Possibly they were not detached from the other families of mankind before the revelation of a redeemer had reached the heart of our lost race. How else could they have conceived the use of sacrifice ?

Feb. 21.—The carnival closed with the festival mentioned on the 18th. To the greatest festivities, the long fasts of fasting and lent have succeeded : the masques are no longer patrolling the streets ; but a comparative stillness and quiet, reign in every part of the city. As we walked to day through most of the principal streets, we were forcibly struck with the sudden and remarkable change. The bells are all silent. Even the dances of this dancing people are suspended ; and the grand operas of St. Charles are exchanged for the serious oratorio.



Though we have had little intercourse with the Neapolitans, we have considered them more agreeable than the English; they are dull; and their late change of manners, seems us something less to regret, in our departure from the city. So at least we endeavor to persuade ourselves, since the plan of our journey renders it necessary for us to proceed.

On departing Naples we have procured the necessary signatures to our passports, and made arrangements with *Vetturino*, the owner of a heavy carriage, to transport us to Rome. Our *vettura* is to be drawn by four mules, and the amount of our treaty with the driver is, that the grave animals shall walk, all the way to Rome. This we are told is the usual manner of travelling in Italy. Our party is to consist of two Italian ladies, a Neapolitan military officer, the Admiral and myself. The places where we are to dine every day, and sleep every night, are matters of written stipulation with the owner of the carriage. The *Vetturino* is to pay for our dinners and beds, and is to receive from us, for the whole journey, including forage for mules, and all incidental expenses, eleven dollars each.

On the road to Rome, Feb. 24.

Every necessary preparation having been previously made; we were called from our beds at 4 o'clock yesterday morning, to join our Italian companions and commence our journey towards Rome. The weather was so cool, that we found it necessary to close all the windows of the carriage. Admiral Ferrier is a mortal enemy to confined air, but on this occasion his politeness to the strangers induced him not to dissent from the general wish. After being arranged, the *Vetturino* gave his mules the whip, and they walked on, at the grave pace for which those

animals are so justly celebrated. The motion caused a dust within the carriage, which getting into the face of the Admiral caused a violent fit of sneezing. ~~and then~~ exclaimed the two Italian ladies and the Neapolitan gentleman, "*je vous remercie,*" said the Admiral, thanking them in French for their Italian civility. The Admiral's thrilling sneeze was the first interruption to the silence which ensued after we entered the carriage. 1797

Whether it was from the effects of the confined air, or from the dust I cannot tell, but the young lady began ~~and~~ to sneeze; "*Viva!*" exclaimed the ready Admiral, ~~and~~ ~~more soon~~ soon learned. "*To vi ringrazio,*" replied the Italian lady. As soon as the day dawned, we found ourselves in a delightful and highly cultivated country, with extensive vineyards on each side of the road. In consequence of a late rain, there was considerable mud, and we observed a little ice in the water by the side of the way. We travelled until evening through a well cultivated country but apparently not very populous. There are few single houses upon farms and plantations, as in America; but the population is principally confined to the villages, which consist of miserable cabins, usually without floors; but in the smallest villages the streets are paved. 1801

The road is frequently upon the Appian way, but does not often continue upon it for a great distance. The modern road does not follow the Appian when it ascends steep places, nor is it sufficiently wide for a com-

\* When any one sneezes it is an universal custom in Italy for the persons present to exclaim, "*Viva!*" or "*Stante!*" The sneezing party acknowledges this salutation by replying, "*To vi ringrazio, I thank you,*" or some similar expression.

medians road. It is paved with large, irregular shaped stones like the streets of Pompeii, and is in many places quite entire.

We find our slow vehicle a commodious and good one, and our driver very faithful and attentive. Our companions can neither speak French or English, and our small stock of Italian words has not enabled us to keep up a very lively conversation; though the ladies, anxious to communicate information, and very patient of the toil of teaching their language, have exerted themselves to prevent the silence which so naturally occurs when persons of different tongues are jostled together.

The Vetturino takes it upon him to provide chambers for us and make bargains about our dinners, as if we were entitled to no voice at all in the matter. The Admiral assures me that this is the style of travelling in Italy, and therefore we must not complain though our fare may not be of the best kind. We arrived at Mola in the evening, but too late to see any thing around us; while we wait for the Vetturino's supper, I have begged the use of a very coarse table to make the first memorandum of our journey.

Feb. 25. We left Mola de Gaeta at 4, and reached Fondi at 12 o'clock, where we stopped for refreshments, and for the first time ate with our Italian companions. Before our arrival at Fondi we travelled three or four leagues through a rough and barren country, which is said to be much infested by banditti. We were attended by two gens d'arms, but had heretofore considered ourselves sufficiently protected by one. Indeed our guards had been such miserable and needy looking men, that we apprehended more annoyance from their begging than from robbers. We passed on without discovering

any indication of danger or evidence that the road had been the scene of robberies, except in one instance, where the body of a wretch lately executed was suspended upon a gibbet. The road winds among rocks, ravines, and precipices, which afford places of concealment, and easy defence, suited to the habits of freebooters. Having passed this barren country, the extensive and fertile plain in which Fondi is situated suddenly expanded before us, and the city from this elevation appeared regular and beautiful. It is surrounded by a wall nearly entire. On entering the gates, we found the buildings principally situated on two sides of one street along the Appian way, nearly a mile in length, with a number of small and filthy lanes intersecting it at right angles. As we walked in advance of our slow vehicle, we were assailed by the most wretched and importunate crowd of beggars that in this land of beggars I have yet seen. After our short repast, the Admiral and myself spent an hour in viewing the streets and edifices of Fondi. It contains 12,000 inhabitants. Notwithstanding it is situated in a rich valley, and delightful climate, we saw nothing indicative of prosperity; but the streets filled with filth, and thronged with beggars, the houses in ruins and the children in rags. The beggars followed us as we walked along the Appian way, which is the principal street in such numbers, that we had the curiosity to count them. At one time we were surrounded by fifty of these miserable wretches!

In this city, which ought to be full of wealth, and the abode of elegance, refinement, and happiness, we did not see a single pleasing object.

The heights which border the plain of Fondi extend towards the sea, and form a projecting promontory, near the gate *Porto Epitaffio*, which bounds the Neapolitan dominions. We passed this gate at sun set; and, after having our passports examined, entered the patrimony of St. Peter. It was twilight when we arrived at Terracina, where we were to lodge; and we could only discern obscurely the bold cliffs which overhang this village, and the distant expanse of the sea just vanishing in darkness.

The inn where we have arrived is a large establishment, the property of his Holiness. We had been but a few moments in our chambers when we were called to our dinner, and found a company of eight or ten persons who, like ourselves, had stopped for the night, either bound towards Rome or Naples. Conversation directly commenced around the table, without any of that reserve which is usual in mixed companies in America, and England. A Roman gentleman present, returning from Naples, spoke of that city and its delightful environs, in terms of the highest commendation. He knew no language sufficiently glowing to do justice to its natural advantages. "Yet," said he, "it is an abode worthy of gods, inhabited by devils." Our Neapolitan friend and companion had taken no part in the conversation, but now rose from the table, and after regarding the stranger for a moment with a stern and menacing aspect, returned his broad reflection upon the Neapolitans with a demand of retraction, or a challenge to meet him in mortal combat. The Roman seemed for a moment confounded; but soon recollected himself and replied to his threats with irony and disdain. The dispute grew

warm and loud, on both sides. The company at length interposed, and the enraged couple were safely bestowed in separate chambers. Our companion retired, to rest, threatening vengeance if his antagonist should have the spirit to accept his challenge.

Feb. 26.—We commenced our journey very early this morning. Whether our Neapolitan companion or the Roman first departed from the inn of Terracina, is with us a matter of profound uncertainty and doubt. One thing however is certain, we have not before commenced our journey so early. Signor Rizzio assures us, that he enquired for the discourteous Roman, and found he had left the inn an hour before us.

At dawn we found ourselves enveloped in the fogs and mists of the Pontine marshes. The road is straight and excellent, though the country around us seemed hardly above the level of the water, and we frequently passed extensive morasses where the road was raised like a causeway. These marshes have been lately much improved, and the canal which has been constructed for the purpose of draining them, is near the road. The water runs in this canal with considerable rapidity. Upon the grounds most effectually drained, we observed large herds of cattle, horses and swine.

The horses appeared to be rather small, but the cattle as fine as I ever saw. The swine are all black, and in immense herds. They seem to be feeding upon grounds which are too soft and marshy for heavier animals. The extensive tracts which are too low for swine, are covered with innumerable flocks of birds. Ducks, geese, terns, gulls, hawks, and other birds, actually darken the ground for miles. These countless swarms, are birds of passage

which have migrated from northern regions and are spending the winter in this delightful climate; they will return with the spring to the lakes of Russia, or the wilds of Lapland: or journey with the seasons over the boundless circuit of the globe.

In the centre of the marshes is a tolerable post house where we stopped for refreshment. This establishment is supported by the government. Were it otherwise, the inhabitants would be likely to forsake it, during the sickly months: but they are tempted by the reward they receive, to remain in this lonely situation at the hazard of their lives. The disease called Malaria, a malignant intermittent fever, is produced in all parts of Italy by miasmatic exhalations; but is particularly frequent and fatal in the vicinity of the Pontine marshes. I am informed that persons who sleep during the night in the open air, or who in any way expose themselves to the heavy dews which follow the clear days of summer, are most likely to contract this disease. But a whole family has passed the summer at this post house, without sickness; while the traveller once benighted upon the dreary waste around them, would hardly ever escape the fatal malady. In this malarious climate laborers frequently sleep in the open air during the night, but never without the greatest danger of contracting this fever.

We arrived at Vallettri, the capital of the ancient Volsci, a little before sun set; were careful to secure lodgings; and then made a short excursion to view the city. It is situated on the top of a hill, which it surrounds and covers; and from its elevated situation and the wideness of its streets, possesses a degree of neatness unusual in the cities of Italy. In almost every city and village, we observed among the

people some peculiarities of dress. The women wear  
 bluffs, red vests, red stockings, and their hair turned black  
 and fastened with a hollow silver pin, about four or five  
 inches in length. They are taller, better formed, and  
 have fairer complexions than the Neapolitans. The cus-  
 tom of carrying weights upon the head, as here practiced  
 undoubtedly has a tendency to improve the chest, and is  
 a very healthful exercise. The women probably owe  
 their fine forms in some degree to this practice.

We visited a large palace in the highest and most com-  
 manding quarter of the city, from the windows of which  
 we looked back upon the marshes, just as the sun was  
 setting. We had been journeying all day upon the plain  
 which the eye now commanded at a single view. The  
 distant promontory of Circe situated at the western ex-  
 tremity of the Pontine marshes, bounded the prospect on  
 the right, and the Volscian mountains on the left, while  
 the country near us rises slightly above the level of the  
 plain, enlivened by villages, and enriched by cultivation.

This palace is occupied by the police officers of the ci-  
 ty, and as an edifice, possesses nothing worthy of obser-  
 vation. From this place we strolled about the city, and  
 came at length to a little church, which we attempted to  
 enter, but found the door closed. As we walked around  
 the building, an inscription upon a box soliciting charity  
 for the order of St. Francis, attracted our attention.  
 Through a grated window near it, we saw an immense  
 pile of human bones promiscuously thrown together. We  
 were surprised to see them above ground, and in such an  
 exposed situation. On the corner of the church, and up-  
 on other buildings near, is painted in large letters, *Via*  
*Paradiso*, the way to paradise.



was referred to the inn, which by this time was crowded with company, principally English. We sat down to a sumptuous table and miserable dinner. The Italian appeared, talked loud, and seemed content, while the English were reserved, and silent. With our three Italian companions we formed a separate and social party. We are understood in our companions, and find no want of topics, though our conversation consists of scraps of Italian, French and English; combined I know not how.

## LETTER XX.

*Journey to Rome, continued—Tomb of the Horatii and Curatii—Arrival.*

Feb. 27.—We commenced our last day's journey at 5 o'clock, and passed Genoa about sun rise. Rome, the place of our present destination, was near at hand, and our curiosity relative to things around us began to be sharpened in the expectation of soon beholding the everlasting city. The country through which we passed is hilly, wooded, and strewed with ruins.

Many of the half decayed buildings on the Appian way, are of a construction which shows them to have been monuments erected over the dead, though they are without inscriptions. We passed this morning a large ruin of this kind near the road, which is supposed to be the tomb of the Horatii and Curatii, who fell in the celebrated combat which decided a dispute between Alba and Rome in the reign of Tullus Hostilius. A union of the two governments was proposed by Tullus, but Alba being the mother colony, was not willing to concede the

location of the capital to Rome. The armies of both cities were drawn up in order of battle, when Tullus proposed to Fuffetius, the Alban dictator, to decide the controversy by a single combat. "The Alban general, not being brave, or perhaps not thinking himself a match for Tullus, brought several prudential reasons to prove that it would be better to choose three champions out of each army whose swords should terminate the contest, than to hazard the lives of the generals. This proposal Tullus accepted, and the chiefs retired to their entrenchments.

"As soon as the conditions of the union of Alba and Rome were known in the two armies, there was in both of them a strong emulation among the young warriors for the honor of being chosen to this important combat. Fuffetius cast his eyes upon three brothers whom he imagined the gods themselves had pointed out to be the champions for Alba; believing also, that three brothers who were then in the Roman camp, were under the like destiny of being champions for Rome. It was the extraordinary circumstance of their birth, which made Fuffetius entertain this notion. Sequinius, an illustrious Alban, had two daughters; one married to Curatius, a citizen of Alba, the other to Horatius, a citizen of Rome: and these two women were brought to bed, on the same day, each of three male children. The Horatian and Curatian brothers were now in the flower of their age, and all six remarkable for their strength and dexterity in fighting. The Alban general having fixed his choice on the three Curatii and gained their consent, communicated his thought to the king of Rome, and exhorted him to pitch upon the three Horatii.

Tullus proposed the matter to the Horatian family, but would lay no injunction upon them. Old Horatius, the father of the three brothers, left them to act as they would if he was not living, and when he understood that they, following the example of the Curatii, preferred a glorious death or important victory to an inglorious life, he lifted up his eyes to heaven and embracing them, cried out, "I am a happy father," and then commanded them to declare his consent to the king.

"When the day appointed for the combat came, Tullus led the Horatii and Puffetius the Curatii, into the plain between the camps, where the two kings, attended by their fasciales, met in the middle of it, and before the engagement, concluded a treaty in form."

"And now the Alban and Roman champions advanced with a slow pace, each to meet his adversary. But in the instant when the people expected to see them in combat, they quitted their arms, and, with tears in their eyes, flew to the embrace of each other. The spectators, greatly moved at this sight, began to murmur at their kings who had engaged such tender and generous friends in a cruel rivalry for glory."

"A new scene quickly put an end to their pity, captivated all their attention, and employed all their hopes and fears. The triple combat began, and fortune for a long time held an even balance. At length the eldest of the Horatii received a mortal wound and fell; a second of the Roman champions had the same fate, and he expired on the body of his brother. The Alban army hereupon gave a great shout, while consternation and despair spread themselves through the Roman camp."

"The Roman cause however was not yet desperate; for  
 "all the Alban champions were wounded, and the re-  
 "maining Horatius unhurt and undaunted. Neverthe-  
 "less he did not think himself able to sustain the attack  
 "of three brothers at once, and therefore made use of a  
 "stratagem to separate them: he pretended fear, and  
 "fled before them. The Curatii pursued him, but at  
 "unequal distances, and as their strength would permit.  
 "Horatius turned short upon the nimblest and slew him;  
 "he then flew to the next, and with one stroke cut off  
 "his arm; after which he ran him through the body.  
 "The third was in no condition to fight. Being desper-  
 "ately wounded, he could hardly support himself upon  
 "his buckler. Horatius cried out, "to the glory of  
 "Rome I sacrifice thee;" struck him on the throat, and  
 "big with victory, seized the spoils of the vanquished.  
 "Thus ended the famous combat which gave Rome the  
 "superiority over her mother Alba."

This combat happened about eighty years after the  
 foundation of Rome. The building which is supposed to  
 have been erected in its commemoration is of a circular  
 form, and supports three pyramidal turrets or obelisks.  
 Two other turrets have fallen from their situations. In  
 its original state, the turrets of the monument correspond-  
 ed with the number of Horatii and Curatii who fell in the  
 combat.

Wishing to see the celebrated lake of Alba now Al-  
 bano, we sent the Veturino before us to the city of Al-  
 bano; and walked towards the lake over part of the Alban  
 mount. This beautiful sheet of water is about two miles  
 in circumference. The banks are amazingly high, which  
 is the cause of its singular appearance of loneliness and

quiet, remarked by travellers. The water fills a vast basin, which at some remote period was the crater of a volcano. The mountain has been perforated by a canal, which has reduced the surface of the lake below its original level. This perforation was made through solid rock for a great distance, and is considered a remarkable instance of the skill and perseverance of the ancient Romans.

The story of this singular excavation will be recollected by those who are familiar with Roman history. During the ten years siege of *Veii*, an old Roman soldier whose predictions were viewed as oracular, prophesied to the following effect.

"*Veii shall never be taken until the water be run out of the lake of Alba.*"

This prediction was made during a dry summer, and a detachment of the besieging army was immediately employed upon the singular duty of draining the lake.

The secret object doubtless was, to water the subjacent country; which can easily be done at present through the canal, which serves as an outlet from a great reservoir.

We walked along the west side of this lake through a fine row of *Ilex* trees, to the village of *Castel Gondolfo*. As we hastened through the streets of this village to join our companions at Albano, we had our first view of Rome. It appeared small and diminished in the extended plain, but we could distinguish the dome of St. Peters towering above the surrounding edifices, and presenting to the view even at such a distance, a grand and imposing object.

The Campagna is covered with ruins, and the arcades which support the aqueducts stretch their long lines to-

ward Rome. We could see the walls and gates of the great city, and as we examined more leisurely and minutely, could distinguish the Coliseum and some of the largest churches.

The Campagna is bounded on the right, or east, by mountains of great height and boldness, and to the left, the level country extends as far as the eye can reach; to the west of Albano the distant prospect is bounded by the sea. The view is extensive and varied; possessing many attractive peculiarities, independent of its being the location of Rome.

Having joined our companions we descended the Alban mount, and pursued the last stage of our journey across the *Campagna di Roma*. The Campagna is a vast plain without shades or enclosures, and its dreary sameness is only interrupted by the decayed monuments scattered over it. It is the burying ground of ages, and of nations; and the traveller imagines that he beholds at every step, the embodied spirits of ruin and desolation stalking around him. It is not possible for a stranger to approach Rome without sentiments of awe, and admiration. An individual feels his own insignificance when standing upon a spot where so many have lived and died. An American almost loses his identity in the presence of venerable antiquities, which warn him at every step of the decay of human magnificence, and the vanity of all things. The sudden transition from the obscurity of my native village amidst the forests of America, to this field of ruin, and ancient renown, seemed too great for belief, and demanded a constant effort of the mind to dissipate the impression that all around me was an illusion.

We journeyed on, in the full view of Rome until we had strained our eyes to dizziness; viewing in our slow approach, the metropolis of the world. Our party were silent though they had all been at Rome before. There is something in the desolation around this city which over-whelms the spirit. I thought I had seen nothing before desolate and ruinous!

vd babur

guir22222

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## LETTER XXI.

*Arrival at Rome—The first excursion—Pantheon—St. Peters—Quirinal and Colonna palaces.*

Rome, Feb. 28

We arrived at the gate of St. John Lateran a little before sunset last evening, our papers were examined, and we were conducted by the officer of customs to the Dogana to have our trunks and portmanteaux inspected. Every article of our baggage was scrupulously examined, and we were detained until it was quite dark. Our trunks were then taken to Franco's hotel, near the *Place de Spagne*, where the Admiral, having been formerly a lodger, was recognized by the hospitable landlord, and we soon found ourselves settled in convenient apartments.

After supper we went to the coffee-house, a little distant from the hotel, where we met a great number of Englishmen, and among them five or six of our acquaintance. The Admiral introduced me to his friends, a number of whom were at this place. Community of pursuits soon produced a degree of intimacy. Before we had finished our coffee several projects were started, and plans arranged for to-morrow, in which the convenience and gratification of all present were consulted.

I also had the good fortune to meet one of my own countrymen whom I had seen at Naples, and to whom I had been indebted for my introduction to my travelling companion the Admiral. He joined us in our plan of visiting in parties certain ruins and edifices, and upon the execution of these arrangements we are to act in concert. We made a late call upon *Mons. Conel*, a French physician, who has resided many years at Rome, and were received with the politeness for which his countrymen are so distinguished. He offered us every aid and assistance in his power, during our residence in the city.

March 1.—In Rome every thing is full of interest that first meets the view of a stranger. After an early breakfast we spent two hours in viewing the principal streets, and the general outline of the city, when by appointment our party met at the Pantheon. We could not have chosen a walk better adapted to the display of all that is peculiar to Rome. The streets we had passed were wide, and consisted of lines of palaces and ancient edifices, of greater height and more imposing grandeur than we have before seen; but antiquity, dignity, and grandeur, seemed embodied and located in the admired Pantheon. We recollected the ancient date of this edifice, and could hardly believe the evidence of our senses when we contemplated its undecayed exterior, and its columns which had defied the lapse of twenty centuries.

It is more than one thousand years since the Pantheon was converted into a church, by Pope Boniface IV, which circumstance saved it from the destruction which has swept away many of the heathen temples of Rome. We passed between the columns of the portico and entered the building. It is of a circular form, and lighted from



the dome. The aperture which admits the light being open, the rain falls through it upon the floor, or pavement, which is formed with marble slabs, descending a little towards the centre of the building, where there is a perforation to allow the water to pass through. On every side the walls are supported by columns and pilasters of the richest marble. Between the columns are a number of altars, before which people were kneeling. But in our first walk in Rome we cannot attend to the minutiae of objects, or the particular history of edifices. It is the general aspect of things which fixes the attention. The Pantheon, however, so peculiar yet so perfect in its design, so ancient, but undecayed, enchains the imagination, as being complete in itself, and independent of the scenery which surrounds it.

Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—

Shrine of all saints and temple of all Gods,

From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by time;

Looking tranquility, while falls or nods

Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man plods

His way through thorns to shades—glorious dome!

Shalt thou not last? Time's scythe and tyrants' rods

Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home

Of art and piety—Pantheon!—pride of Rome.

Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts!

Despoiled yet perfect, with thy circle spreads

A holiness appealing to all hearts—

To art a model; and to him who treads

Home for the sake of ages, glory sheds

Midnight through thy sole aperture; to those

Who worship, here are altars for their beads;

And they who feel for genius may repose

Their eyes on honored forms, whose busts around them close.

*Byron.*

From the Pantheon we walked to the Capitol, the Forum, the Coliseum, and the Temple of Peace. At the Capitol we passed through the immense galleries of statuary and paintings; at the Forum we took a hasty view of the ruins of temples, porticos, and triumphal arches; at the Coliseum, contemplated the greatest and most extensive ruin of Rome, or of the world. Neither the plan of our walk, nor the impatience of our curiosity would permit us to make any minute observations. As we crossed the Forum we saw a great number of laborers employed in removing the earth which covers the ancient ruins. In every part of the city where there are walls or columns, which show the ancient level of the surface, the earth and rubbish have accumulated to the depth of about twenty feet. This has been in part produced by the decay of edifices, in part by the filling up of the bed of the Tiber, which has caused it to overflow many places which were formerly above its banks.

On our return we passed a little chapel which had an inscription over the door, purporting that St. Peter and St. Paul had been confined in the prison below. We observed a flight of steps, and descended to a subterraneous apartment, which was crowded with people. They were kneeling before an altar, and did not seem disturbed by our intrusion. We advanced toward the altar, and observed a light ascending from a cell, below that in which we stood. In ancient times this was a dungeon for the confinement of prisoners in the Marternine prison. It is believed that St. Peter and St. Paul were confined in this cell. Whether this belief is founded on probability we do not know, but have no doubt of the antiquity of the prison. It is situated on the Capitoline

hill, and in an excavation in solid rock ; from these facts we may be sure that its location is ancient.

It now began to grow dark, and we returned to our hotel. We had spent the whole day in a very cursory examination of objects which had given us a melancholy example of what Rome contains, to reward our curiosity in exploring its monuments and its ruins.

March 2.—We commenced our labors this morning by crossing the bridge of St. Angelo to the colonnade of St. Peters. The Coliseum is considered the greatest ruin, and St. Peters the most magnificent undecayed edifice in Rome. Conscious of the acknowledged preeminence of this church, I could not feel willing to commence examining the ruins, and ordinary buildings, until I had seen it, though it is the custom of travellers to reserve this great feast of their curiosity, until they have seen the less remarkable edifices. It is a better calculation however, to look at the most remarkable objects, first, that the taste be not formed upon erroneous standards, and that the mind may be possessed of the best data by which to compare, and estimate, whatever is to be presented to future observation. If one object of visiting the metropolis of the fine arts, be to form our taste as regards their productions, we shall be wise if we study the master pieces, and form our ideas of perfection, upon those models which are acknowledged to be most perfect. To study the monuments, the paintings and the architecture, must be among the principal objects of an American traveller, who cannot consistently with the general design of his journey, spend more than six or eight weeks at Rome. During a time so limited he cannot expect to mingle much in society, nor is this the proper place to

study the history of Italy. While visiting the ruins of Rome, any recollections we may be so fortunate as to recall, of her ancient condition, her exploits, and her greatness, will indeed, give an increased interest to the scenery around us, but if the mind is not already stored with such associations, it will be too late to acquire them, when we have commenced our walk among the remains of her ancient splendor, and the monuments of her present magnificence.

The distance from the bridge of St Angelo to the Vatican does not exceed five hundred yards, yet the distance to St. Peters from that favorable point is lost by the intervention of a block of buildings. The domes and roof of the church can be seen from the centre of the bridge, and as we approached, through the street which leads directly from the Tiber, the colonnades, the fountain, the obelisk and the facade, gradually opened upon our view. Our first impression was that of surprise and disappointment at the limited magnitude and defective elevation, of the greatest edifice in the world. This effect is caused by the simplicity of the facade, and the regular sweep and ascent of the semicircular colonnades, which advance about the hundred feet, forming two sides of the architrave front of the building. In the centre of this courtyard placed an Egyptian obelisk one hundred and twenty-five feet in height; equidistant from the obelisk on each side are two fountains which throw an immense quantity of water about seventy feet into the air. As the spectator approaches he becomes, at every step, more sensible of the magnitude of the edifice and the nobility and surprise is added to the pleasure which results from the contemplation of architectural beauty. The length of the front

which, looked singly comprehended in one view, is four hundred feet, and its height one hundred and eighty; the dome, which appeared low, rises four hundred feet, and flowers above the two cupolas in graceful and just proportion. But while standing near the obelisk the eye rests principally upon the facade, and the noble sweep of columns surrounding the area, which together forms a display of architectural grandeur, which is said never to have been exceeded, or perhaps equalled. The Tybertine style employed is the colonnade and all the front of the church, is of an uniform light colour. The steps which ascend to the vestibule are constructed with the same material. The exact uniformity of colour improves the general simplicity of the exterior of this wonderful pile. Before we went into the church, we retired to the spot where we had first viewed it, to see whether we should again receive the idea of limited extent. The same peculiar description remained, and on reflection, we presume, is not the consequence of any defect. Buildings of a simple construction, and natural objects having a regularity resembling the conical mountains, always seem diminished when viewed from a distance. This is remarkably the case with Mount Etna, which is an isolated cone. It rises so far above the surrounding mountains that the eye finds not object by which to measure its altitude. Thus the stupendous St. Peter's towers above the surrounding edifices, with acclivity grandeur, which reminds the beholder, of the vast mountains of nature, and seems not to partake of the insignificance of human designs.

When we had obtained this position, we viewed some extraordinary details, sculptured marbles, mosaic and

paintings. Nothing is short of our expectations, in this vast assemblage of human skill and perseverance.

But thou of temples old and altars new,  
 Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—  
 Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.  
 Since Zion's desolation, when that He  
 Forsook his former city, what could be,  
 Of earthly structure, in his honor piled  
 Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,  
 Power, glory, strength, and beauty, all are piled  
 In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;  
 And why? it is not lessened; but thy mind,  
 Expanded by the genius of the spot,  
 Has grown colossal, and can only find  
 A fit abode wherein appear enshrined  
 Thy hopes of immortality; and thou  
 Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined  
 See thy God face to face, as thou dost now  
 His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his brow.—*Byron.*

Our arrangement for the day was to visit the Quirinal palace; the palace Respilioni, and the villa of Albano. We find it will be indispensably necessary for us to arrange, and systematize, the plan of our daily walks in Rome, as we shall not otherwise be able to see its most interesting objects. We shall make use of Vasi's book, as our guide to the ruins and edifices. This work gives a minute description of every thing worthy the curiosity of travellers, and renders it entirely unnecessary for us to be attended by a guide. We commenced our excursion this morning at the Quirinal palace, the present residence of the Pope. It is situated on the summit of the Quirinal hill, or Mount Cavallo, which receives its name from the celebrated group of statues, which ornaments the area in

front of the palace. This groupe was formerly supposed to represent Alexander and Bucephalus. It was also supposed that one of the two horses, was sculptured by Phidias, and the other by Praxitelles. But Winkelman, unfortunately for the fame of Bucephalus, discovered that those sculptors lived long before Alexander. It is now believed, that the statues represent Castor and Pollux. All agree in ranking them among the most beautiful remains of antiquity. They were originally brought from Alexandria, and were recovered by Sixtus V. from the ruins of the baths of Constantine.

The palace consists of four wings surrounding a spacious oblong court. The area of the court, measuring 323 by 164 feet, is paved with round stones. The court is surrounded by covered galleries or porticos.

We were permitted to view the principal apartments although now occupied by the Pope and his attendants. The furnished chambers are the most commodious apartments we have yet seen. Usually, the palaces have more the appearance of museums, and cabinets of statuary, than of comfortable abodes; nor is the Quirinal destitute of paintings and sculpture. The vaults are painted in fresco, and the walls hung with the productions of all the celebrated masters of Italy. The subjects of the historical paintings, are usually taken from scripture. The effect of these paintings upon the mind of the beholder, is uniformly pleasing, unless it be in those instances where the painter has attempted to represent the Creator. However distinguished the piece may be, as to the merit of its execution, the spectator revolts at the idea of an attempt to delineate in material colours, the features and presence of the incomprehensible Deity.

At the palace of Rospigliosi our attention was too much engaged by a single painting to allow of our following Mons. Vasi through his elaborate description. The painting I allude to, is the Aurora of Guido. It is called the master piece of its author.

The walk to the villa of Albano, is through a lonely and deserted quarter of the city, where the ruins are more extensive than the inhabited edifices. We hardly saw a person in the road except a ragged countryman, who was driving his donkie, and singing to cheer himself in his solitary peregrination. We spent the remainder of the day, at the villa, and palace of Albano; in examining antiquities, statues and pictures, sufficiently numerous to furnish matter for the labor and study of years.

March 3.—It is estimated that there are sixty thousand statues at Rome. From what we have already seen, we can give full credit to this account. At the justinian palace, we were ushered into a suit of apartments which contained so many statues and baso relievos, that we found it vain to attempt to number them. With the exception of the Vatican and the Capitol, we are happy to learn we shall not see another collection as numerous. We rejoice at this information, because we find our attention so much diverted and distracted in such immense galleries, that we can contemplate nothing with a high degree of satisfaction. Among the statues, we were particularly pleased with a Mercury holding in his hand his caduceus and purse. Our learned Ciceroni continued, as we walked hastily along, to name each object, and to hurry us towards the end of the gallery. Having passed through the long lines of statues, we were conducted to the saloon of paintings, where our guide, in the same



rapid manner pointed us to the paintings of *Gerardo della Natti*, *Leonardo de Vinci*, *Raphael*, and *Salvator Rosa*, names, illustrious in the annals of the arts of Italy. The massacre of the infants by Poussin, attracted our attention more than any other picture, and we took time to examine it with some minuteness. This picture has been by many considered as imperfect, in not containing a sufficient number of characters for an action so general. To a person who is not a connoisseur, however, this objection will not occur. The inexperienced eye is always pleased with simplicity and unity of design.

## LETTER XXII.

*Palace Colonna—Ceremony at the sixtine chapel—The Pope and Cardinals—Galleries of the Vatican.*

March 4.—We spent the day in the galleries of the Spada, and Colonna palaces, each containing subjects for volumes of description. It is a regular employment for the thousand foreigners at Rome, to spend their days, in inspecting palaces, churches, and temples, and to find them inexhaustible. We pass from gallery to gallery, insensible of the lapse of time, until compelled by fatigue or the darkness of evening, to retire to our apartments.

The most remarkable object at the Spada palace, is the statue of Pompey, at the foot of which Cæsar fell, forty-five years before the christian era. This statue is less remarkable in itself, than as a forcible and undisputed record, of an event so well known, and of a period so remote. The identity of the monument surprises us, and we are filled with admiration, in viewing the unchanged features

of the marble, when generations of men, and empires have passed away.

The Colonna palace is one of the most magnificent edifices at Rome. It is situated at the foot of the Quirinal hill, to the summit of which its gardens extend, and is inhabited by one of the most distinguished families of Italy. The principal gallery of this palace is considered the finest apartment in Rome, and perhaps in the world. It is two hundred and nine feet in length and thirty-five broad, decorated with pilasters of yellow marble, and trophies of gilt stucco. The vault is a beautiful arch, composing upon a cornice, and painted in fresco. It is no individual ornament, to which this splendid saloon owes its high character, but to the taste and elegance of every part, combining to produce a *tout ensemble* that cannot be surpassed. The paintings are not very numerous, but select; consisting of some of the favorite productions of Salvator Rosa, the landscapes of Claude Lorrain, and various pictures by Andre del Sarto, Guido, Titian, Paul Veronese and Reubens.

At the hour of vespers we went to a rich chapel upon Monte Cavallo, where we attended worship. Twenty or thirty young men dressed in black cloaks, entered the chapel at the same time with ourselves, and after prostrating, in succession, before each altar, retired without waiting the conclusion of the music and other exercises which the priests were performing.

March 5.—We attended a ceremony at the Sixtine chapel, and were so fortunate as to obtain admittance to the presence of the Pope and Cardinals, though the crowd was very great. About twenty Cardinals had arrived when we entered the chapel. After the doors were

closed, and the whole congregation had remained seated, about half an hour, the Pope was brought into the apartment, supported in a gilt chair, by four attendants. He was conducted to a temporary throne, where he was seated and the ceremonies commenced by a salutation from the Cardinals, who approached his Holiness in succession, bowing, kneeling before him, and kissing his hand. A lower order of dignitaries performed the same salutations except, that instead of kissing the hand of his Holiness, they kissed his foot. Mass was then performed and a sermon preached. The Pope kneeled before the altar, and remained for a considerable time in the attitude of prayer; then chanted aloud, in the nasal tone of the Benedictines, in which he was joined by all the Cardinals. The choir consisted of bass voices, and castrata, and far exceeded any vocal music I have before heard. Another salutation from each Cardinal, and a benediction, by the Pope, concluded the ceremonies. The Pope pronounced the benediction standing, and with a dignified and graceful manner. His Holiness is rather below the middling stature; his features are large, and his figure stoops with the decrepitude of age. He speaks quickly, and in a tremulous and unequal voice. The people who were collected to witness the ceremonies of the sixtine chapel, considered the religious show, only as the commencement of the amusements of the morning. They passed in parties from the scene of worship and ceremony, to the galleries of the Vatican, and the immense aisles of St. Peter's. The last may be called the promenade of Rome. So immense is this wonderful edifice, that thousands may be walking in its recesses, examining its sculpture, its paintings and mosaics, without disturbing other thou-

sands who are at the same time kneeling before its altars.

I remained with my friends in the sixtine chapel until the company had retired when we had an opportunity to look at the celebrated picture by Michael Angelo, called the last judgment. It occupies the whole of one side of the chapel, and is considered the first work in fresco, if not the greatest production of that master. It is stated in the books describing this chapel, that it was erected and finished in the short space of twenty months; and that the great painting above mentioned was performed by Michael Angelo alone. Perugino, and other painters from Florence aided in completing the twelve large pictures, which give a connected history of the old and new testament, and cover the other walls and vault of the chapel. The chapel is destitute of sculptured marbles and architectural ornaments. It is considered sufficiently rich in the possession of its pictures. We walked through a number of apartments to the gallery of the Vatican where we remained until evening, and saw the paintings and sculpture; the group of Laocoon, the Torso, and the matchless Apollo. We stood in the presence of indescribable beauty and perfection; the models which have inspired the world. Our hopes and expectations were realized, and we felt for a moment as if our object in visiting the metropolis of the earth was accomplished. Could we ever again, hope to witness such a triumph of human taste and skill as the Apollo of Belvidere!

"the Lord of the unerring bow,"

"The God of life, and poesy, and light"

"The sun in human limbs arrayed and shown"

"All radiant from his triumph in the fight"

"The shaft had just been shot—the arrow bright  
 "With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye  
 "And nostril beautiful disdain, and might  
 "And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,  
 "Developing in that one glance the Deity.  
 "But in his delicate form—a dream of love,  
 "Shaped, by some solitary nymph, whose breast  
 "Long'd for a deathless lover from above,  
 "And maddened in that vision—are express  
 "All that ideal beauty ever blest  
 "The mind within its most unearthly mood,  
 "When each conception was a heavenly guest—  
 "A ray of immortality—and stood,  
 "Starlike, around, until they gathered to a God!"

### LETTER XXIII.

*The Coliseum—Gardens among ruins—The tarpeian  
 Rock—The modern Capitol—The church of St. Peter  
 in Prison—The Moses of Michael Angelo—Baths of  
 Titus—Church of St. Peter in the mountain.*

March 5.—WE spent the day in visiting churches,  
 fountains, and other ornamental edifices of modern Rome;  
 we contemplate the splendid palaces and temples of this  
 wonderful city, with as much astonishment and admira-  
 tion as her antiquities. The world can hardly exhibit  
 such a collection of ancient remains or of modern gran-  
 deur.

After spending several hours at the churches of St.  
 John Lateran and St. Maria Maggiore, we walked to the  
 Coliseum, the Forum, and the Temple of Peace. The  
 ruins of the Forum are scattered over a considerable ex-

tent of surface, and are intermixed with modern edifices, but the Coliseum is such a vast edifice, and its walls and arcades are yet so great, that it confines within its own limits, an uninterrupted solitude—the solitude of ages—which revolutions and earthquakes; the dilapidations of barbarians and christians, have not been able to destroy. The foundations of this immense structure, like those of all the ruins of ancient Rome, were covered to a considerable depth with rubbish, but an excavation has been made around it, and the trench defended by a wall, so that the whole exterior of the building is now exposed. In many places the outer wall is entire, quite to the top, and shows the half columns with which it is ornamented in perfect preservation. The circle of the arena is nearly entire, but is encumbered with rubbish and earth of about the same depth as that which surround the outer walls of the building. In the centre of the arena is a cross of a very large size, where a great number of people were kneeling. On approaching it we observed the following inscription, painted in large characters: “indulgence for one hundred days, to those who worship here.” We saw no person near the Coliseum except such as came as worshippers. Having kneeled before the shrine of their pilgrimage, they soon retired and were followed by others.

The present Pope has erected walls of brick and stone to prevent some of the summits of the eastern arcades from falling. We have observed similar repairs made by him about other ruins, which serve to illustrate both the taste of his Holiness, and the estimation in which the modern Romans view the remains of their ancient grandeur.

Notwithstanding the dilapidations made upon the Coliseum by barbarians and christians, ever since the invasion of Totila, A. D. 546, it is still the largest building in Rome, with the exception of St. Peters. It is built with large blocks of Tybertine stone, fastened together with bolts of brass. These pieces of metal tempted the barbarians to begin their spoilations, and the walls remain rough and defaced where they were chiselled for the purpose of removing them.

The Coliseum is of an oval shape, 581 feet long and 481 feet wide: its external circumference is 1616 feet. The walls are decorated on the outside with half columns of three orders of architecture, one over another. Contrary to the usual rules of proportion, the highest columns are the longest. Between the lowest row of columns are eighty beautiful arches, which served as entrances to the outer corridors. The seats rose in gradation from the arena to the outer walls. The plan of the amphitheatre is similar to those at Herculaneum, Pompeii and Baiae, though not as ancient as either of them. It was built by Vespasian, A. D. 71.

March 8.—We were kept at home yesterday by a storm, the first rain since we left Naples. The country was suffering with drought; the weather is warm and delightful.

As we walked this morning through various parts of the city we observed the laborers employed in the fields and gardens, weeding and hoeing, as in the month of May, in New-England. The gardens and fields are considerably extensive, even within the walls of ancient Rome. We wished to see the peasants engaged in their rural labors, and went for this purpose from the Coliseum where

we spent the morning, at the ruins of the palaces of the Cæsars. The remains of these buildings, are immense substructions of brick and stone, situated on the side of Mount Palatin, covering a space of six or seven acres, which has been so much cleared of rubbish, as to be converted into fertile fields. A number of children followed us as we walked through these gardens, begging for money, and offering to sell us old coins and pieces of metal, which they had found near that place, or at the Forum, where excavations are going on at the present time. The masses of ruined walls and arches, which rise like broken ledges above the level of the soil, are covered with a luxuriant growth of ivy. In some places the goats were climbing upon these ruins as they do upon the sides of mountains. We met Mr. Wathen, an English artist, who was making sketches of the ruins upon the Palatine mount; he went with us to the Tarpeian Rock. We sent our valet de place to bring us some fruit, and waited upon this celebrated rock while Mr. Wathen sketched the Aventine mount, and the buildings upon it, as well as the Tiber, forming a beautiful curve at its base. The Tarpeian Rock is on the Capitoline hill, and is nearly as high as any part of Rome. We could see from it, the Tiber, nearly all the way through the city; all of the bridges, and the Port beyond the Aventine mount. Several small sloops were at anchor in the river, but the stream is small, and not navigable for ships of any great burthen.

The Tiber would be considered a small stream in America; at Rome its size may be compared with that of Otter creek, at Vergennes, in Vermont; or the Glenside river, at Rochester, in the state of New-York.



is distant and the current sluggish, yet from the hills of Rome we see it meandering through the distant Campagna in beautiful irregularity.

The Tarpeian Rock forms a perpendicular precipice on one side of about twenty feet. It is surrounded by small buildings and out-houses, having nothing in its appearance imposing or remarkable. It is natural to feel a little disappointment, when we find an object, associated with our earliest recollections, with the most exalted ideas of antiquity, and of ancient Rome, to be nothing but common stone and earth—a plain unobscured rock, rendered more obscure by the filth of stables piled against it. Yet we stood upon the Tarpeian Rock, within a few feet of the Capitol, and in the centre of the city—the master of the ancient world, and the wonder and admiration of all ages!

March 6.—Though the Capitol occupies the same spot as the ancient building of that name, it is not at present known as the place where the contending interests of provinces and nations are adjusted and the fate of monarchies determined, as in ancient times. It is principally appropriated to the treasures of art, which constitute so great a share of the glory of modern Rome. The buildings now denominated the Capitol, consist of three edifices; which form three sides of a square. The principal approach to these buildings is by a wide and highly ornamented stair case. The square formed by the three fronts of the Capitol and this noble flight of steps, is ornamented with two fountains, and the celebrated equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. (The fronts of the modern Capitol and its neighbourhood, and we understand, were designed by Michael Angelo. That celebrated master also erected the pedestal upon which the equestrian sta-

the above mentioned is placed, and by the accuracy and  
 justness of its elevation, has added all that position can  
 add, to the fine effect of this admirable piece of sculpture.  
 We observed the initials "S. P. Q. R.," in many places in  
 large letters, upon the walls, but while contemplating the  
 display of external ornament, the sole design of the modern  
 Capitol, we could hardly realize that we were viewing the  
 proud sanctuary of the senate and the Roman people.  
 Two wings of the Capitol are filled with statues and  
 paintings. We spent the morning in these galleries.  
 Our next walk was to the church of "St. Peter in pri-  
 son." The principal treasure of this building is a mar-  
 vellous colossal statue of Moses, sculptured by Michael Angelo.  
 The law giver is represented in a sitting posture, holding  
 the tables of the testimony in his hand, at the moment  
 when he receives the intelligence of his people having  
 worshipped the golden calf. He is represented as looking  
 upon his followers with a mixed expression of indignation,  
 disappointment and contempt, blended with stern and  
 majestic rebuke. The only ornaments of this church  
 aside from this grand work, are some secondary statues,  
 and a few unostentatious pictures placed near the altar.  
 The church was designed by Michael Angelo as a theatre  
 for his master piece in sculpture; and his skill is much  
 admitted in having left it without any other imposing  
 or rival object.  
 We terminated our walk at the baths of Titus, not far  
 from the Colicent. The ruins of these baths are entirely  
 subterraneous, but they have been extensively excavated,  
 and treasures of various kinds drawn from their recesses.  
 The groupe of Laocoon, was found in one of these apart-  
 ments, and its pedestal yet remains in its original place.

The paintings upon the walls are in excellent preservation, and are the principal curiosities, which the guide pointed out as we walked, by the light of a flambeau, through the obscure passages. The colour of these paintings is not in the least degree faded. They were better executed than those at Pompeii, and in many places the gilding yet sparkled as the light was passed along the walls.

March 17. — We spent the morning at Jesus' church, which is inhabited by an order of benedictine monks, who have been lately restored by the Pope from long silence and disgrace. It was crowded with worshippers, and we found, upon enquiry, that persecution had rendered their cause a popular one. The whole day we passed in viewing edifices, statues, paintings and fountains, but it is useless to attempt to enumerate every object. To show their galleries, and guide us to their antiquities, is the hospitable care, and the regular business, of many of the modern Romans. In the course of our morning walk, we visited the church of St. Peter in the mountain, built over the spot where that favored Apostle was buried. The ashes have since been removed to St. Peter's in the Vatican, but the original, sepulchral chapel is kept in repair. The celebrated painting, "the transfiguration," by Raphael, was designed for this church, but the canvas being too large, it was never hung in the place for which it was intended.\* The discriminating master, doubtless

The remark is inaccurate, as the picture is described by La Lande, as placed over the mother altar, and in a bad light. It is highly probable it was never the design of Raphael, that the picture should remain permanently in this place. The Transfiguration was the last work of its immortal author.

foresee that his *chef d'œuvre* was destined for some more distinguished situation, and his employers did not discover his design, till too late to prevent it. This church was erected by Constantine.

### LETTER XXIII.

*Pauline fountain—Villa Pamphili—Doria palace—St. Peters—Place Navone—Superb fountains—Triumphal arches—Baths of Caracalla—Temple of Mars.*

THE fountains are numerous, and among the most beautiful buildings in Rome. One of the largest in the city is called the Pauline Fountain. It was constructed by Fontana in 1615, in the reign of Paul V. with materials taken from the ruins of the Forum of Nerva.

The aqueduct which supplies this fountain, is thirty-five miles in length, supported upon arches, where the ground requires it, and conducted over streams, and through rocks, so as to preserve nearly the same degree of inclination through its whole extent,

It is situated near the top of Mount Janiculum, the highest part of Rome, and the vast quantity of water it discharges, is easily conveyed to every part of the city. The building around this fountain is a considerable edifice; its plan is formally criticized by Vasi, and La Lande. It consists of a facade, formed by two rows of arches resting one upon another, ornamented with corinthian columns. The water gushes through the uppermost arches, between these columns, and falls into a

natural cataract into a vast marble basin. From this basin it sinks into subterraneous conduits, and is conducted down the hill to supply the fountains within the collonnade of St. Peters, and others, on the west side of the Tiber. As it descends the hill, it moves mills for grinding wheat, and other machinery.

We walked through a Botanical garden near this fountain, and passed out at the gate called St. Pancreas, to the villa Pamfili, situated about one mile from the city, on the Aurelian way. This villa covers an extent of about two hundred acres. The grounds are laid out in the most beautiful manner, into gardens, parks, avenues, promonades, &c. In the centre is a Cassino or palace, which is filled with statues and paintings of the first masters. We were allowed to walk through all the apartments. In general the rooms contain no furniture, except paintings and statues. The business of those who visit this place, is to walk through it, as if it were a museum, and depart.

The water which supplies the fountain of the villa is collected into a reservoir in one of the parks, where it forms an artificial lake. At the outlet of this lake is a cataract, but on a scale too diminished; and it is almost the only object, which we ventured to consider badly designed and defective.\*

\* The elegance of the Roman villas, so far as my observation extends, is entirely unrivalled in France and England. They possess great variety of surface, as well as boldness and beauty of surrounding scenery. To these natural advantages art has added every possible decoration. The Italian mode of ornamental gardening differs from the English, and is probably inferior to it, in the peculiarity of a regular distribution of walks, parterres,

"We walked back to Rome in season to see the galleries of the Doria palace in the *via Longano*. The paintings are principally by Guido, Annibal Caracci, and Poussin; there are a few fine pictures by Raphael and Salvator Rosa. A face of Julius II. by Raphael, is believed to be the best portrait to be found at Rome." Raphael dis-

and shades. This, however, may admit of a question, for the Italian method combines art with nature, in a manner that can not fail of pleasing. The English, who reject regularity in ornamental gardening, adopt a style more exceptional in their architecture; but it must in turn be acknowledged, that the minute tracery, and multiplied artificial combinations of garden design, are in many instances highly beautiful. It is to be regretted that the Italians have not adopted the English style, to vary their own; and that the English, have not in some instances, planted their shades in accurate lines, and cut their hawthorn, their oak and their cypress, into the shape of cones, arches, urns and columns. The English in all instances plant their shades in clumps; their walks wind irregularly, and their streams meander, until the very irregularity becomes monotonous. The French have imitated the Italian style, with effect, in the champagne countries, is more decidedly bad, than in Italy, for the sameness of a continued plain, fatigues the traveller the more, in consequence of the straight lines of poplars, and other trees, with which the road is beset. Artificial lakes, rivers, and cataracts, are not proper objects to be admitted into ornamental gardening. We might as well build mountains or volcanoes. The serpentine river, which is intended to ornament one of the Parks in the vicinity of London, is about as perfect as this lake. In a similar taste, some of the villas in England are decorated with stone bridges, where there is no river to be passed over. Even Dalkeith in Scotland, a place which nature has most lavishly ornamented, is deformed by such a bridge, erected in a substantial style of masonry, with a wide road crossing over it, which leads to nothing.

dained to take the likeness, of any other individual, than his steady and sole patron. The principal picture by Salvator Rosa, is a Prometheus with the Vulture, done in his most energetic and terrible style. It gives a more shocking idea of human agony than any spectacle I ever witnessed. Our walk terminated at St. Peter's—always new, and often, the shrine of our daily pilgrimage. Whatever we may have seen during the day, we are sure to be best satisfied, and most delighted, in this incomparable temple. It is a sacred spot, we must kneel in it, and not withhold our adoration, though the thousands who prostrate themselves before the same altars, are Catholics and Italians.

March 8.—The *Place Navone*, is one of the most spacious squares in the city. Its length is about thirty rods and its width fifteen. It is ornamented with three large fountains, and the buildings which surround it, are lines of palaces. The largest fountain, in the centre of the square rises under an artificial rock, which supports an Egyptian obelisk and four colossal figures representing the Ganges, the Nile, the *La Plata* and the Danube. The other fountains are less ornamented, but each of the three discharges water enough for the consumption of the city. The sluices which conduct away the superabundant water are frequently stopped during the heat of summer, when the whole of this beautiful square is instantaneously inundated. We were surprised to find it disfigured with crowds of beggars, and masses of filth.

The fine area on one side of the principal fountain was filled with stalls, containing old clothes, pieces of rusty iron, and boiled cheannia, exposed for sale. And all the northern quarter of the square is filled with beggars and

market men, stalls containing fruits, maccaroni, and many odd combinations, such as would be found in no country but Italy, and in no city except Rome. In Naples and Palermo, I have observed similar wretchedness, and filth, but not surrounded by magnificence to be compared with that of the palaces of the place Navone.

We next examined some of the most entire of the triumphal arches. These buildings were intended as durable monuments, and are nearly undecayed except where they have suffered by violence. They are principally interesting as historical monuments, both of the events which they commemorate, and of the state of the arts at the various periods in which they were erected. Nine triumphal arches are standing in Rome, and most of them, entire. The arch of Septimus Severus and of Constantine the Great, are among the most perfect of the ancient edifices. The arch of Constantine is near the Coliseum. It is an oblong square, built with white marble, and ornamented with eight corinthian columns, which support an attic and eight sculptured figures, representing Dacians, and relating to the victory of Trajan over those people. Between the columns, and on the front of the attic, are beautiful bas-reliefs commemorating the actions of Trajan, executed in a style very superior to any sculpture of the period of Constantine. It was erected with the materials of a despoiled arch of Trajan, and the admirable plan of the original was preserved in the imitation. The sculpture upon such parts of the arch as are not filled with the spoils of the arch of Trajan, is in a miserable style of execution, and shows how much the arts had declined in the days of Constantine.



The arch of Septimius Severus is upon a plan similar to this, though it is not considered as perfect. They are nearly of the same size, and have each three gates, or arches; through the largest the victor passed at the time of his triumph. The bas relieves upon all the arches, contain subjects relating to the triumph, in commemoration of which they were erected.

Near the arch of Janus Quadro Fronta, we examined the celebrated sewer, the Cloaca Maxima. This great conduit still remains nearly entire, and the style of its much admired masonry, fully exposed to view. All the small sewers of ancient Rome were brought together near the arch of Janus, and formed a common stream in the Cloaca Maxima, which extends to the Tiber in a straight direction, a distance of about 750 feet. This subterraneous passage is considered one of the greatest wonders of ancient architecture. It has been particularly admired on account of the boldness and beauty of the arch which forms its roof.

As we returned from the arch of Janus, we passed the church of St. Theodore, formerly the temple of Romulus. Like all the temples which have survived the dark ages,

of the arch is, turned with large stones, and no cement was used in the construction of the walls. The arches of the Waterloo bridge in London are, however, quite as great, and its masonry, or the material of which it is constructed, in no respect inferior to the Cloaca Maxima. I may also make a similar comparison with the bridge of Jena at Paris; with the bridge at Lyons, and with several other buildings of modern construction. This advance of modern art towards perfection, has carried us back to a mere imitation of the simplicity of Roman designs. When Rome had reached the height of her glory, she had just learned to copy the durable simplicity of Grecian edifices.

this building owes its preservation to its having been consecrated as a church. The outer walls are modern, but there are some columns in the inside of the rotunda, which doubtless belonged to the temple of Romulus. One of the monks in the church of St. Theodore offered to sell us a carnelian upon which was a representation of Romulus and Remus, with the wolf, extremely well engraved. He assured us it was ancient, and found among the ruins of the Forum, but we are not connoisseurs enough to venture upon any purchases of this kind; more especially, as we have been frequently cautioned against deception. The same monk had also a collection of coins and medals, which would have been a tempting bait to antiquarians.

#### LETTER XXIV.

*Baths of Caracalla—Tomb of Cecilia Metella—Sabbath—Catacombs of St. Sebastian—Fountain of Egeria.*

WE commenced our morning excursion at the extensive ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, situated in the plain between the Aventine mount and Mount Coelius. No monument of ancient architecture is calculated to inspire such an exalted idea of Roman magnificence, as the ruins of their thermæ or baths. Many remain in a greater or less degree of preservation; such as those of Titus, Diocletian, and Caracalla. To give the untravelled reader some notion of these prodigious piles, I will confine my observations to the latter, as the greatest in extent, and the best preserved, for though it be en-

“tirely stripped of its pillars, statues and ornaments,  
 “both internal and external, yet its walls still stand, and  
 “its constituent parts and principal apartments are evi-  
 “dently distinguishable.

“The length of the thermæ of Caracalla was one thou-  
 “sand eight hundred and forty feet, its breadth one thou-  
 “sand four hundred and seventy-six. At each end were  
 “two temples, one to Apollo, and the other to Æscula-  
 “pius, as the “genii tutelares” of a place sacred to the  
 “improvement of the mind and to the care of the body.  
 “The other temples were dedicated to the two protecting  
 “divinities of the Antonine family, Hercules and Bac-  
 “chus. In the principal building were, in the first place;  
 “a grand circular vestibule with four halls on each side,  
 “for cold, tepid, warm, and steam baths; in the centre  
 “was an immense square, for exercise when the weather  
 “was unfavorable in the open air; beyond it a great hall,  
 “where sixteen hundred marble seats were placed for the  
 “convenience of the bathers; at each end of this hall  
 “were libraries. This building terminated on both sides  
 “in a court surrounded with porticos, with an odeum for  
 “music, and in the middle a capacious basin for swim-  
 “ming.

“Round this edifice were walks shaded by rows of  
 “trees, particularly the plane; and in its front extended  
 “a gymnasium for running, wrestling, &c. in fine wea-  
 “ther. The whole was bounded by a vast portico open-  
 “ing into exedrae or spacious halls, where poets de-  
 “claimed, and philosophers gave lectures.

“This immense fabric was adorned within and without  
 “with pillars, stucco work, painting and statues. The  
 “stucco and paintings, though faintly indeed, are yet in

" many places perceptible. Pillars have been dug up,  
 " and some still remain amidst the ruins. : While the  
 " Farnesian Bull, and the famous Hercules found in one  
 " of these halls, announce the multiplicity and beauty  
 " of the statues which once adorned the theatre of Capa-  
 " calla. The fountains and reservoirs for water still remain.  
 " The height of the pile was proportioned to its extent,  
 " and still appears very considerable, even though the  
 " ground be raised at least twelve feet above its ancient  
 " level. It is now changed into vineyards, and gardens ;  
 " its high massive walls form separations, and its many  
 " ruins spread over the surface, burn the soil, and check  
 " its natural fertility."

In the midst of these ruins we found an Englishman engaged in taking sketches of the decayed walls and broken arches. We next walked to the tomb of the Scipios, a cemetery, which had been lately discovered. The excavation opens into a suit of subterraneous chambers, where we found, a number of urns and Sarcophagi with Latin inscriptions. Several valuable urns, containing the ashes of the Scipios, have been removed to the Vatican. We passed the gate of St. Sebastian, and continued our walk three miles beyond the walls of the city to the tomb of Cecilia Metella. This is a beautiful circular building about forty feet in height and ninety in circumference. It is formed of Tiburtine stone, and is nearly entire. In the centre is a small cavity in which was deposited the urn of Cecilia. But it has been removed from its place, and was pointed out to us two or three days since in the vestibule of the Farnese palace. The urn has also been removed from the tomb of Caius Cestius. This tomb is a pyramid near the gate called Porta Nigra. The gate-

palace of Augustus, is an amphitheatre for bull-baiting. That of Adrian, is metamorphosed into the modern fort of St. Angelo. The porphyry urn of the daughter of Constantine the Great, has not been allowed to remain in the temple erected for it by a father. Such are the facts which force themselves upon our minds, when we begin to enquire about the remains of the illustrious dead of Rome.

Near the tomb of Cecilia Metella, Vasi's book directed us to the circus of Caracalla and the ruins of the stables connected with it. The circus, is so entire that the form of the outer wall can be traced, as well as the whole plan of the field, the goal and the triumphal arch, through which the victors retired. The walls of the building, which is indeed a vast amphitheatre, were built wholly with brick. It takes the form of an ellipse, one thousand six hundred and two feet long, and five hundred and fifty wide.

March 6. There were a greater number of people collected at St. Peter's this morning, than we have usually observed. The weather was fine, and it being the Sabbath, those who expected to ride in the Corso, or walk in the public garden at Monte Pinciano, made it a part of their morning's arrangement, to spend a short time at St. Peter's. Several Cardinals, with their splendid carriages, and servants in red liveries, joined the company in the Corso. Being at Rome we do as the Romans do, and of course frequent their places of resort on Sunday. While walking in the garden of Monte Pinciano, Lucien Bonaparte was pointed out to us. He was unattended, and his person not particularly noticed, by the Italians or the English. He is the greatest number of the people who

constitute the crowds in all public places are English. We are assured there are fifteen hundred of them at present in this city. We observed also several Germans, Swedes, Danes and Prussians. Rome is the resort of learned men of all nations, and it would be impossible to form an idea of the nation, or race to which individuals belong whom you ordinarily meet in the public places. The Roman citizens are lost in the great crowd of foreigners, and we notice as little of the peculiar dress, physiognomy, and manners of the Italians, as of the English, French, and Germans, in the streets of Rome.

March 10.—We met Mr. Hinckley, an American gentleman, and his daughter at the Catacombs, and spent two or three hours in exploring some of the dark galleries of those extensive cemeteries; but our curiosity was soon satisfied with viewing the remains of human decay, and traversing by the dim light of a torch, so many narrow and damp galleries. Some of the apartments are indeed so extensive that they served as places of retreat for the persecuted christians; it is said by the Romans, that the Catacombs are rendered sacred, by the ashes of an innumerable congregation of saints and martyrs. The excavations have been made, in the same manner as the Catacombs at Naples. Having left this gloomy abode we visited, a second time, the tomb of Cecilia Metella, and examined the ruins of the circus of Caracalla.

In the centre of the area of this circus are the ruins of a temple dedicated to the sun; near the south end stands a broken obelisk, which was the goal. The principal gate is a triumphal arch, which remains nearly entire. Our next excursion was to the temple of Minerva, and the

**Fountain of Egeria.** The temple of Ridicule is curious, on account of its singular construction, and the perfect preservation of the ornamental work upon its walls which are entirely of burned clay; even the pilasters, with their capitals, were made of this material, and have survived, almost unaltered, the lapse of about two thousand years. The fountain of Egeria was once, no doubt, a delicious sweet, but is at present in a state of neglect and ruin. A small fountain yet rises in the side of a steep bank, and is surrounded by an artificial grotto containing broken niches, capitals and fragments of statues. This fountain is finely described by Lord Byron, whose pencil embodies so much of the peculiar beauty of the scenery that I cannot resist the occasion of quoting his characteristic and finished sketch:

Egeria! sweet creation of some heart  
Which found no mortal resting place so fair  
As thine ideal breast; what e'er thou art  
Or wert—a young Aurora of the air,  
The nympholepsy of some fond despair;  
Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,  
Who found a more than common votary there,  
Thou wert a beautiful thought and softly bodied forth,  
The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled  
With thine Elysian water drops; the face  
Of thine unaged spring, with years unwrinkled,  
Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,  
Whose green, wild margin now no more erases  
Arts works; nor must the delicate waters sleep,  
Prisoned in marble, bubbling from the base  
Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap  
The fountains of Per, and round, fern, flowers, and ivy creep,  
The fountains of the green hills  
And the fountains of the green hills  
And the fountains of the green hills

The quick eyed lizard rustles, and the bills—  
 Of summer birds sing welcome as ye pass;  
 Flowers fresh in hue and many in their class,  
 Implore the passing step, and with their dyes  
 Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass;  
 The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes,

Kiss'd by the breath of heaven, seems coloured by its skies.

A ride to St. Paul's church beyond the walls, and a visit to the tomb of Caius Cestius finished our day's work. The church of St. Pauls, is larger than any one in Rome except St. Peters, and has remained longer without repairs, than any one of the churches. It is ornamented with pillars of granite, and variegated marble, which were taken from the mausoleum of Adrian and other ancient edifices. Its pavement consists of flat stones of irregular shape, fragments of columns, &c. One of its fronts is ornamented with coarse mosaic work; it was erected in the fifth century. What attracted our particular observation, was the fact, that the bed of the Tiber has risen so much, in consequence of alluvial depositions, as to overflow the pavement of this church, and to render it uninhabitable. Perhaps this circumstance will account, in some degree, for the increase of the autumnal intermittent, called Malaria, which is yearly becoming more frequent, and threatens to depopulate Rome.

The pyramid of Caius Cestius is not far from this venerable church. It is perfectly entire, but its foundation is twelve or fourteen feet below the present surface of the earth.



## LETTER XXV.

*Palace Farnese—Cassino do.—Paintings—The Marquis Canova—Tolwalson, a Danish artist—Ponte Lamentano—The sacred hill.*

THE Palace Farnese, situated in the place of the same name, is considered the most perfect edifice of the kind in Rome. We spent the morning in its principal gallery, which is painted in fresco by Annibal Caracci. The Hercules of Glycon, the groupe called the Toro, and many other celebrated pieces of sculpture, which formerly ornamented this palace have been removed to Naples. The paintings of Caracci, in the principal gallery, which is sixty-two by nineteen feet, measure of Paris, are considered the master productions of that painter. The most noted picture in the vault, is the triumph of Bacchus and Ariadne, represented in two cars, surrounded by fauns, bacchantes, and satyrs.

In the next compartment, the god Pan, offers the fleeces of his sheep to Diana—Mercury presents to Paris the golden apple—Gallatea, with a troop of nymphs, tritons and cupids, drives a sea monster—Polyphemus plays upon a pastoral pipe to charm Gallatea. The same giant discovers Acis with Gallatea and throws a rock at him, in jealousy and rage—Jupiter receives Juno into his nuptial bed—Diana caresses Endymion, sleeping—Prometheus animating a statue—Hercules slaying the dragon which guarded the garden of Hesperides—The flight of Icarus—The pregnancy of Calisto, discovered in the bath. I enumerate these subjects, to show the manner, of a description of paintings, which has demanded the skill and

labor of the most celebrated artists of Italy. The subjects of all the great productions of the pencil, are selected from scripture, or from classic fable. The latter is better adapted to the decoration of palaces.

We saw to-day, a collection of similar paintings at the Cassino Farnese, upon the walls of an apartment nearly of the same size as that we have just noticed, painted by Raphael. The story which that great master has chosen for the display of his inimitable skill is the loves and marriage of Cupid and Psyche. In the first compartment, Venus complains to the graces of the desertion of Cupid and his love for Psyche. This group is peculiarly adapted to the display of the excellencies which distinguish the paintings of Raphael. In delineations of the female form, unincumbered with drapery, he is entirely unrivalled. This picture is considered a model of all that is most perfect in his manner. In the next picture, Venus, vexed by the replies of the graces, and filled with the most serious resentment, rides in her car, drawn by doves, toward the court of Jupiter. The next is her interview with the god, who listens to her complaint, more for the sake of her beauty, than on account of the merits of her cause. Mercury is next dispatched to remonstrate with the young couple; his intercession avails nothing; and in the next compartment he offers the cup of immortality to Venus, as a compensation for the loss of her favorite. This she rejects with the most serious disdain. The story progresses regularly until a convocation of deities is assembled, and a decision obtained in favor of the lovers, who are married, and the whole concludes with a feast worthy of gods. The plot

is pretty, and told with an astonishing degree of playfulness and animation.

I have never seen a painting with more pleasure. There is no attempt to produce an effect above the sphere of the pencil; no Deity is delineated, except Jupiter and his familiar satellites, whom it is no blasphemy to look in the face. The beauty and grace of the female figures need no other praise than to say, they were painted by Raphael.

March 12. — After visiting three or four churches, we took a carriage to make a short excursion outside of the walls, and returned to the school or Studio, of the Marquis Canova, and had the good fortune to see that celebrated artist engaged at his work. He was finishing a Venus, and we did not observe him until he corrected Admiral Perrier, who was mistaken as to the name of a statue, which he pointed out to me as a Mars. Canova said in bad English, "It is an Ector," (Hector.) Admiral Perrier, had some conversation with him, and he pointed out to us, and explained, the remaining statues of the gallery. He has a cheerful, good countenance, wears spectacles, and is less showy in his manners than is common for Italians. He was dressed in a short drab tailor's coat, with stockings drawn over his pantaloons, and slippers.

We were surprised to find how small a part of the sculpture of statues, was performed by Canova himself. The subject is first sketched in crayons, on a diminished scale, from which a magnified model of the dimensions of the intended statue is moulded in plaister. The sketch and model are both done by Canova, and the great mystery of the art, consists in giving them the proper form

and proportions. The plaster model is finished with the greatest care, and its surface checked with colored lines which intersect one another at right angles. At the points of intersection are placed small pins of brass with rounded heads, which serve as points from which the scholar can measure with his dividers, and convey to the marble the dimensions of the statue. This plaster model is placed near the block from which the statue is to be sculptured, and the most bungling workman can reduce the marble, to a shape that bears some resemblance to it. The statue next goes into the hands of a scholar more advanced, and last of all receives the finish of the master.

The Marquis Canova is undoubtedly the first artist of his age. Italy has never boasted his superior in statuary. Such at least is the opinion of many connoisseurs of the present day. As far as I have observed I see no reason to dissent from the opinion. It is to be recollected that the best statues of Italy are of Grecian sculpture, and that the Italians do not pretend to compare the productions of their own country, with those master pieces.

Telwallson, a Danish artist, ranks next to Canova, and is probably, next to him, the greatest sculptor of his age. Bonaparte deemed him worthy of decided patronage. His statues are, however, smooth and coldly correct, without possessing the life and spirit of those of Canova.

We rode through the gate called Porto Pia, and crossed the Tiber to the "Sacred Hill," where the Roman debtors fortified themselves in the time of the Claudians; many years before the christian era, and resisted the execution of the laws, until they compelled the wealthy citizens to treat with them on such terms as they chose to dictate. Vestiges of their fortifications are sup-

posed to remain to this day. While we were waiting upon the solitary hill, which has no walls, shrubs, or human habitation to relieve its solitude, a fox started from the bushes and escaped across the dreary campagna.

## LETTER XXVI.

*The statues of Rome—An ancient statue of St. Peter—Modern sculpture compared with ancient—The earliest productions of Canova—Statues sculptured by him at St. Peters and the Vatican—The tomb of Tasso—Magnificence of modern Rome—Modern architecture—St. Carlos—Hospitals—A morning at St. Peters.*

March 10.—The statues of Rome would afford a subject for the study of a whole life. The variety of ancient sculpture is endless; from the highest degree of excellence—the perfection of the Apollo, down to the bronze St. Peter whose toe, it is the custom of the good catholics to salute, three or twice, every day of their lives. I have not learned what circumstance in the history of this statue has rendered it such a favored object; but it is, nevertheless, true, that not only a toe, but more than half of one of the feet is worn away by the kisses of its admirers. This statue stands by the side of the nave, in one of the niches of the pediment which forms a part of the transept, and deserves almost to be called, the idol of the temple. The priests, the monks, the cardinals, the ladies; all who go in to worship; without excepting even his Holiness, kiss the toe of St. Peter as habitually, and regular-

ly, as they bow down upon their knees before the altar, or cross themselves with the holy water. This statue is valued on account of some association entirely independent of the merit of its sculpture. Among all the intermediate grades of excellence between it and the Apollo, we have seen no production of Italian artists superior to those of Canova. The statues sculptured by him at St. Peters, and the Vatican, were the object of our excursion this morning.

Since the time of Trajan it is very generally allowed, there has been no school of sculpture equal to the present; not excepting those distinguished artists whose talents were elicited by the patronage of Lorenzo de Medicis, Leo X. and Cosmo. The learned men now at Rome pronounce the works of Canova, superior to the productions of Ghiberti, Donatelli, John of Bologna, or Michael Angelo; whether with justice, we shall be better able to judge when we have seen more of their productions.

In the statues of Canova we can plainly perceive a progressive and rapid improvement. The Romans say, there is something divine in the genius of Italians, which only requires to be called forth by patronage, to command the admiration, and astonishment of mankind. Their success in the cultivation of the fine arts shows them to be superior in one department of genius, and I have no doubt, if their political importance was increased by an energetic government, they would prove themselves capable of greatness, in every pursuit. In every thing that relates to taste, they are allowed to be superior. A classic purity characterizes many of their productions; it distinguishes their paintings, sculpture, the pictures of Raphael, and the statues of Canova.

manners, the imposing ceremonies of their religion, and even their manners and external deportment.

One of the first works of Canova, which spread his fame over Europe, was a statue of Religion, now at St. Peter's. It is a colossal female figure, covered with heavy drapery, having around her head, a glory or halo; sculptured in marble. The imitation of the radiation of light around the heads of saints, and allegorical figures, originated, I believe, with the painters; but it certainly has a very singular, if not a bad appearance, in statuary. Michael Angelo, aware of the incongruous effect of placing radii of marble to represent light, has given the head of Moses two small horns, as a substitute; and an uninformed person would, from this circumstance, suppose it a Jupiter Ammon.

The next great production of Canova was a sepulchral monument. It consists of the statue of a late Pope kneeling in his pontifical robe, in the attitude of pronouncing a blessing; two lions couchant, indicating power; and the genius of sorrow, holding an inverted torch; and contemplating the groupe; symbolical of mourning for the deceased. The statue in drapery has the same fault as that of Religion, above mentioned, but the figure is better, and the attitude easy and natural. The lions are noble, powerful animals. Sorrow, with his inverted torch, has the purity and spirit of Grecian statuary, and could have been formed, only by a genius of the very first order.

The Boxers at the Vatican—two naked figures, showing the muscles in vigorous action; combine the bold and strong energy of Michael Angelo, with the softness of the pictures of Raphael, and the animation of living be-

ings; the Perseus is his master-piece. It seems to have no fault except that of being an imitation. In height, attitude, and the character of its action, it resembles the Apollo of Belvidere. The combat is not. Perseus has slain the Medusa, and holds her head in his hand. The expression of the whole figure is the emulation of victory—the exultation of a god. There is calmness, serenity; power, reposing in limbs that combine beauty and strength; a celestial dignity, an aspect which chains the beholder to the spot, and delights every faculty. It has been thought worthy of a place near the Apollo, in an adjoining gallery of the same dimensions.

March 14.—In the chapel of a small church near St. Peter's, called St. Grapio, is the tomb of Torquato Tasso. That celebrated poet died in the neighboring convent. A priest showed us the apartment where he expired. The first time we visited this chapel was on the Sabbath, and we found the doors shut. It is situated in an unfrequented street, and the grass has grown over the flag stones near it. When we presented ourselves on the door on Sunday, we saw no person; but after waiting considerable time, heard a noise in an adjoining yard, and when we went to it, found several young men in the habit of monks, playing a game of ball. It was not without some difficulty, nor until we had offered him money, that we could persuade one of them who had the keys, to leave his amusement and show us the grave of the poet. We intended to have been at the church at the time when was performed, but it was deserted by its inhabitants. The inmates were enjoying the holiday abroad.

March 15.—Rome contains more than three hundred and fifty churches, each of which has been deemed worthy



of a separate description in Vasi's book. It would be useless to speak of them in detail, but their number, and the fact that each is considered worthy of the curiosity of strangers, serves to give an idea of the present magnificence of the city. Modern Rome also contains, fifty squares, five monumental pillars, ten obelisks, thirteen fountains, twenty-two museums, and one hundred and fifty palaces. The squares are ornamented either with fountains, obelisks, columns or statues; and the palaces are distinguished by the style of their architecture, the richness of their galleries, or the splendor of the gardens which surround them. Yet the ruins of ancient Rome are so extensive that when viewed from the dome, and the towers of the Capitol, they seem to occupy as much ground as the modern buildings. The walls erected by Julius Cæsar, although constructed with brick, remain nearly entire, and from the highest tower on the Capitoline hill, can be seen in their whole extent, enclosing the splendid edifices of the modern city and the ruins of the old. Rome contains a population of one hundred and fifty thousand; but the impression of the spectator from this or any other commanding height, is that he is viewing a city in ruins\*.

It was not long since

Notwithstanding the ruinous appearance of Rome, it contains more magnificence than any city in Europe. The wealth of London and Paris is directed to other, and more useful purposes than that of erecting palaces and temples. There are several streets in Rome superior to any in Paris or London. The new town of Edinburgh can boast an extent of beautiful edifices, and wide streets, superior to either of the above named cities; but they will not compare with the palaces of Rome.

.. March 16.—After spending the day in viewing colleges and temples, we entered a beautiful chapel on the Quirinal hill, dedicated to St. Andrew. It has been recently built, and affords a proper specimen of the architecture of the present time. It is a rotunda, with a small partition and ornamented inside with large pilasters of yellow marble and gildings. The altar is placed in a deep recess, and decorated with four fluted corinthian columns of the same marble. These columns are large and high, perhaps too much so, for perfect proportion. The building is remarkably simple in design; and notwithstanding the whole surface is covered with gilding and rich marble, the walls look naked, compared with most of the churches. This is quite the present style. In a palace lately erected by a rich banker, we noticed a staircase of white marble without any sculpture; and pilasters highly polished without even regular capitals. In avoiding one extreme, it is very natural to fall into another. An excess of ornament has been said to be the fault of modern architects, since Michael Angelo; an affectation of simplicity may be called the leading defect of the present school.

.. March 16.—St. Carlos, in the Corso, is a magnificent modern church, ornamented with columns and pilasters of stucco in imitation of marble. These stucco ornaments are another description of architectural decorations which may be called of modern fashion. The floor of St. Carlos is paved with very rich inlaid marble, or modern mosaic, representing escutcheons, griffins, dragons, death's heads and skeletons. The colours of the marble are unusually bright, and the odd devices traced upon it appear like large, boldly executed pictures. In the roof of the church is painted in fresco, a representation of the expulsion of the

Angels from heaven. We learned in the morning that there was to be a ceremony at this church, and some fine music. The sermon was preached by a Benedictine, to a large audience; but in the music we were disappointed. Near the gate of the people, *Porte del popolo*, is a large hospital, called the hospital of incurables. It is not divided into wards, and we have noticed this arrangement in nearly all the hospitals at Rome and Naples. This hospital contains about fifty patients, whose beds are all arranged in one large well ventilated apartment. At a hospital near St. Peters, there are about three hundred sick in one apartment; and in another near St. John Lateran, about half that number. We have noticed in all the hospitals persons in the habit of priests, attending the sick, and administering to their wants and necessities. In this city we have observed four large hospitals, besides the charities more immediately connected with monastic establishments.

March 19.—While examining some mosaics and sepulchral monuments by Vasi's book at St. Peters, the Pope came in with his attendants, and after saluting the brazen door, he went before one of the altars, and remained about half an hour. The presence of his Holiness did not divert the people from their various pursuits. There were probably, at thousand persons, foreigners and Italians, accidentally present, though it was not the time of day to expect any religious ceremony. St. Peters is at all times frequented and surrounded; but the usual fashion of public walks, that of visiting them only in the afternoon, is not followed in this charming place. The morning visits, indeed, have the bustling air of business, and are dilatory to no degree.

gently examining pictures and sculpture, with some traveller's guide in their hand, or some learned Cicero in by their side. All that is peculiar to the edifices of Rome, relating to architecture, sculpture or painting, is found in the greatest perfection at St. Peters. The work in mosaic is much superior in its execution to that of any other church. This art was cultivated by the ancients, yet they did not pretend to copy fine paintings, but employed it for the pavement of houses, as at Herculaneum. When it had been for a long time lost, and again discovered after the revival of learning, it was made with coloured glass, and employed to ornament roofs, and to execute imitations of coarse paintings, as at Mt. Real in Sicily; or to decorate the outside of buildings, as in the ancient church of St. Pauls, beyond the wall. In St. Peters the master pieces of painting are copied with so much accuracy, that at a little distance, they can hardly be distinguished from the originals. They will remain without change or decay, as long as the wall to which they are attached is entire; perhaps as long as the pantheon has stood, or the world shall endure. On the contrary, paintings in oil, in spite of every precaution, are defaced by age, become tarnished, and moulder, so as to lose their value. Fresco paintings, upon stucco, last longer than those in oil; but the delicate surface of plaster is liable to be changed by moisture, and the colours fall off with the small scales that become detached, and the picture is consequently defaced. The mosaics of St. Peters are more accurate imitations of painting in oil colours than the best executed Frescos. In paintings of the latter description, the different shades do not blend so perfectly as in oil, and the outlines have the fault which connoisseurs

and artists call dryness. As the mosaics are made with stones of the natural colour they do not fade. The polished surface of variegated marble, is alike unchanged by exposure to light, humidity, and the lapse of time. St. Peters is lined throughout with polished marble, mosaics and rich gildings, except the breaks, projections and recesses, which are filled with statues, columns, medallions, altars, and sepulchral monuments. It will serve to give some idea of the magnitude, as well as magnificence, of this unrivalled temple, to state that the length of the area, or hall, thus decorated, is about seven hundred feet, its width at the transept five hundred, and its height little short of four hundred feet. The light admitted from the domes, is neither dazzling, nor obscure; but exhibits every ornament in its proper character, and sheds a tempered lustre upon the splendors of this wonderful scene.

March 25.—Early in the morning of the 20th we started on foot for Tivoli, eighteen miles distant from Rome. It had rained during the night, and the agreeable coolness of the air rendered the walk delightful. The Campagna is in the dress of spring. Indeed it can hardly be said there is any winter at Rome. Since our arrival, I believe there has been no frost. The fields are always green, and the quantity of grass produced in the winter season, is nearly equal to the growth of summer. The Campagna, however, is so much neglected that grass will hardly grow upon it. Where the soil is most barren, it is covered with a brown moss, or no vegetation. This vast waste has no walls, hedges, buildings, or shades, to relieve the sameness of its dreary solitude. The soil would admit of cultivation, and no doubt reward it, by furnish-

ing, bread enough to feed the poor of Rome, and at the same time diminish the causes of the destructive Malaria.

The Anio winds through the Campagna in a thousand meanders, and is almost all the time in view from the road to Tivoli; there is a mixture of beauty and dreariness in the scenery which surrounds it. The Campagna is a field of desolation and solitude, which affords a striking example of the decay of human grandeur, and compels the imagination to wander back to the ages when it was peopled. We feel in viewing it that peculiar pleasure, which arises from the contemplation of ruin. Perhaps we compare it to the desolation of the soul, the annihilation of its early promises, and the destruction of its happy dreams.

Within three miles of Tivoli we passed a small lake, remarkable for its petrefactions. The small shrubs, rushes, and grasses, which have fallen into this water, have become petrified, and retain their natural appearance so perfectly, that we could not feel convinced they were changed to stone until we had attentively examined them. The petrefactions are encroaching rapidly upon the little lake, and will probably, entirely fill it up in a few years. A short distance from this lake is another, beautiful sheet of water highly impregnated with sulphur, which gives rise to a considerable stream. From this lake a canal was cut to the Anio, by the Cardinal d'Este, where, some years afterwards visited at Tivoli. This drain prevented the sulphurous lake from overflowing the adjacent country. The water has a blueish colour; its odour taints the air for several miles; and it deposits so much stony matter, that the canal is encrusted, and has the appearance of being excavated through a solid rock. It is in this neigh-

hardness, and by the petrifications of these waters, that  
 the celebrated Tivoli or Tiburtine stone is formed.  
 After crossing this vale, which is called Solfatara, we  
 again passed the Anio, and soon began to ascend a gentle  
 hill, well cultivated and planted with olive trees. The  
 mountains are very near, and the surrounding scenery  
 bold and beautiful. All the hills in the vicinity, forming  
 the commencement of the Apennines, are covered with  
 olives. The ascent continues to Tivoli, which is on the  
 summit of a considerable hill near the celebrated cataract.  
 The Anio approaches the city from the south-east, and  
 making a little bend to the north, precipitates its waters  
 over a precipice of about forty feet. The water possesses  
 a quality similar to that of the tartarous lake above men-  
 tioned, and has formed immense petrifications, in shape,  
 not unlike the ice which surrounds cascades during the  
 winter in cold climates. In this way is formed the cham-  
 ber called the Grotto of Neptune. A little distance be-  
 low the fall, the river sinks under the rocks, and again  
 shows itself, foaming and roaring as it escapes, producing  
 a wonderful exhibition of beauty and grandeur. This is  
 called the Grotto of the Syren, from the confused sound is-  
 suing from it, which has been supposed to resemble mu-  
 sic. Above the cascade the Anio sends off two small  
 streams, which cross the city, and form on the opposite  
 side two beautiful cataracts, called Cascadella. On a  
 rock nearly level with the top, and overlooking the great  
 fall, stands the temple of the Sybil, one of the most beau-  
 tiful ruins in the environs of Rome. It is a small circu-  
 lar temple, surrounded by fluted corinthian columns. On  
 the evening of our arrival we saw this delightful spot to  
 great advantage, and were convinced that no de-

scription can exaggerate its beauties. The next morning it rained violently, and we were thoroughly wet in descending to the grotto of Neptune. In the afternoon the weather became fine, and finding some English acquaintance, we made a party to the villa d'Este, where we saw an Italian garden and promenade in their stiffest and most characteristic style. The palace, and the ornaments of the garden, were erected about two hundred years ago. So much of the work was done in plaster that it is now a collection of ruins. In the principal garden, models were constructed upon a small scale, of the most considerable antiquities of Rome; now more decayed than the originals. The situation of this villa is uncommonly good. I could not but envy some of our companions their skill in the use of the pencil, who amused themselves by taking sketches of Rome, as the clouds broke away and showed that venerable city, just as the sun was sitting. Mr. and Mrs. Hackwell, whom we have often met in our excursions, had been spending two or three days at Tivoli, taking sketches to illustrate the descriptions of Eustace.

The next day it rained again, and we expected to have passed another night at the wretched inn at Tivoli; but the clouds breaking away at noon, we concluded to take a hasty survey of the villa of Adrian and return to Rome. Our view of these ruins was consequently hurried and imperfect. We saw few buildings so entire as to give us any adequate idea of its ancient magnificence. Little can be now seen of this celebrated villa except abandoned ruins. Its spoils enrich the museums and palaces of Italy; but its ancient site is an unsatisfactory waste. The statues which grace the saloons of the Vatican, the Venus



de Medicis, and the Antonous, are among the treasures which have been recovered from these ruins, and which will perpetuate forever the glory and magnificence of Adrian.

It was now time for us to hasten to Rome, and we hired a carriage to return. We were joined by Mr. Hackwell and lady, and arrived late and much fatigued. Our servant had prepared a fire in our apartments, and welcomed us with as much apparent warmth and cordiality, as if we had been absent on a long journey and had arrived at our own house.

March 26.—The Capuchins have universally some peculiarities in their manner of burial; but I have not seen the custom of drying bodies adopted, as in the neighborhood of Palermo. The cemeteries are generally under the churches, and the bones are exposed; sometimes standing in niches, but assorted and arranged in different compartments. The skulls are frequently piled in such a manner as to resemble columns; the ribs and sternums are fastened to the walls in the shape of stars; festoons of flowers are formed with the spinal bones and bones of the hands; lamps, chandeliers, and a variety of utensils with the other small bones. These burial places are kept perfectly neat, and used as chapels.

March 27.—As the holy week approaches the churches are undergoing considerable alterations, and receiving decorations adapted to the expected ceremonies. The pictures are covered from the view of strangers, and all the religious observances, are attended with unusual parade.

The Annunciation was celebrated to-day at the church of St. Maria. The Pope was carried in his pontifical

chair through several streets; borne upon the shoulders of men above the multitude, who received his blessings as he passed. Though the church is large, only a small comparative number of the people could gain admittance to witness the ceremonies; and the spectators were kept away from the doors by a military guard.

March 28.—Having finished our first survey of Rome, we lounge more leisurely through its streets, and crowded galleries. In the throng of interesting objects we begin to find our favorites, and to return more frequently to contemplate some particular ruin, some gallery of statues or saloon of paintings. The hundreds of foreigners who reside a short time at Rome, make such pursuits their principal employment. Alike in their daily avocations, the tide of travellers continues to flow, in the channel which *Vasi* has marked, though he is by no means a profound antiquarian. The minute descriptions and details of this writer, serve to direct the researches of the learned and unlearned. After completing his mechanical tour, it is natural to return where we have been most amused and delighted. Even the glorious collections of the Vatican, attracts the visitor again, and again, by a few objects. The Apollo, the groupe of *Unstated*, the Torso, the Perseus, the transfiguration, leave gods and goddesses in the rabble, and pictures in the back ground.

In addition to the advantages afforded to strangers by the treasures of art, many of the English make their residence at Rome an economical arrangement. I have ascertained that the expenses of a journey to Italy, and return to England, with a winter's residence at Rome, may be contrived for less money than is sufficient to support a gentle-

merely during the same length of time in London. Living is both excellent and cheap. We dine at a *table d'hôte* for about sixty cents; wine, and a gratuity to the servant included. Our chamber rent, beds, servants, &c. amount to little more than two dollars each for a week. Our dinner consists of soups, five or six covers of meats, an abundance of vegetables, puddings, tarts, fruits, nuts, and a bottle of wine; and are always good. The hour of dining is five o'clock, at which time the company is collected by the ringing of a bell; candles are lighted, and the business of the day is supposed to be at an end. The table is placed in a spacious hall, and laid for about thirty persons, nine-tenths of whom are Englishmen. These who speak French, with ease and fluency, are allowed, and expected, to sit at the head of the table, where all the conversation is carried on. The English seem unwilling to speak in their own language, and seldom join the conversation, unless it be in half whispers, with the persons near them. The French and Italians are much superior to the English in manners, and that easy self-possession which commands respect and attention. In this particular, the Austrians, Swedes and Germans resemble the English, and seem as much ashamed of their mother tongue.

Notwithstanding the English are so "proud and so rich," they yield the first places and the whole conversation to the French and Italians. The former, with great good nature and inimitable self-complacency, look upon the English with evident contempt.

The staid dish of meat, and the best pudding goes to the French and Italians. If an Italian attempts to carve he is extremely awkward, as expertness in this business

belongs to the servant; gentlemen do not consider it an accomplishment. The French and Italians make use of a silver fork which they hold in their right hand, and help the food to the mouth, with a piece of bread, which is held in the fingers of the left, and dabbed into the dish to a point of opposition with the fork. They are blessed with large mouths, and it is their custom to talk when their cheeks are distended with food, showing in this respect a disregard of cleanliness and decency, which to English eyes is sufficiently disgusting. All drink their wine out of tumblers, with their dinner; not after it, and every man masters his bottle. This is not a large allowance, of the light red wine of the country, which has not been fortified with brandy, like that intended for exportation. A cup of strong coffee is handed round after dinner, to those who do not prefer going to some neighboring coffee-house.

The dinner closes the busy part of the day, and we have usually spent our evenings in our chambers. The public amusements are all suspended until the ceremonies of the holy week shall be past, and we find it most consistent with our views and convenience, to see but little company.

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April 6.—The ceremonies of the passion week commenced on the 30th of March, at the saintian chapel. The number of strangers was so great as to throng all the churches, and many could not get admittance. Among those who presented themselves at the door, there were few Romans; the citizens were civilly foregoing their own privileges, that the curiosity of strangers might be gratified. The Cardinals, and subordinate dignitaries of the church, and the civil magistrates of Rome, were present, and strict

and in the ceremonies, which continued until the 22<sup>d</sup> of October. It is not possible to detail the particulars of this splendid exhibition, and I shall attempt no more than the mention of a few circumstances. Among the spectators were present the old King of Spain, with his Queen, Godoy, the King of Sardinia, and the Duke of Genoa. . . . On the second day, the principal exercise was music, commencing at 4 o'clock P. M. at the sixtine chapel. . . . On the third day, mass was performed at the same chapel, and the Pope gave his benediction from the balcony in front of St. Peter's. Next followed the ceremony of washing the feet of the twelve apostles or pilgrims, and the pilgrims dined, while the Pope served at the table. The day was closed by the *Lamentation* and *Miserere*.

At the ceremony of washing the feet, his Holiness appeared exhausted and very ill. Serious apprehensions were entertained, that he would not be able to go through with his arduous duties. During the dinner, his Holiness continued to appear ill, though he persevered in performing his part until the ceremonies of the day were ended.

On Friday, as there were no ceremonies until evening, we improved the morning in making an excursion to Frascati, about twelve miles from Rome. This village is situated upon a hill which is a continuation of the Alban Mount. To the south and east of Frascati, the mountain rises in regular and broken ridges to great elevations. This place has been justly admired for the beauty and variety of its scenery. In this particular it is certainly equal to Etna, and it would be difficult to find in any part of the world a place which combines more grand and beautiful objects. Every country has its peculiar and characteristic features, and nature in all her grand and

wonderful operations, never fatigues us with monotony; never repeats her beautiful forms, without creating new objects of wonder and admiration. A short excursion of twelve miles had transported us from the bustle and confusion of Rome to a charming and delightful solitude; and we were glad to escape from the crowd, to breathe for a few hours, the uncontaminated mountain air. The object of our excursion was to find the ruins of ancient Tivoli, situated beyond the delightful village of Frascati. The walls of this ancient city, and the ruins of its edifices, are almost levelled to the ground, and in many places are covered with turf; though the great quantity of lime and broken stones sometimes covers the soil, and prevents vegetation. Not a single edifice remains in such a degree of preservation that its plan can be traced. Upon the site of the ancient city, and for considerable distance around it, are no cultivated fields, shades or habitations; but an extended waste sacred to forgetfulness and annihilation!

We returned to Frascati, through the villa of Lucien Bonaparte. It is finely situated, and in its plan, differs considerably from the other villas we have seen. The ground possesses considerable irregularity of surface, and the design in the distribution of trees, water, &c. has been, to imitate the wildness and variety of natural scenery. A fine hill, has received the name of Mount Parmesan, and is covered with a luxuriant growth of myrtle, ilex, and cypress. Upon one side is a gradual ascent, on which the names of the most celebrated poets and painters, are written in vegetable mosaic, formed with box, yew, and other plants, cut close to the ground. On the top of the hill stands Apollo, a very good copy of the Apollo of Belvidere.

under the shade of a row of large myrtles, and surrounded by unoccupied niches for the nine muses. We descended the mount on the opposite side, through paths which are purposely neglected, and made difficult by artificial intricacies.

101 We returned to Rome in season to see the ceremonies at the Sistine chapel and St. Peters. The number of spectators was greater than at any time before; and the exhibition of the evening particularly calculated to amuse and delight the multitude. At eight o'clock a brazen cross about sixty feet in length, covered on all sides with many thousand glass lamps, was suspended from the centre of the dome of St. Peters; at the same time all other lights were extinguished, and the eyes of twenty thousand christians directed to this cross of fire; the standard of their faith. The faces of the gazing multitude; the arches, fretted roof, and sculptured monuments, borrowed their light from the symbol of the hope of all nations. Beyond its influence all was night, and darkness—even the lamps of the tomb were extinguished; the hope of the dead, descended into the sepulchre, and the earth was left in darkness. No ray of hope beamed upon mankind; except from the cross where he expired. The ceremonies at the sistine chapel had previously represented the agony of the Saviour, and the desertion of his apostles, and prepared the minds of the spectators for the exhibition of the cross upon which he died. Nothing could have been better calculated to rouse the enthusiasm, and animate the hopes of the believers, than such a celebration, of the death of the Redeemer.

102 The exercises of the last day were of a different character; passing from the celebration of the death and

sufferings of the Saviour, to the holy office and duties of his apostle St. Peter; consecrated, according to the catholic creed, the head and father of the christian church. The scene was transferred to the church of St. John Lateran. At 7 o'clock in the morning the ceremonies commenced. His Holiness pronounced his blessing upon water, fire, and the baptismal fount. Next followed the baptism of a Jew. A converted Jew is found every year, or made a convert for this occasion: several priests and deacons, were next ordained, and mass performed, at which his Holiness assisted.

The bells of St. John struck; a signal for the ringing of all the bells in the city, which had been silent for several weeks. The discharge of the guns of Fort St. Angelo, and universal expressions of joy, ended the ceremonies.

The bells had hardly announced the close of the religious parade, when the strangers commenced their departure from Rome. It was a signal of the close of winter, and of all that is most fashionable and most attractive. The birds of passage were on the wing, and we joined the flock.

## LETTER XXVII.

*Journey to Florence—Civita Castellano—Travelling companions—Otricoli—Terni—Falls of Terni—Village fête.*

Civita Castellano, 34 miles from Rome, April 7.

HAVING previously formed our party and engaged a carriage, we commenced our journey at 6 o'clock, and ar-



rived at 5 P. M. at this place. Our carriage is similar to that in which we made the journey from Naples to Rome, and our mules as slow paced ; but this gives us a better opportunity to see the country and to enjoy the delightful climate. Before we left Rome we did not know how much inducement we should find in the society of our travelling companions, for wishing the journey long. My friend, Admiral Ferrier, attended to this in his arrangements, previous to our leaving Rome, and secured from among his acquaintance, Mr. Canning ; who formerly resided in an high official capacity in the West-Indies ; Capt. Morton, of the English army, and a Swiss gentleman, so that our party fills the carriage, and is not liable to be increased by the occasional admission of a striped and unwelcome bird, as too frequently happens in public carriages. We have journeyed through the day in a north-easterly direction, through a country of scattered population, and neglected agriculture. When we had nearly reached this place, we began to ascend some considerable hills which are the commencement of the Apennines. Until we came to this unequal country, we had journeyed upon the Campagna and found it as waste and desolate as on the other side of Rome.

Civita Castellano, where we have now arrived, is situated on the Flaminian way, thirty-four miles from Rome. It is built upon the summit of an isolated rock, and is two miles in circumference. It has four gates which look towards the four cardinal points, and is surrounded on three sides, by small rivers, which wind along deep vallies formed by the precipices of the mountains. It contains three or four thousand inhabitants. This city is believed by many to be the ancient Veii, which so long withstood the power of

Rome, which witnessed the slaughter of the three hundred Fabii, and yielded at last to the siege of Camillus, after a glorious struggle of ten years. Many have doubted the correctness of this opinion, but those who defend it, find a strong argument in their favor in the circumstance of its elevated and isolar situation; so admirably adapted to defence. Being inaccessible on three sides, and protected by a strong fortress on the other, it is, at present, a place of great strength. It is believed that after the Goths had ravaged a great number of the cities of Italy, and established themselves in Veii, that it received its present name. The citadel is of good architecture, and the walls built with a kind of tufa or sand stone, and from their thickness, are well calculated to resist the shock of machinery or cannon.

The city has been joined to neighboring hills on the north by a bridge whose arches are of extraordinary height. It is a light and beautiful work. It was erected in 1712.\*

April 8.—Capt. Merton left England with Lord Crayke, in the capacity of a travelling companion, with the intention of accompanying him to Greece; but when he arrived at Naples he changed his mind, and requested his Lordship to allow him to return to his dear country by land. Capt. Merton has spent most of his life in the army, but it has been his fortune to remain at different posts, where he has never seen actual service, or actual hardship. The toil of our journey is therefore burdensome to him, and he complains constantly, and bitterly, of our slow progress and bad accommodations. At Civita

\* Voyage en Italie par M. De La Harpe, 1712.

ly, or much enlarged by Curius Dentatus, in the year of Rome 671, and 83 before the christian era; at which time he collected the waters, dispersed in the territory of Rieti, for the purpose of giving a drain to that country.

Terni is situated among the highest of the Apennines, which are crossed by the road from Rome to Florence; and

the surrounding hills are so steep and barren as hardly

to grow any thing. The aspect of the country reminded

us of our journey through Umbria, in the state

country, the road winding in many directions the same,

the hills which form the commencement of the Apennines.

We breakfasted at Otricoli, a small village which stands

near the site of ancient Otricoli, where we understand

there are architectural ruins of considerable extent; which

we regretted we had not time to visit. Our next stage

was to Narni, a city containing four or five thousand in-

habitants, fifty-five miles from Rome. It is built in the

form of an amphitheatre near the summit of a considerable

hill, at the foot of which flows the "rapid Nera." The

appearance of the city, its walls, and edifices, rising in

the midst of the evergreen summits of the Apennines, is

uncommonly beautiful.

The water which supplies the fountains of Narni is

brought fifteen miles in aqueducts. A little distance

from the city are the ruins of the celebrated bridge of

Augustus, erected by that Emperor to cross a small

stream, and unite two hills, for the purpose of forming a

road. The bridge was remarkable for the height of its

arches and the solidity of its masonry; it was constructed

with white stones laid together without cement.

We arrived at Terni at 3 o'clock. This city contains

about seven thousand inhabitants, and is celebrated as

Rome, which witnessed the slaughter of the three hundred Fabii, and yielded at last to the siege of Camillus, after a glorious struggle of ten years. Many have doubted the correctness of this opinion, but those who defend it, find a strong argument in their favor in the circumstances of its elevated and isolar situation; so admirably adapted to defence. Being inaccessible on three sides, we protected by a strong fortress on the other. It is said, by sent, a place of great strength they have degenerated after the Goths, by the servility of their manners, of Italy's shamelessness of their beggary. In justice to Terni, however, we must say, that we encountered there, less of the peculiar wretchedness, of the Italian people, than in any other city, during our previous journeys. We left our mules and hired a carriage, in which we reached the celebrated cataract about 4 o'clock, and waited to contemplate the beauty of the scenery under the advantage of the setting sun.

The country around this cataract is bold and mountainous, and the water fall one of the most beautiful objects in nature. Its pitch exceeds two hundred feet, the water descending in a column, broken by the projection of rocks, is obscured in spray, and half conceals itself in the abyss into which it falls. The bed of the river above and below winds among rocks, along a rapid descent. The mountains and precipices in every direction are covered with evergreen shrubs, and all combine to form a scene which defies description.

The cascade of Terni is called *Caduta della Marmere*, on account of the incrustations formed by its water, as at Tivoli; and an artificial cataract, from the supposed history of its origin. The velino was either produced entire-

ly, or much enlarged by Curius Dentatus, in the year of Rome 671, and 83 before the christian era; at which time he collected the waters, dispersed in the territory of Rieti, for the purpose of giving a drain to that country.

Terni is situated among the highest of the Apennines, which are crossed by the road from Rome to Florence; and the surrounding hills are so steep and barren as hardly to admit of cultivation. The aspect of the country reminded me of the mountains of Scroon and Moria, in the state of New-York. The general elevation is nearly the same, as that of the bold and picturesque primitive range which extends from Lake George to Plattsburgh; but the ever-green trees which conceal the rocky summits, are a growth of dwarfs compared with the American forests.

There was a religious fête at a small village near the cataract, at which three or four hundred people were collected. As we rode towards Terni they were returning from this celebration. There was not a carriage of any kind attending this long retinue, nor a person whose dress or appearance indicated wealth or fashion; yet the procession probably contained most of the beauty and chivalry of Terni. I have not seen an assemblage of Italians in any instance so well dressed, or apparently so cheerful and happy.

## LETTER XXVIII.

*Perugia—Pietro Perugino—Michael Angelo—Thrasimenus—Defeat of Flaminius—Torricelli.*

April 9.—AT 10 o'clock we arrived at Perugia, the capital of ancient Umbria, and spent two hours in taking a cursory view of that celebrated city. Its distance from Rome is one hundred and twenty-five miles. It is situated upon the summit of a hill, and has a fine and commanding appearance. It is one of the most ancient cities of Italy, and its writers pretend, was founded, two thousand years before the christian era, by Janus, the son of Apollo.

Perugia was so considerable a city that Hannibal did not deem it prudent to attack it, after his great victory at Thrasimenus; but it is not less celebrated for its having sustained a long and vigorous siege of Augustus during the civil wars.

While independent, the Perugians were warlike and turbulent; but when given to the papal see, by Charles Magne, and afterwards confirmed by Louis the debonaire, they remained faithful in their allegiance to the Pope. In 1228, the Perugians were still faithful to the Pope, but chose afterwards to govern themselves, and soon engaged in active war. After a slight attempt to reduce them, a bull of excommunication was issued, but they were soon restored to their communion and their allegiance.

The unconquerable character of the Perugians determined the Pope, Paul III. to build the citadel which remains at the present time; but he was under the necessity

of commencing the work under the pretext that he was going to build a hospital. Unless the inhabitants had been deceived, they would never have suffered the fortifications to have been erected.

Pietro Perugino, that distinguished painter, the ornament of his age, and the master of Raphael, was born at Perugia, A. D. 1446. His extreme poverty compelled him to direct the whole force of his genius to his favorite study upon which he depended for daily subsistence. Florence, being a place of more commerce and opulence than his native city, offered a surer reward for his labors, and it was there, he principally employed himself. In the society of St. Augustin is preserved a billet, written by him, dated 30th March, 1517, on the subject of a parcel of grain, and the sum that his domestic was to pay for it; but it is badly composed, the words incorrectly spelled, and the style low.\* He was a cotemporary of Michael Angelo, and often engaged in disputes with him. In the churches of Perugia are preserved a great number of the paintings of Pietro and of Raphael. Perugino excelled in the softness of his colours, but his composition was dry, and his outlines stiff and formal. The early pictures of Raphael are distinguished, by the faults and excellencies, of his master.

Michael Angelo undoubtedly discovered so much genius in Perugino as to consider him a formidable rival; yet in observing his great faults, and endeavoring to avoid them, was led into the opposite extreme. The figures of Perugino are smooth passive and inanimate; those of Michael Angelo, muscular, rough, bold, and darkly coloured, starting from the canvass, with unparalleled vigor

and spirit. Raphael combined the softness and finesse of drawing of his master with the boldness and fire of his rival, by which he reached a degree of perfection which has never been excelled, or perhaps equalled.

The pictures of Pietro and Raphael are among the most valued treasures of Perugia, and constitute one of its most availing attractions to foreigners.

A little before sun set we arrived at the celebrated lake of Thrasimenus and descended the defile, where the ill fated Flaminius was met and defeated by Hannibal. The ground where this battle was fought is a narrow plain at the eastern extremity of the lake, bounded on the south and east, the direction of the advance of Flaminius, by hills of considerable abruptness and elevation. Ignorant of the situation and intentions of his adversary, the intemperate consul, was met by the Carthaginian general as soon as he had entered the plain. A battle then became unavoidable, and the attack was so sudden as to render it impossible for him to regain the neighboring hills. His embarrassments were increased by a thick fog which concealed his enemy, who had the advantage of more space wherein to extend his line of battle.

In the centre of this plain flows a little stream, which identifies the spot where the greatest slaughter took place during that bloody combat. It still retains the name *Sanquinetto*, as is believed from the blood with which its waters were stained on that memorable day. After having spent an hour upon this interesting spot we crossed the *Sanquinetto* and put up for the night at *Terricelli*; which is laid down in the charts as a village, but consists of a miserable inn and two fishermen's huts. The house where we lodged was most comfortable and the



opponents of the people so suspicious, that we thought it prudent to barricade our doors when we retired to rest, and to "sleep upon our arms."

## LETTER XXIX.

*Ossaja—Cortona—Arezzo—Val d'Arno—Vallambrosa.*

April 10.—At an early hour we shook the dust from our feet, and departed from Torricelli. We left the banks of Trasimenus and breakfasted at Ossaja, so named from the quantity of bones, collected after the battle above mentioned. As it was our intention to reach Arezzo at night, we had but a short time to look at Cortona.

This ancient and celebrated city is situated on the top of a hill, which commands a view of an extensive and fertile plain on the south, and on the east, a bold and varied tract of hills and mountains. It is one of the most ancient cities of Tuscany (we had now entered the Tuscan Territory) distant from Florence about eighteen leagues. The hill upon which Cortona is situated is of a conical shape, and the post road winds around its base so as to avoid the ascent. I walked alone before the carriage and passed through the city. Its general appearance is neat, and it contains many buildings of considerable magnificence. The streets are extremely well flagged; the fountains numerous and well supplied, the markets neat, and stored with fruits, meats, vegetables, &c.

Toward evening we passed Arezzo, situated upon a small eminence, in a plain. Its relation to the surrounding country has been compared with that of Rome. The walls

are very entire, and are not concealed, either by buildings or by shades.

This city was the birth place of Petrarch, of Gui L. Aretin, who invented the manner of writing music, of Cesalpin, one of the first persons who laid a foundation for the science of Botany, by dividing plants into classes, as well as many other illustrious men. The weather had been rainy during the day, and while we were near Arezzo it began to snow, with a cold wind, which compelled us to close our windows, and wrap ourselves in our box coats.

We arrived late and much fatigued at a miserable inn, where we found bad accommodations, except clean beds, and plenty of servants, which we never fail of finding. Iron bedsteads are universally used at the inns, and if they are placed a sufficient distance from the wall, they are so high that our constant tormentors the fleas, cannot ascend them. This is a discovery we have lately made, and it is a subject of no ordinary gratulation, that we can sometimes escape the persecutions of these remorseless enemies. My English companions (with the exception of the Admiral) having been accustomed to much better fare in their own country, can with difficulty submit to the privations we must unavoidably encounter.

April 11.—Our mules, slow as they are, take us along toward our journey's end, with too much rapidity to allow of our making many observations upon the cities we pass, and the scenery of the country. We have descended this morning into the *Val d'Arno*, so celebrated for its beauty and its fertility; yet at this season of the year, when there is a deficiency of vegetation, the traveller can hardly assent to the accuracy of those glowing descriptions, in which writers and travellers have

chosen to paint this favored portion of the world. To those whose ideas of Italian scenery have been derived from English writers, this spot is rendered particularly interesting as the supposed origin of Milton's description of Paradise.

We have stopped to refresh ourselves and to dine at a small inn, in sight of Vallambrosa; but the verdure of its forests, and fields, has been destroyed by the severe and long continued frosts, of winter. The plantations in the neighboring country are in fine order, but the desolity of the Apennines which is pointed out to us as Vallambrosa, presents to the eye, heaps of bare sand which fill and deaden the prospect. The appearance at present is certainly unlike Eden. The plantations are small, and we observe a greater number of laborers than we have heretofore noticed. Women toil in the field at every kind of labour, and they can be distinguished at a great distance by the mixture of red and white in their dress. The vines are just putting forth their leaves, and the peasants are generally engaged in carrying off the branches, that were pruned after the last vintage.

#### LETTER XXX.

*Florence—the Medicean chapel—The Gallery of Florence—Venus de Medicis—Anatomical preparations of wax—Venus of Canova—The Opera.*

Florence, April 13.

I found an American gentleman at Florence, whom I had met at Boston under such circumstances as enabled me to call on him as an acquaintance, and he very kindly

offered me his aid in making the short excursion to view the curiosities of the city which our short stay would permit. Citizens of the same country, in a foreign land, usually find it a source of peculiar pleasure to have an opportunity to interchange sentiments and comparative remarks. Like solitary pilgrims jostling among the crowds of foreign cities, they usually meet as brothers, and delight to blithely greet each other, in their laudable pursuits. This principle seems inherent in the human breast, and inseparable from the heart, alive to the prosperity and glory of its own country. It is a form of patriotism which springs spontaneously in the bosoms of those who are suffering a temporary exile; among men of better and intelligible spirit universal, and we are in no danger of insult, when we yield them at once our confidence and friendship. *Adieu*

Our stay will be so short that we concluded to deliver letters, but to avail ourselves of the assistance of this American gentleman. In our first walk we endeavoured to form some idea of the geography of the city; its squares, fountains, palaces, churches, &c. but were entrained from object to object, till evening surprised us in the midst of our pursuit.

The city is built with dark coloured stones or lava, which gives it rather a dark and gloomy appearance. The buildings are high, uniform and regular; the streets neatly flagged, the stones being of a diamond shape, and laid with the most perfect regularity, but without side walks; and kept as clean as the interior of the houses and palaces. Among the public edifices are many gothic buildings, which are the first specimens of this style of architecture I have seen; but they do not strike me agreeably.

was the Duomo or cathedral; is the most remarkable building in the city, and one of the first objects which attracts the curiosity of strangers. It is built with black and white blocks of marble, so disposed as to give the walls a checkered appearance. The bell tower stands distant from the church, and the baptistry is a separate building. All these edifices are ornamented with small columns and minute sculpture, without attention to perspective, and the fine and extensive carved work is in many instances placed so high as to be entirely out of the sight of the spectators. The Duomo is more ancient than St. Peter's at Rome, and wants its perfect proportions and graceful ornaments. Modern architecture is about as ancient as the foundation of this building. In it, Michael Angelo wrought and designed; but afterwards matured and perfected his manner at Rome. As the earliest pictures of Raphael resemble those of his master Pietro Perugino, so do the oldest buildings of Mr. Angelo, the Gothic originals which he studied. His windows were narrow and coloured, his arches pointed, columns clustered; and in the building before us, the dome is an octagon, and the general exterior, broken into innumerable compartments. Many of the palaces of Florence bear a decided resemblance to the Duomo. The Ducal palace is nearly of the same antiquity, and judging from the appearance of the city, I presume its influence over the style and fashion of building, has been nearly as universal.

The Medicean chapel is a small edifice of more uniform richness than any building we have seen at Rome or elsewhere. It is in an unfinished state, and there seems to be very little prospect of its ever being completed.

It is of a circular form, covered with polished marble, and inlaid with precious stones; yet the general ground work is too dark, and it is divided into so many panels and angles that the rich ornaments are allowed to a disadvantage; the *tout ensemble* is not equal to that of the Corsini chapel in the church of St. John Lateran. The Medicean chapel contains some of the best sculpture of John of Bologna, and of Michael Angelo, and the internal surface is encrusted with carnelians, imbricated pearls and precious marbles.

April 15.—We have been many times to the gallery of paintings and sculpture, and have seen the Venus de Medici, the watching slave, the young Apollo and the St. John of Raphael. After two or three walks through the grand five galleries, we found it impossible to see every thing of an interesting nature, and soon relinquished the idea of attending to the whole, but usually repaired directly to the tribune of the Venus de Medici, where the best paintings and sculpture are collected. In this matchless apartment it is delightful to spend an hour in astonishment and admiration; but it would be vain to attempt to describe the objects which it contains. We sat down ourselves that the taste is improved and the soul is capable better. We stand amidst ideal perfections and angels; a statue immortal youth is realized in the breathing stone that speaks to the heart, of another and a better existence.

"There, too, the Goddess loves to stand, and all the time

"The air around with beauty; we inhale the living light

"The ambrosial aspect, which beheld in time

"Part of its immortality; the veil

"Of heaven is half undrawn; within the pale

"We stand, and in that form and face behold

"What mind can make, when nature's self would fail

"And to the fond idolaters of old,  
 "Ferry the innate flash, which such a soul could mould;  
 "We gaze and turn away we know not where,  
 "Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart  
 "Reels with its fulness; there—forever there—  
 "Chained to the chariot of triumphal art,  
 "We stand as captives and would not depart.  
 "How vain their need no words, nor terms precise  
 "This pearly fount of the marble mart,  
 "Where sculptors gulls: Folly—We have eyes:  
 "Blood—pulse—and breast, confirm the Dardan shepherd's

prize  
 "The Arno is larger than the Tiber, and its  
 waters less turbid. Its bridges are among the proudest  
 buildings of Florence. The city is situated on both sides  
 of the river, and the streets which run along its banks are  
 extremely well built, and much frequented. A space be-  
 tween the buildings and the river is neatly flagged, which  
 prevents the filth, deposited by the running water, from  
 obscuring the establishments on the quay. We pass-  
 ed one of the bridges to-day, on our way to the museum  
 of anatomical preparations, and the palace Pitti.

The anatomical wax preparations at Florence are well  
 known. They are arranged in regular series like ana-  
 tomical tables, and exhibit every part of the human  
 body with astonishing accuracy, and even elegance. In  
 minute anatomy these preparations are invaluable. The  
 most delicate structures of the body are represented, first  
 in their natural proportions, and in subsequent prepara-  
 tions, magnified in various degrees for the use of the stu-  
 dent, and the gratification of the curious. I found gentle-  
 men and ladies, (English too,) viewing these preparations,  
 which show every part of the human frame, without dis-

guise or exception. Surely ladies ought not to stroll through this gallery! There is less impropriety in their admiring the naked Apollo, and the muscular gladiator, than the coloured and exposed details of the anatomist, who fit only for the inspection of professional men and artists.

At the palace Pitti, is a collection of paintings, inferior only to those of the gallery of Florence; and in a building built in imitation of that which contains the Venus de' Medici; the Venus of Canova, so much and so justly praised. The beauty of its sculpture is little short of its rival, the master production of human art in the old stage.

We spent the evening at the Opera, and were entertained with excellent music; but by no means as good as we have been accustomed to hear in Palermo, and other places in the south of Italy. The people were noisy, noisy and applauded loudly, as is customary in the north of Europe and America. This circumstance shows, conclusively, a defective taste for music, or that the Opera is not the favored, and almost exclusive amusement for this elegant and refined, as in the south.

### LETTER XXXI.

*Leghorn and journey thither—Return to Pisa—Lucca—Journey to L'Erice.*

WE arrived at Leghorn fourteen hours after we left Florence, by the road through Pisa. Vegetation advances rapidly; in the valley of Pisa the grape, the fig, and the aspens, are in full verdure. The fertile and well cultivat-



ed country, continues only about half the way from Pisa to Leghorn, but the undulating hills subside into a plain, which resembles the *campagna di Roma*. This tract extends along the coast to the Pontine marshes, and is nearly uninhabited. Between Pisa and Leghorn, this plain is not seldom, as at any season to be covered with water; yet the intermittent malaria, has driven the people from it and prevents their return. It is a common idea in Italy, that this disease is caused by the escape of some noxious vapours from the earth; not connected with the decomposition of vegetables, or marsh exhalations.

We spent an hour at Pisa; visited the leaning tower, the cathedral, and the baptistry so much admired on account of its columns, and sculptured marbles. When we arrived at Leghorn, it was so dark that we could see nothing around us, except the wide and well-lighted street through which we passed; thronged with people, and having the appearance of great bustle, and business.

1 April 1811.—We employed the morning in taking a hasty view of the city, and calling upon persons to whom we had letters, though it is not our intention to make any stay in the city. Our object is to embark at this port for Genoa, and to prosecute our journey towards England without further delay. At the house of an American gentleman, Mr. Degen, where we dined, we learned that a quarantine has been lately established between this port and Genoa, which will compel us to relinquish our intended voyage. We immediately waited on the American consul, who informed us, there was no prospect of the quarantine being specially removed; we therefore found it necessary to hasten back to Pisa, and take the route by land. Our

Leaving Pisa has been our intention.

trunks and portmanteaux were at the custom-house, and we were under the necessity of incurring considerable expense, and a vexatious delay, before we could get permission to return with them to Pisa.

After these necessary affairs were despatched, we examined a manufactory of coral, another of alabaster ornaments, both on a very extensive scale. Good copies of the most celebrated statues, vases and urns of Italy, are sculptured in alabaster, and constitute a very considerable article of commerce. Among the pieces intended for the American market, I observed excellent busts of Franklin and Washington. As the plan of our journey admits of no delay, we paid our bill at the Globe, and prepared to return directly to Pisa.

Pisa, 10 o'clock.—We returned promptly from Leghorn. The Swiss gentleman who left Rome with us is still of our party, but our movement upon Pisa, was deemed too rapid for the military officer, Capt. Morton. He had also another motive and inducement for remaining at Leghorn. An English family, with a beautiful young lady, sole heiress of a large estate, whom we met at Terni, were hourly expected at Leghorn. As they were going directly to Genoa, the gallant Captain would take pleasure in accompanying them. The dread of hardship on one hand, and such a prospect on the other, left the Captain no room to hesitate, and we are consequently compelled to submit to the loss of his society. The Swiss gentleman was highly delighted with the promptness of our departure; though we had found it necessary to hold a long argument with him on the subject of the quarantine at Genoa, which he refused to believe, notwithstanding the official information we had received. He even continued to bestow up-

on our unfortunate consul, many hard terms of sarcasm, bordering on abuse, for having given us such absurd and ill founded information. When at last convinced that the information was correct, he was entirely silent on the subject, and aided in the preparations for our return to Pisa, without any apparent reconciliation to our consul.

We arrived at Pisa before it was quite dark, and as the Swiss gentleman was well acquainted in the city, we trusted ourselves entirely to him, in choosing a place to lodge. He conducted us to a house called the Cross of Malta, where we were sumptuously entertained.

On the road from Pisa to L'Erice, April 19.

We remained until 11 o'clock at Pisa, and employed the morning in viewing one of the most delightful cities in Italy. In population, Pisa is the second city in Tuscany; and in many respects its appearance is superior to Florence. It is built with white marble, and from this circumstance as well as from the wideness of the streets, is peculiarly neat and airy. Pisa is not a very flourishing or commercial city, and has been formerly much more populous than at present. Many of its houses and palaces appear to be deserted, but not in ruins. Its streets are wide and quiet, and the grass looks green in the crevices of the flag stones; the palaces are numerous and lofty; the churches magnificent, and the monastic establishments extensive and apparently wealthy. The Arno flows through the centre of the city, and is crossed by three noble bridges. The quays are built with white marble and extend through the city; the best built streets are those which are parallel to, and command a view of the river.

In the morning, as the first line of caravans rolled, we met a caravan of fifteen camels, laden with wheat for the market of Pisa. They were conducted by two drivers, and walked rapidly in a line. In our way to the cathedral and the leaning tower, we passed one of the principal markets: the provisions were various, abundant, cheap, and neatly exposed. We spent a short time at the leaning tower, the cathedral and the baptistry; objects well deserving a visit, but to describe them requires more than minute examination than our haste would allow. We

L'Ereice, 10 October, April 1848. We made a short stop at the baths of Pisa, dined at Spirito Santo, and passed through the republic of the city of Lucca. How can this little state have maintained its integrity as an independent government, for a period of two thousand years? It has made considerable figure in the history of Italy, and mankind is yet to its little spot, sixteen miles in breadth and forty miles long. It has always been surrounded by nations more powerful than itself. The city of Lucca contains twenty thousand inhabitants.

A short distance from Lucca, we observed a great number of men, women and children, employed in building a road. They proceed in the work without the aid of cattle, or machinery, carrying stones and earth in small baskets upon their heads. Two or three hundred people, busily engaged in this labour, reminded us of the industry of a tribe of ants, which they much resembled.

We slept at Massa. During the morning we continued our journey and arrived in season for dinner at this place, having travelled through a wild and picturesque country. L'Ereice is a small village at the head of a beautiful bay.

(the ancient *Portus Veneris*.) The inhabitants subsist principally by fishing; the mountains being so steep and rugged as not to admit of much cultivation. These mountains are the commencement of the Alpine chain, and extend to the north along the coast, so as to render a journey by land from this place to Genoa extremely difficult and tedious. Our object in coming to this place is to take our passage to Genoa by water for the sake of avoiding these mountains.

At evening we were surprized at the arrival of the hair-ess and her friends, among whom was our late *compagnon de voyage*, Capt. Morton. The lady and her friends reached Leghorn a few hours after we left that city, and learning our project from Capt. Morton, were joined by him, and followed us with the expectation of taking the same boat to Genoa. They have apartments at the same inn, but we regret that the small felucca which we have engaged will not admit of a larger party. We have discovered that the elegant young lady has a suitor, more favoured than our friend Capt. Morton, and the poor son of mars seems quite crest fallen on the occasion.

## LETTER XXXII.

*Voyage to Genoa in an open boat—A gale—Arrival at Genoa—Era of Columbus—Asylum for the poor—Fortress Spasano—Military review at which the killing is prevented—The Opera.*

Genoa, April 23.

Tommasini and myself were called from our beds at 1 o'clock. We went on board the little boat which we

had engaged, and found six men ready at their oars, with a stranger, whom they had admitted without consulting us.

We hoisted sail with a fair wind which carried us out of the bay before dawn. When the sun brightened the east, we looked back upon a distant line of rugged coast, and could not distinguish the port which we had left. So soon had southern Italy vanished behind us! My residence in that delightful country had passed away like a dream! My friend the Admiral seemed to feel himself no longer a "land traveller," but restored to his own element; he talked of the voyages and dangers, with the many incidents of his active life. The stranger, who was mute until we were nearly out of sight of land, at length opened his mouth in vulgar English; and his long silence was now followed with a paroxysm of talking, which we began to fear, threatened a continuance to the end of the voyage. He had been residing a long time at Sienne to acquire an accurate knowledge of the Italian language, which we could easily perceive he had not accomplished. He had made a rapid journey to Rome; but found nothing there so attractive as the society of Sienne, where he soon returned. He has travelled in Italy destitute of curiosity, diligence or learning, and is returning to his own country without improvement. Even the Admiral, so full of gentleness, charity and patience, was soon tired of his inspid conversation.

There was a dead calm all day. Our six men made what head way they could with their oars. The wind during the night, had been considerable, and had left a rough sea, which gave to the boat the most disagreeable motion. At night we had not yet made the harbor of

Genoa, but were four or five leagues at sea, off *Porto Fino*. In such a frail bark we naturally felt a little anxious on account of our distance from port. We however made the best arrangement we could for sleeping among the fish and luggage in the bottom of the boat.

The calm continued until 12 o'clock, when we had a violent shower, attended with a gale of wind. During this confusion I was awaked by the voice of the Admiral, who was endeavoring to give orders to the boatmen in French, English, and in his dozen words of Italian. The wind was from the shore, and we could not distinguish land in any direction. The sea broke over us, and we expected our little bark would sink to the bottom. For a short time the consternation and alarm produced a dreadful confusion among the boatmen, but the panic of fear only continues, while a doubt remains of the reality of danger or the possibility of escape. Our danger was real, and our immediate escape impossible. The men soon returned to their oars, and remained in their places, awaiting the orders of their captain, who had taken the helm. Order being restored, we drifted before the storm until 4 o'clock, when, to our inexpressible joy, we made the light. During a gale of four hours we had not been able to discover land on any side, nor could we conjecture the point of compass towards which we were driven by the fury of the storm. As our boat had no deck the sea dashed upon us, and we had suffered greatly from wet, and cold. Under such circumstances the gleam of the well known light tower, caused a shout of joy from the mariners which I can never forget.

We arrived at Genoa, in a style, too humble to excite any challenge or inquiry from the health officer, and our

trunks and portmanteaux, dripping with salt water, were sent unexamined to the *Hotel de Londre*. We were not long in recovering from the fatigue of the night, and commenced our tour of observation with as little delay as possible.

April 24.—The first view of the city gave us a most favorable impression of its beauty and magnificence. We seem, since we left Leghorn, to have passed from the extreme of filth to that of cleanliness. The principal streets of this city are wide, and the public buildings and palaces upon large and liberal designs; but what distinguishes it more remarkably from the cities in the south of Italy, is the neatness of its small streets and avenues. Nothing can be imagined more splendid than some of these small streets, which are lined on both sides with shops containing jewelry and fancy articles of every description.

The streets are well flagged, and the side walks wide and commodious. In the external ornaments of the buildings and public places, we have regretted to observe whole fronts of stucco, as a substitute for marble. This manner of building is almost universal, but the eye soon becomes weary of it, and the imagination resents the cheat. The mildness of the climate is singularly adapted to the permanence of such buildings. One building of this description has remained without repairs, since the year 1485, when Columbus proposed to his countrymen his project of a voyage, which though not patronized by the republic, resulted in the discovery of America. The fact of the antiquity of these frail stucco ornaments, placed the recent date of the discovery of America in a very strong point of view. There are whole streets built with brick and stucco, which are more ancient than the period



when Columbus lived. The general appearance of Genoa is that of a modern city, when compared with Pisa, Florence, or Perugia.

April 25.—These remarks have nothing to do but with the exterior of things; therefore I return to the light and showy style of the edifices of Genoa. The cheapness of stucco ornaments has rendered them too common; we see here too many fascades, columns and pilasters. Horses and donkeys are not allowed to pass through the narrowest streets. The sides are flagged and the centre paved with brick. The flag stones are of a white or cream colour, and their appearance extremely neat. Every part of the city is filled with shops decorated in the most fanciful manner, and filled with valuable merchandize.

During our walk this morning we visited the hotel of the poor, a public asylum for the helpless and the indigent; where fourteen hundred people are employed in easy labor, fed and clothed. The buildings connected with these hospitals are extensive, and distinguished by the same air of neatness we have observed in the city. The people employed and fed in this establishment are taken from the most wretched of the Lazzaroni, and their existence rendered comfortable to themselves, and no longer a burden to society. We spent two hours in walking through this excellent retreat; an institution of which any country might be proud. We also visited the convent of Terbina, a religious asylum, which seemed to be as liberally supported and as admirably arranged. It is a convent for females. The lady Abbess received us with considerable ceremony, and only allowed us to see her young prisoners through the grates. The nuns whom we saw, stealing hasty glances as they passed the latticed windows,

were as beautiful, and as pale as any novel writer could have wished them. These recluse ladies employ themselves in making artificial flowers, some beautiful specimens of which, was all the lady Abbess had to show us.

The city of Genoa is nearly surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, which are defended by a line of fortresses. The batteries command the city and harbor, and extend in the form of a crescent behind the city about nine miles in circuit. I walked alone to the highest point occupied by these fortifications, called, fortress Spezone. The walls, and watch towers, extend on both sides, from this fortress in the form of crescents, quite to the harbour so as to enclose the city. The hills upon which the batteries are situated, form abrupt and inaccessible precipices, on the side towards the country, and are too distant from the neighboring mountains to be commanded by them. From the fortress Spezone, the surrounding country exhibits a succession of rugged rocks, and barren mountains; with hardly a spot sufficiently level to admit of cultivation.

The king of Sardinia reviewed his troops in the afternoon, and we had an opportunity to witness a fine military exhibition. The troops were drawn up in a plain, on the east side of the city, without the walls. Soon after they were paraded the king and his suite arrived, apparently without exciting the least interest among the citizens, or the military. The king was mounted on a small stone gray horse, and dressed in blue, turned up with gold. He sits badly on his horse, wears his hat ungracefully, and his manner is peculiarly unmilitary. The two officers nearest the king were dressed in similar uniform, their horses of the same size and colour; and

they also resemble his majesty in the diminutiveness of their persons. But two faces as ordinary, and as plain, were not to be found in the whole Empire. The king's subjects at Genoa, are said to owe him no good will; aside from their complaint, that he was imposed upon them by the decision of a Congress, wherein they had no voice, and was not the man of their choice: he is held in utter contempt on account of his personal qualities. The parade closed with a sham fight, the only battle, it was sarcastically observed, in which his majesty would be likely to distinguish himself.

We spent the evening at the opera. The music was indifferent, notwithstanding the expectation that the king would have been present. We remarked that the distinctions of rank, were less apparent in the company collected, than we had observed in other Italian cities on similar occasions; nor did we see as many people in the costumes of the religious orders. The people of Genoa are more enterprising and commercial, than the inhabitants of the other cities of Italy.

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### LETTER XXXIII.

*Genoa continued—Its wealth and activity—Harbour and mole—Arsenal—A night scene—Preparations for departure..*

GENOA contains eighty thousand inhabitants, and of all the Italian cities is second only to Naples in commercial importance. Surrounded by barren rocks, and isolated from the fertile country, by almost inaccessible mountains, we were surprized to notice so many indications of

wealth and prosperity; but the solution of this apparent problem, is to be found in the extent of its manufactures, and the activity of its population. The citizens of Genoa are not exclusively Italians, but collected from France, Switzerland, England and Italy. The English language is considerably spoken, and we rarely walked the streets without being accosted in our own tongue. Americans are not distinguished from the English by their dress or language; but when known to be citizens of the United States, are treated with marked attention and kindness. In all the cities in the south of Italy, even where the English are received with some degree of coldness, it is always a pleasant circumstance to be known as an American. The number of English travellers has been so great, as nearly to have destroyed all curiosity concerning them; perhaps their peculiarities of manners are not calculated to conciliate; and their acknowledged national superiority, gives rise to unpleasant comparisons; while the idea of America is only associated with a land of liberty, an asylum for the oppressed and unfortunate of the old world, and as furnishing in its short but eventful history, a theme for the admiration, and hopes of mankind.

Notwithstanding the peculiar reason the Genoese have to regret the instability of their government, and the frequent revolutions to which they have been exposed, they are at present in a state of prosperity, and will probably find in the weakness of the king of Sardinia, a greater degree of security, than a more ambitious monarch could afford them.

Among the numerous manufactories, none are more remarkable, and extensive, than those connected with the

different branches of jewelry, which are principally conducted by natives of Switzerland. We observed several streets exclusively appropriated to them, and other artists, arranged in distinct apartments, as at Palermo.

Towards evening we were rowed into the harbour to view the moles, the shipping and the city from the sea. The harbour is nearly circular, about one thousand toises in diameter, and its entrance defended by two moles extending from the shore in the form of crescents, and leaving a space for the admission of ships of about three hundred toises. The walls are built with large square stones, and with the docks, form an extent of beautiful, and substantial masonry, which would do credit to the means and the skill of any city, or any period of the world. The moles of Italy are among the most solid and durable works, of modern times. We have noticed them in all the sea port towns. They have the double advantage of promoting the cleanliness and consequent healthfulness of the cities, and of permanently protecting the shipping; while similar works constructed with wood, require repairs in a few years, and are a constant source of vegetable decomposition, an active exciting cause of diseases.

We went on board a fine frigate, the *Maria Teresa*, lately launched by the king of Sardinia, and visited the arsenal, which contains a vast quantity of munitions of war, in perfect order. The extensive fortifications are garrisoned in all directions, and the numerous centinels upon duty, add to the universal appearance of life and activity.

April 26.—The activity of Genoa is truly astonishing. Entirely dependent upon commerce, they seek the intercourse of all nations, and their choice articles draw customers from every quarter of the world. The Admi-

ral's business this morning, was to purchase several articles of jewelry, for presents to his friends in England, which led us into a great number of shops. The articles offered for sale by the different shop keepers, appeared to be the most perfect of their kind, and the prices regulated and unvarying. At a manufactory of coral, the workmen were employed in cutting and polishing that beautiful article, and we were much surprized at the simplicity of the process. The coral intended for beads, is first cut into parcels of the requisite size, and colored, which is sawed into small blocks, bored, and filed between the fingers, into a rounded or crystalline form. So far the work is accomplished by two workmen, with no other apparatus than a small drill, a vice, and a common file. The wrought pieces are polished, by placing them in a sack with a little olive oil, which is shaken by two persons until the process is finished.

The English party which we left at L'Erie, arrived at Genoa this morning, and we paid our respects to them, at the *Hotel del Europe*. They have suffered as much in the felucca as ourselves; but the young gentlemen rejoiced in the opportunity the adventure afforded, of displaying their firmness and heroism, in the protection of the beautiful Miss P——. But it so happened that our friend Morton, was thrown into the shade, by his more graceful and youthful rival. They were all unaffectedly happy in finding themselves safe on shore; and declare they were fully resolved not to trust themselves on such again in such a frail bark. The humor of the party was to laugh at the dangers they had passed, not to magnify them.

At a late hour several of the widest streets were illuminated, and embowed by immense crowds of the gay people of the City. Even the ladies did not deem it improper to grace with their presence, the delightful promenade; and we witnessed such an assemblage of beauty, and elegance, as we may wander the world over, without enjoying again. Among the ladies of Genoa there is a striking style of beauty, and with our present impressions, we are ready to pronounce it very near perfection. The Roman women have fine complexions and faultless forms; the Sicilian, bright eyes—the Florentine beauty—a countenance, beaming with intelligence, delicacy, and loveliness; but all are combined in the lady of Genoa.

It is now 12 o'clock; but the weather is mild, the windows and doors are all open, and thousands are lingering to enjoy the fine evening a little longer.

12 April 27.—Our short residence at Genoa is at an end. We called this morning, to have a little gossip with our new acquaintances, and to take leave of them, and our friend Capt. Morton. Miss P. the desire of all eyes, will soon follow towards Turin. “You have often crossed our path like a good angel; when we pray for prosperity on our journey, we will pray also that we may again meet our animating and inspiring spirit.” The Admiral laughed and declared, the compliment, if intended as such, almost uncouth one. Miss P. well knew that she deserved a compliment, and smiled graciously on the attempt.

13 April 27.—

## LETTER XXXIV,

*Departure from Genoa and journey to Turin—Our companions—Religious procession at Monte Cavalre—Arrival at Turin—Arsenal—General remarks, dress, &c.—The Opera—Departure from Turin—Suza—Ascent of Mt. Cenis—Breakfast on the summit of the Alps—Inn-keeper and family.*

April 28.—We commenced our journey to Turin through the Bochetta, a mountainous pass, celebrated in the annals of Genoa. The place which particularly bears the name of Bochetta, is a ravine, which passes between a series of inaccessible ridges, and is very important as a military position. Beyond this rugged tract is the plain of Marengo, where the celebrated battle was fought. Our conductor pointed out the spot where the opposing armies were drawn up, and seemed to be well-acquainted with Bonaparte's plan of attack on that decisive day. He did not let the opportunity pass without uttering an ejaculation, for the return of him "who had done so much for the emancipation of Italy." The common people of Italy would now rejoice in the return and restoration of Bonaparte. The multitude acknowledge no sympathy towards the nobles, and priests, who, they are ready to believe, have tyrannized over them for ages.

Our companions in the diligence were two beautiful young ladies and an old man, their protector. With our few words of Italian we find it no difficult matter to keep up something like conversation. Ladies are patient of our blunders, and we of theirs. One of the young misses,



had paid for the *cabriolet*, but we prevailed on the old man to exchange places with her. My friend the Admiral entered warmly into this little plot, and gloried in its success. These young travellers are to remain with us until we arrive at Turin.

April 29.—We slept at Alessandria; within view, and nearly on the same level as the plains of Marengo. Alessandria is a beautiful walled city, surrounded by military works, which show the perfection and beauty of modern, or more correctly, of modern French engin'ry, as all the complete works of the kind we have seen, are pointed out to us, as the designs of Bonaparte, and are fortresses intended, to perpetuate a dominion obtained by violence and conquest; to awe and control one of the richest, and most populous portions of the globe; and to aid in a plan of universal empire, which late events have proved, it was not the design of a wise Providence should ever be realized.

From Alessandria to Turin is fifty-three miles. The diligence departs at 5 A. M. and arrives at 5 P. M. Though not very expeditious travelling, we have in no instance found less reason to complain of a public carriage. The country through which we passed is in general sufficiently level and under high cultivation, but, suffering terribly with drought. The fields of wheat, are in many instances so dried as to have lost their green colour, and the early grass has entirely disappeared. All classes of people are suffering present want, and the apprehension of a failure of all the products of the earth. The peasants are universally poor, and dependent on their daily earnings for the subsistence of their families. How deplorable would be their condition, if

wheat should be destroyed! At Cavale, a small city three leagues from Turin, eight thousand people had assembled to implore the mercy of the God of the seasons. The procession passed through the principal streets, carrying images, crucifixes and banners, and chanting a prayer adapted to the occasion. I have never witnessed a scene more affecting. The procession consisted of both sexes, and all ages. The voice of childhood was blended with the supplication of old age, and each individual was imploring for himself, the aversion of the present vengeance of an offended God.

The city of Turin, the windings of the majestic Po, and white summits of the Alpine mountains, presented an enchanting prospect as we left *Monte Cavale*. For several hours, we had observed some clouds over the Alps which gave a slight but allusory prospect of rain. As we entered Turin, we passed a noble bridge where we were challenged by *gens d'armes*; had our baggage examined, and after a little delay were conducted to an excellent hotel, called *Albergo de la Swiss*.

April 30.—I shall not, of course, attempt a description of Turin. Ours is but a bird's eye view. In our walk of observation, we noticed vast crowds of well dressed, and active people, and a general style of things, indicating much wealth and prosperity. The streets are wider than those of Rome or Genoa, and I have seen nothing to equal in appearance the principal street, called *Contrade di Pô*. It is straight, wide, uniform, and ornamented through its whole extent with a row of covered porticos. A degree of elegance and grandeur resulting from the height of palaces and other buildings, may be observed in every part of the city; but none of the single

edifices will compare with the best of Rome. A peculiar, but bad taste, characterizes all the architecture of the city. The palace Carignane, one of the most extensive and venerable structures, has served as a model to corrupt the style of building. In the centre of the great square, is the *Palazza Castello*, the most magnificent edifice of Turin. Its front is truly noble, but its general design is allowed to be as bad as that of the Carignane. There are a number of rich churches to which the attention of the stranger is directed. We were most pleased with St. Lorenzo, an edifice of a circular form; surmounted with a well proportioned dome, and the front decorated with columns, of the composite order. The treasures of this church, the furniture of the altars, &c. are of the richest materials, but the sculpture is bad. Having left so many master pieces behind us, we fear we shall never see more of the beauties of the chisel.

The city contains a number of spacious squares. Most of which are surrounded by covered porticos; but they have no fountains or aqueducts. The water is drawn from deep wells "with pains and labor infinite." The fortifications which were partially razed by the French, have been either repaired or wholly destroyed, for the purpose of extending the promonades around the city.

The arsenal is the most extensive we have seen. Having no regular means of gaining admittance, we tried the alternative, of passing the sentinels without seeming to notice them. The careless manner we assumed completely deceived them, and we passed unchallenged. When we gained the interior, no one suspected we had not been properly admitted, and no question was asked.

The arms and munitions of war are in admirable condition, and the buildings of vast extent and strength.

We observed the dress of the people in the streets and all places, to be more of French, than Italian fashion; and heard the French language more frequently spoken. Beggary is not so obvious, and obtrusive, as in the south. There is less display of wealth in shops, and equipage, than at Genoa. In the centre of the great square we noticed a collection of citizens and children, which remained several hours without dispersing. A woman of very decent, indeed beautiful features and person, dressed in boy's clothes detained the mob by walking upon long stilts, displaying feats of juggling, and slight of hand.

When the darkness of evening prevented our farther survey of the city, we went into a theatre, paid twelve French sous for our tickets, and seated ourselves in the pit, which we found crowded almost to suffocation. The music was not good, and the play, a melo drama, called "*Il Tyranto Domestica*." In the painted scenery of the stage we remarked the peculiar style of the architecture of Turin, even in fancy pictures. This is a personification of bad taste. We observed the same thing at Florence, where the curtain seldom rises without showing pointed arches, and clustered columns.

May 1.—After an early walk, we prepared ourselves to continue our journey. At 10 o'clock, we found at the office of the diligence, six passengers already engaged. We joined them, and immediately commenced our journey to Suza.

The unexpected crowd in the carriage put one of our travelling companions a little out of humor, and some harsh words were exchanged between him and another

passenger, about some small articles of baggage which were placed in a net over our heads. It amounted to no more than half a dozen ill natured words, but every person in the diligence felt individually offended, because the dialogue was ill timed and unnecessary. An uncomfortable silence of some hours ensued, which a French gentleman, Mons. Paul, made the first effort to interrupt. He could speak English, and commenced a conversation in that language. An English gentleman who speaks French extremely well, and is proud of displaying it, feeling indignant that it should be thought necessary to address him in his mother tongue, replied to Mons. Paul, in a torrent of French. Mons. P. soon tired of the conversation, for he wished an opportunity to exercise himself in English. He had observed from my monosyllables that I spoke French with difficulty, and after a pause of considerable time, renewed the conversation, addressing himself to me. The English gentleman directly struck in, with his French, and Mons. P. after three or four trials, was effectually baffled, and gave up the pursuit. An old gentleman of our party who had much intelligence in his countenance, did not speak to any person during the whole day. An Italian lady and two children, all under the protection of Mons. P. kept up a lively interlude during the pauses of other conversation.

We entered a romantic defile, along the banks of the river Durar, upon which the road winds for more than half the distance from Turin to Suza. We were surrounded by mountains many miles before we began to ascend the Alps. The snow clad summits, seemed to encircle us, though after we left Turin, we had hardly been sensible of ascent. We passed a number of considerable

villages, and the country, where sufficiently level to admit it, is usually well cultivated.

At 5 o'clock we arrived at Suza, a small city situated on the declivity of the Alps, and in the midst of the celebrated pass—celebrated in all the histories of Italy, and emphatically called the gate of war. At this place we stopped for the night. After refreshing ourselves with an excellent supper; remarkable on account of the fine flavor of the vegetables from the high Alps, we made a little excursion by moon light to view the city, the celebrated Arch of Cotys, and the scenery of the Glaciers, now glistening in the light of the moon. Although we have hardly commenced the ascent of the mountain, and have not yet left the region of perpetual frost, we are completely surrounded by the Alpine summits, covered with everlasting snow. We have indeed penetrated into the very body of the mountains, and we have followed the ravines washed by the Durar, without making any considerable ascent. We walked to a grove of evergreen shrubs, many of which never flourish, except in climates rarely visited by frost. A little distance over our heads were the everlasting Glaciers, whose snows have not been melted for a thousand years. The grandeur and sublimity of the scenery around us cannot be adequately described, but infinitely exceeds any country I have before seen.

May 2.—We left Suza and commenced the ascent of Mont Cenis at 2 o'clock. The road winds in a serpentine manner, and is so admirably constructed, that it preserves in every part nearly the same degree of inclination. Soon after sun rise, we had reached such an elevation, that icicles were observed hanging from the rocks by the side

of the way. We were on foot, and the mules walked before, with the heavy carriage and the ladies. So excellent and easy is the road, that we could only walk fast enough to keep up with the carriage. As we continued to ascend, the cold rapidly increased, and before 12 o'clock the path was filled with snow and ice, and the summits of the mountains around us, presented a cheerless and dreary prospect of winter scenery. Near the top of the mountain we crossed a plain two miles in extent, and a little higher, now frozen, and heaped with such immense drifts of snow, that unless it had been pointed out to us, we should have passed it unnoticed. Upon this plain we passed fifty or sixty laborers, whose duty it is to keep the road clear at all seasons. This plain is at present covered with snow and ice, but we understand in the summer, is bare between three and four months. The hills around it, which are from one thousand to sixteen hundred feet more elevated, are covered with everlasting frost. Upon the plain near the lake, Bonaparte erected a substantial building, *Hôtel Royale*, for the accommodation of travellers. We found here a good fire, which we much needed. In consequence of the long exercise in ascending the mountains, or perhaps from the density of the air at such an immense altitude, we felt extraordinary appetite, and took a breakfast of boiled eggs and coffee, with many hearty encomiums upon the hospitable landlady; who also produced for our particular gratification, some of the cheese, made from the milk of cows fed upon the pastures of the high Alps. It is peculiar in its flavor, and the company all agreed, they had never tasted better. It is as high flavored as the celebrated *provençal*, so well known to epicures.

The family who entertained us on this occasion, and who keep the present *Hotel Royèle*, are the fifth generation of the same descent, who have inhabited this bleak region, and kept a house for the accommodation of travellers. Their condition has been greatly improved by Bonaparte; but the landlady assures us, her ancestors were not discontented with their situation; nor had a wish to exchange it, for the boasted advantages of any of the neighboring valleys. The woman, who seemed to have the chief management of the establishment, spoke in raptures of the purity of the air and the healthfulness of the situation. I never saw a more perfect picture of health than herself. She was rather gross and short, her face remarkably full, round, and florid. The children had all the same peculiarities of countenance. I presume this remarkable conformation, is owing to the diminished atmospheric pressure under which they live. We imagined, an uncommon degree of vivacity and buoyancy of mind, was evinced, both by the mother, and the children, which we were disposed to refer to the same cause.



#### LETTER XXXV.

*Passage of the Alps continued—Houses of refuge—Place of deposit for merchandize—Descent of the Alps—Chamberry—Alpine scenery—Descent of the Alps continued—Scales of Savoy—Submontane excavation—Pont de Beauvoisin—Custom-house adventure—Verpilliere.*

AFTER leaving the *Hotel Royèle*, we passed a number of houses, erected by Bonaparte as places of refuge for



travellers who might be benighted or overtaken by storms ; and we were assured that many individuals, and families, had escaped inevitable destruction by seeking their shelter. We were now astonished, to find ourselves upon the very summit of the Alps, to which we had insensibly ascended ; deceived by the admirable construction of the road, we climbed these mountains once deemed almost inaccessible, without even changing our horses. The cold was so extreme, that we were glad to get into our carriage and wrap ourselves in our box coats. In two hours from the *Hotel Royale*, we began to descend. On the brow of *Mt. Cenis* we passed a small vantage ; a place of deposit and exchange for the productions of both sides of the Alps. Cold and fatigued, we arrived at the place called St. Michaels, where we slept. Every thing around this village, showed that a severe winter was just past. The frost was not quite out of the ground, and the road broken and undermined by winter torrents. Before we retired to rest, we observed the mud around the door of the inn, so much frozen, that we could walk upon it, and we slept with our chamber windows closed. Indeed, every thing had changed since we ascended the Alps, and we breathed the air of another, and more inhospitable climate. The surrounding scenery constantly reminded us of the change we had so rapidly passed, and we saw in the physiognomy of the inhabitants, the strong lineaments of a race accustomed to bodily toils, and inclemencies of weather. Although the ice and snow covered the road, and in many places was of such thickness that we journeyed through galleries excavated in solid ice, yet we were assured that the whole, melts away, and the inhabitants enjoy a delightful summer, of between three and four

months. At 6 o'clock we passed a small village, *Beaunebourg*, at this season below the boundary of snow. Continuing still a rapid descent another post, we reached *St. Michaels* at a later hour than we have before found it necessary to continue our journey, and in consequence of unusual fatigue, ordered fire, which was brought by two Goitrous servants. More than half the individuals at this place were laboring under this deformity, but many have only a slight enlargement about the neck, which would not be observed unless by a person who attended particularly to the subject. In the worst cases it does not seem to impair the health.

May 3.—The descent of the Alps is not as rapid as on the Italian side. We travelled all day among Alpine mountains and arrived after sun set at *Chambery*, the capital of the department of *Mont Blanc*, in *Savoy*. It contains ten or twelve thousand inhabitants, and the general appearance of the city is mean. A number of houses are ornamented with piazzas, but most of the buildings are small, and the streets, crooked, confined and narrow. We yet feel an uncomfortable degree of cold in consequence of the vicinity of the Alps, and observe the peasantry disfigured with Goitres.

The scenery of these Alpine regions possess astonishing variety and grandeur. The summits of the high Alps, in all places covered with snow, give a remarkable and characteristic aspect to these mountain altitudes. As the Alps have greater height and extent, they afford more imposing views, than any mountains I have before seen. It is impossible for language to give an adequate description of these everlasting monuments of the greatness of the Creator.

The traveller lingers in astonishment and admiration; his spirit is exalted by the grandeur which surrounds him, and every faculty of the soul, expands in devotion to the sovereign of the universe.

I am to part with my friend the Admiral, at this place. He will visit the baths of Aix, where he is to remain a few weeks on account of his health.

May 4.—After exchanging kind wishes, we took leave of the Admiral, and left Chamberry before it was quite light. Lonely and a stranger I joined the party in the diligence. Mons. Paul, with the lady and her children, and the silent old gentleman, for he had not yet spoken, remained in the diligence; and two ladies, a woman from Paris and her daughter, a beautiful lass of eighteen, were added to our party. They have accepted the gallant tender of the protection of Mons. P. quite to Paris; consequently I am provided with travelling companions.

The descent still continued after leaving Chamberry, and we could perceive a rapid amelioration of climate; but at no time have we felt the mild air peculiar to the south side of the Alps. At 11 o'clock we arrived at the last pass of the Alps, called the Scales of Savoy. The road here crosses a rocky precipice, which was never ascended or descended by any carriage, without its being hoisted by ropes, until improved by the late Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy. During the dominion of Bonaparte in Italy, this ridge, which seems designed by nature as a barrier between two nations, was nearly annihilated, by a perforation through the solid mountain, large enough for a military road. The excavation was continued with infinite expense and labour, near half a mile in length.

It is as lofty as the grotto of Pausilypo near Naples, and so wide,

“ That with extended wings a banner'd host  
 “ Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through,  
 “ With horse and chariots, rank'd in loose array ;”

We walked through this subterraneous or submontane passage, and as we passed the northern port, we looked down upon the fertile plains of Bresse, and the vast extent of Champagne country which bounds the territory of France. The mountain extends like a gigantic wall along the frontier of Savoy, and is impassable except at this place. Nature has separated Savoy from France on one side by a barrier as effectual, as from Piedmont on the other, by the high Alps. Notwithstanding this natural division the Savoyese territory extends below the rock. At the foot of the mountain is a village, *Pont de Beauvoisin*, of which a part belongs to one government, and a part to the other. Here we were visited by custom-house officers. The Admiral had warned me of this ordeal, and insisted upon my putting a piece of silk which I had purchased at Catania, into my pocket, instead of carrying it in my travelling portmanteau as I had usually done. Our trunks and portmanteaux were slightly examined; we were then ordered into a private apartment and our pockets searched—when lo! the contraband silk was discovered. I felt severely mortified, and not only drew upon myself the laughter of my companions, but the suspicion of the officer of the customs, who taxed me roundly, and returned to give my trunks a second examination. Mons. P. was found at last, to have a forbidden article in his

pocket, which relieved me not a little, notwithstanding it was of so little value that the officer demanded no duty. If I had not taken the advice of the Admiral I should have escaped, in this instance, with impunity. I had followed it, contrary to the convictions of my own understanding. And since my respected travelling companion, did by his unwise counsel, place me in such an awkward dilemma, it is but common justice for me to say of him, that he possesses the foible of undue pertinacity of opinion in small matters; and I would earnestly recommend to those who may chance to pass the ordeal of any vigilant custom-house, to keep their contraband wares in any place, rather than upon their persons. But, Oh! the mortification of having them dragged reluctantly to light! I herewith pay my adviser the compliment of wishing him, at least half a dozen such agreeable adventures before he reaches London. This vexation at length passed, we journeyed on to a place called Verpilliere, where we slept. The country improves as we leave the mountains, but vegetation is much less advanced than on the other side of the Alps. There is a better population, and the agriculture is superior to any of the border territories of Italy. The cottages are built with small round pebbles and earth, so mixed as to form very neat and strong walls. They are generally roofed with slate of a superior quality; a few of the poorer cottages are thatched with straw. The roofs of all buildings, of whatever description, are high and sharp. The soil is naturally rich, but we observe a remarkable deficiency of shades, when compared with Italy.

## LETTER XXXVI.

*Arrival at Lyons—Cathedral—Bridge—Hotel de Ville—Street scene—Mons. Paul—His love of country, how discovered.*

May 5.—For a distance of three or four leagues before we arrived at Lyons, we passed through a rich plain, highly cultivated; but without shades or enclosures. Mons. Paul assured me it was formerly ornamented by the finest shade trees in France, but they have been all destroyed by the armies which have besieged Lyons at different periods. In extent and evenness of surface, this plain is not unlike the Campagna di Roma. By cultivation, I presume the campagna might be rendered as fertile. We observed the buildings by the side of the road, covered with placards, advertisements and signs; unlike Italy, where we seldom or never see a mechanic, or shop-keeper's advertisement at his door. Bonaparte required that every man who was of a trade, or profession, should specify it in legible characters upon his dwelling.

"Vive le Roi et les Bourbons," written in many places upon the walls and signs, reminded us that we were in a country which had lately changed its masters, and very recently menaced the liberties of the world. We arrived at Lyons at 10 A. M. but it rained nearly all day, so that we could see but little of the city, yet we endeavored to take such a hasty view of things as the plan of our journey admits. We walked through the principal streets, quays, &c. and examined the most remarkable public buildings. The population of the city is eighty thou-

sand, being twenty thousand less than its ancient number. It has suffered greatly during various revolutions, yet coming as we do from the more ancient and depopulated cities of Italy, its appearance is comparatively modern and entire. The cathedral retains the marks of devastation and ruin, more than any other building. The numerous statues with which its front was ornamented, and the fine gothic tracery, and elaborate carved work, which decorated its interior, have been terribly defaced. So much so, that it has been considered useless to attempt any repairs. This building, venerable on account of its antiquity, and interesting to the present generation, from its being identified with many important national events, is considered one of the best specimens of gothic architecture in France. From the circumstance of its being the first building of the kind I had seen, I examined it with unusual interest. In going to this cathedral we crossed a noble bridge over the Saone, erected a few years since. It is an admirable structure, of as firm and durable materials, as the cloaca maxima; and as worthy the admiration of the world. It marks the Augustan age of France!

We attempted to see the hospital, but not having time to obtain regular permission, we were not successful; nor were we more so in our endeavors to view the celebrated silk manufactories of Lyons. We walked to the *Hotel de Ville*, the most considerable edifice of the city. It occupies one side of the principal squares, is ornamented with three domes, and a grand fascade. It is built with good materials, and in an imposing style of architecture.

The streets are universally crowded with well dressed and active people. We look from the window of the *Hotel de Noir*, upon the principal square. The centre of this

square is shaded by a fine grove of trees, which are surrounded by a low empalement of iron and white marble. The buildings on every side, are covered with signs and fantastic exhibitions of merchandize. Not far from the hotel we observe a collection of wax figures, and some ludicrous paintings; with a Frenchman constantly blowing a horn to call customers to his shop. On the other side stands a gibbet, upon which are exposed three culprits with ropes about their necks, holding in their hands a scroll whereon is written the name, and the crime for which each is disgraced. Notwithstanding the rain, which falls in torrents, curiosity has attracted a vast crowd to witness this spectacle.

9 o'clock.—A little before sun set the weather became pleasant, and we walked about a mile and a half from the hotel, to the confluence of the Rhone and the Saone. The quay extends on both sides of the river to this confluence, and the promenade thither is truly delightful. I soon found the object of Mons. P. in choosing this walk, was to show me his countrymen, and fine country women to the best advantage, and I could not refuse him the confession, that I had never seen more beautiful ladies, or more graceful gentlemen. The perfect politeness of Mons. P. seldom allows him to speak in commendation of his own country, or any thing appertaining to it, but the most sensitive of all his nerves, is that which responds to the praises of Bonaparte; the next object of the repose of his pride and self complacency, is the charms of his fair country women; and last, the glory of the great nation. If he has any of that quality called sordid selfishness, it never discovers itself. In addition to the recommendation of a fine person and elegant manners, Mons. Paul possesses



refinement and considerable learning. He has travelled in many parts of Europe, and his conversation upon all subjects evinces his liberality of sentiment, and extensive information: I never observed his perfect self possession to forsake him so much as when I expressed my admiration of this first groupe of his elegant countrymen. On our return we crossed a second time the bridge which was erected by Bonaparte over the Rhone. I took occasion to remark upon the simple grandeur of this admirable building. The key that was to unlock the whole heart of my companion seemed to be touched, and he broke out in a frenzy of admiration of the great Captain, which to the cold temperament of an American or an Englishman, might appear like maniacal raving. That great and strange man has however, left behind him much to excite the enthusiasm of his countrymen, and posterity. Roads over mountains deemed inaccessible, bridges, extensive excavations through solid rocks, and various improvements remind men of his agency wherever he has been, and attach even the conquered, to his person and his cause. The monuments remain when the history of their erection is forgotten, and posterity will not ask whether he employed in these works of permanent utility, hands and monies which were not his own.



#### LETTER XXXVII.

*Voyage to Chalons—Village reception on the Saone  
Mâcon—A night on the Saone.*

AT 6 A. M. we went on board a boat called the "Diligence sur la Saone," for Paris by the way of Chalons.

The boat was drawn by four horses, which were relieved once in two leagues. It carried fifty passengers besides a great quantity of baggage, and moved with nearly the same rapidity as the diligence by land.

Those trifling traits of manners which contribute to form the distinctions of national character always interest the traveller. We remarked on entering the diligence, that the boatmen were not only very attentive and civil to us, but to their fellow boatmen observed the decorous courtesy, which is expected in the intercourse of gentlemen. Among the passengers, there was much good humor and lively conversation, as well as greater familiarity between the sexes than would have taken place under similar circumstances in Italy. However licentious the Italians may be, their manners are always decent and circumspect in public places. The scenery was but little varied during our morning's ride upon the Soane; but the country is a continued rich plain, rising gradually into hills of moderate elevation, at a distance of two or three leagues from the river. We saw many good and comfortable looking habitations, but no extensive and splendid villas. In this respect the country is not equal to the banks of the Hudson in America.

At 11 o'clock the boat stopped while the passengers breakfasted at a small village. As we stepped upon the shore, we were welcomed by the young girls of the inns, who took the strangers by the hand with great familiarity; tendering civilities of every kind while they recommended their several houses. It seemed to be their duty to endeavor to draw customers to the houses to which they belonged. Each lass led off a party to her breakfast, but the greatest number went to a spacious inn near at hand;

to this party my companion and myself were attached. While at breakfast, a number of girls and boys prettily dressed, with garlands of flowers in their hands, danced before our door. Before we left the table one of their number, a little girl of about twelve years of age, presented a *bouquet* of flowers, and her own lips, to each of the strangers, for which she expected in return, some small coin, on her own account, and in behalf of her companions. On enquiry, I found that the villagers were practising a trifling anacronism, and performing the dances and salutations customary on the first day of May. The barmaids were yet about us, offering their cheeks for whatever gratuity the gallant stranger thought proper to bestow; or perhaps from motives of pure hospitality and good cheer. With all this freedom of manners, there was an air of simplicity and good humoured kindness, which one is almost compelled to believe belongs only to innocence and truth.

We continued our journey through a most delightful country, which preserved nearly the same gentle inclination from the river as that we have already noticed. The small boats upon the river, and those which took passengers from the diligence, are rowed by women. Unlike the Italian women of the same class, their dress is neat, and they have the air of cheerfulness and happiness; adding a charm, and an elegance to the lowest drudgery.

A little before sun set we arrived at Macon; a city of about twelve thousand inhabitants, on the east bank of the river. Here our boat stopped, and we experienced the same kind reception, as at the place where we breakfasted; though a little more restrained, on account of the great number of people who crowded around us, as we

landed. We had time, while the boat waited, to walk through the principal streets, with a gentleman well acquainted with the city. Macon is in a flourishing and improving condition. Since the restoration of the Bourbons it has rapidly extended its commerce and multiplied its population. We observed a considerable number of buildings, lately commenced or undergoing repairs, and an air of activity, generally, which seemed indicative of prosperity. Among the new buildings is an elegant church, commenced about ten years since, and nearly completed, of which any city might be proud. It is ornamented with a portico in imitation of the portico of the Pantheon at Rome.

As it began to grow dark, we went on board the boat, and continued our voyage during the whole night. The cabin was so small that the passengers could with difficulty crowd into it, and no one attempted to lie down; many could not even find seats. It was too cold to remain upon deck and we, of course, passed a sleepless and uncomfortable night.

One of the company made a great effort, and not without success, to keep this crowded and jostled company in good humour. To secure to himself full licence of speech, he pretended insanity. Having attracted the attention of his auditors by some elegant observations and lively sallies of wit, he elevated his voice, and commenced a strain of severe sarcasm and ridicule, of the king and ministers of France. I could not entirely comprehend his rapid conversation, but Mons. P. translated to me in a whisper those remarks which I could not understand. No one replied to his severe remarks, which would have been treason in a sane man, and no doubt have exposed him to the active

cognizance of some officer of the police. For two hours the orator amused his hearers, at the expense of majesty, with an occasional laugh at the multiplied calamities of France; and it needed no oracle to inform us that this discourse was agreeable to his auditors.



### LETTER XXXVIII.

*Chalons—Departure from that place—Auxerre—General remarks—Sens—Funeral monument—Melun—Montro—The King's forest—Villeneuve.*

May 6.—We arrived at Chalons in the morning, but soon found it would not be convenient for us to continue with the diligence to Paris. We had time while making a contract with our landlord for a private carriage to see a little of this beautiful city. It is not quite as populous as *Mâcon*. The streets are narrow and without side walks, the houses generally small with sharp roofs, and their ends to the street, like the ancient Dutch buildings in Albany. Indeed the city has no claim to beauty from its edifices, or the style of its architecture; but is delightfully situated, and at this season, no place is without attractions. A number of beggars surrounded the door of the inn, and our landlord gave each of them a trifle. I never observed such an instance of liberality in Italy. Beggary is not so universal, as in Italy, yet there is enough to astonish an American. As we walked through the streets we were met by a funeral procession. The corpse, a child, was carried by young females dressed in pure white. In their manner of bearing the coffin, they discovered a remarkable degree of gracefulness, and pro-

priety. The loveliness of female beauty was attending, like blessed angels, the remains to their last abode ! We were surprised that a funeral ceremony could be made a *fête* of elegance and display of beauty !

For a trifling sum we engaged a light carriage to Paris. We take the road by Autun, Chissey and Rouvray, though not the route of the post. I dont know why Mons. Paul, who is captain general in this arrangement, persers it. Be this as it may, all was prepared, and we left Chalons about 12 o'clock. As we retired from the banks of the river we gradually ascended, two or three hours. The country then looses the uniform flatness of the banks of the Saone, but is not hilly. Vegetation is not so much advanced as on the plains near the river, nor the soil as rich. Before dark we entered Burgundy, so celebrated for its wines. The soil is light and poor. The vines are more closely pruned than in Italy, and are supported by small dried reeds instead of trees. Where the vineyards have not yet been dressed, these reeds are laid in rows like sheeves of wheat behind the reapers, neatly tied in bundles. For several leagues we saw no other agricultural improvement. The vineyards are not divided by ditches, fences or hedges; and shades of any kind are very rarely seen. This great uniformity has the appearance of neatness, but is monotonous and wearisome to the eye. The population is scattered and the habitations small, but neat. By scattered population, I mean more so than that of any fertile district in New-England. The plantations and vineyards are always large. The poor laborer never owns the soil which he cultivates.

We arrived at Rouvray after dark, and intend to leave it by 5 o'clock in the morning.

May 7.—*Auxerre*.—This city is delightfully situated on the banks of the Yonne. As the greatest part of our day's journey had been through a flat and unshaded country, the verdant valley which borders this river, the long rows of trees on each side of the road, the towers, gothic churches, and varied outline of the city, formed a prospect particularly grateful to our eyes. Every city we have yet passed, has a shaded promenade, and being located upon rivers, the streets next to the water, are the most improved and frequented. The promenade of *Auxerre* is situated a little distance outside of the walls. As in the other provincial cities the streets are narrow, the roofs sharp, and the wood of the frame work exposed, upon the gable end of almost every private dwelling; the second and third stories, if the building be so high, project a little farther towards the street than the basement story. The effect of this construction is extremely uncouth and barbarous. The buildings are universally small and mean. I have never seen a village in America of five hundred or a thousand inhabitants, where the buildings were not better than in this city.

Since we left the Saone, we have travelled through a country remarkable for the uniformity of its surface. We have not seen a hill of one hundred feet elevation, and not a rod of waste ground. The inhabitants are nearly all peasants. We have not passed a single improved situation, which would be supposed, if in America, the residence of an independent gentleman. Nor are there any indications of the presence of such gentlemen in the cities. Nine tenths of the people, visible to a passing traveller, are coarsely clad, wear wooden shoes, and evince more poverty in their appearance than can be found in any

part of America. The people who crowd the streets of *Auxerre*, would be stared at in astonishment as a sight of the wretchedness of their appearance, by the most miserable wanderers that could be found in any part of our happy country; yet it must be confessed, these people are much less beggarly, and abject, than the Italians. Women work in the fields, are as coarsely clothed, and wear wooden shoes like the men. I have not seen a gentleman in his own carriage since I entered France; nor a well mounted traveller on horseback. To think of a laborer driving his own good horse, and decent chaise, would require a great effort of imagination among these peasants. More labor and watchfulness are required to procure subsistence than in the United States. The manners of the people are simple, compared with our countrymen, and they have infinitely more local and provincial habits; and a traditional cast of character, unknown in America. They are less speculating, emigrating, and mercantile; there are no banks in little villages—indeed no paper currency—no fictitious capital, nor ephemeral credit, which in America involve so many individuals in ruinous enterprizes, but imparts a peculiar boldness of character, and destroys the attachment to particular places, which while it renders men contented and happy, prevents their improvement. Here the peasant never dreams of changing his situation unless it be from his labor to the camp, and notwithstanding the revolutions which have agitated every part of France, the soldiers have showed a disposition to return to their fields, after each campaign—and having wandered with the armies, and suffered the privations and hardships incident to war, have gladly resumed the quiet domestic duties of life.



Sens, May 9.

The road from *Auxerre* continues near the Yonne, and is planted on each side with double rows of elms and aspens. The country continues nearly level : the fields are large and the population confined to villages ; the country is so unshaded that we can see the peasants going to, and returning from their labour at the distance of two or three miles. The women more frequently carry a burthen upon their heads than men ! Does this indicate semi-barbarism ? The cottages are built with soft calcarious stone, which is wrought with very little expense, and seems to be a durable material, though less so than good bricks. The farm houses are always small, and built with the best stone the country affords. If any one should expend two thousand dollars upon a farm house, and construct it of materials liable to decay within fifty years, he would be considered a mad man !

The common houses of Sens are little better than the cottages in the country. The streets are narrow, but well flagged ; the public buildings, all of gothic architecture, and the cathedral, the pride of the city, a large and showy edifice, particularly deserving of notice on account of a sepulchral monument, erected by Louis XV—and some remarkable stucco imitations of marble. The monument consists of a large sarcophagus, and a groupe of statuary of exquisite design and sculpture. It stands in an open area before a stucco fascade, which so much resembles the *jaune antique*, that I supposed it, from a slight examination, that valuable variety of marble.

As we returned towards our inn, the streets were suddenly inundated with water from the abundant fountains which supply the city.

May 10—We passed Pont Sur Yonne, a small village which derives its name from the bridge which crosses the river, and reached Montro at the confluence of the Yonne and the Seine, at 11 o'clock. This place was defended by Bonaparte in 1814. The two bridges were blown up during the approach of the allies, and yet remain in ruin. We walked before the carriage to a little eminence on the opposite side of the Seine, where we had a fine view of the plain traversed by the Yonne and the Seine, filled with verdure and enlivened with edifices. It was the spot where we stood, which was chosen by Bonaparte to sustain the attack of a force very superior to his own, and from which he retired with considerable loss. The only vestiges which remind the traveller of this battle, are the low mounds in the ditches, by the side of the high-way, which indicate the places where the dead were buried.

From Montro to Melun, the country is fine, the soil argillaceous, but not more fertile than what we have before observed. The population is still confined to villages. Sometimes we ride five or six miles without seeing a human habitation or an enclosure of any kind. The villages are very populous and compact. May not this be one cause of their being so easily roused to acts of outrage and revolution? When the bells ring or the tocsin is sounded, the people can be instantly assembled. Where the inhabitants are scattered, as in Italy or America, a system of concert cannot be so easily established. The city of Melun contains about forty thousand inhabitants, but no splendour. The people seem to be peasants. Women walk the streets in wooden shoes. The houses are dirty, small, and crowded with two or three families.

were astonished at the apparent insignificance of a city of such population, and of individuals, so near Paris.

May 11.—We left Melan at 5 o'clock. The weather was so cold as to render our morning's ride unpleasant, and for several hours we were prevented by a thick fog from seeing any thing around us. Three leagues from Paris we entered the Royal forest. Here I was not a little disappointed, as Mons. P. had prepared my expectation, for the finest forest in Europe. Its extent where crossed by the road is little more than one league; and is a plain covered with a low growth of trees and shrubs. The road which passes through, in a straight line, is planted on each side with double rows of lombardy poplar, which over-top the surrounding trees, and while they mark the monotonous and discouraging length of the path, diminish the forest by their greater height. An avenue is formed by these poplars, planted with perfect regularity, which appears like an immense colonnade. In the centre of the forest, is a lofty obelisk which can be seen at a great distance; its effect as an ornament, is singularly fine.

Shrubs and brambles are dignified with the name of forests; but we look in vain for the deep shade, the silence, and the enchanted gloom of American scenery.

We breakfasted at Villeneuve, eleven miles from Paris. A diligence from the metropolis, carrying sixteen persons, had just arrived at the inn where we alighted, and we found a table ready spread and covered with a delicate repast. My companion complained that the charge made by the master of the house was enormous. It was so, compared with what we had usually paid, but I know of no place in America, where a breakfast equally good

would not have cost the traveller more. The charge was fifty sous—something less than fifty cents.

During the morning we were enveloped in a dense fog, which in this serene climate is considered a remarkable occurrence, but fortunately for us, it was dissipated at an early hour, and we enjoy from the window of the hotel one of the finest prospects we have noticed since we entered France.

We are upon the banks of the Seine, a clear and rapid river, which would grace any country. The view, on all sides, is enlivened by eminences, which are planted with trees and covered with verdure. The scenery reminds us of Italy, and carries us back in imagination to regions of grandeur and of beauty which we have left forever.

Villeneuve is but a single stage from Paris. In a few moments after we left the inn we were cheered with a view of this great city—its domes, and spires, growing more and more distinct as we approached. The surrounding country, covered with verdure, and varied with so much inequality of surface, has, when compared with the departments we have lately passed, the appearance of boldness, and is rendered singularly beautiful by the windings of the Seine, and the thousand villas which adorn its banks. While the eye is delighted with objects of grandeur and magnificence, the mind recalls the endless associations, borrowed from the history of a great monarchy and vast metropolis—the focus of gaiety, and nursery of revolution. The spot is less venerable than the environs of Rome: yet, consecrated to the memory of the world by circumstances which have interested the whole human family. Here, the real incidents of many an eventful period have been boldly transacted. It is a

modern theatre; Rome—the majestic Coliseum on ruins !  
 The emotion which takes possession of the breast in the  
 approach to one, is awe—to the other, curiosity. and  
 as its basis is the same, it is not surprising that the  
 interest felt to witness the

### LETTER XXXIX.

*Paris—Manners—Cabinet of Natural History—Con-*  
*clusion.*

Paris, June 1:  
 The first few days after our arrival at Paris, were employed  
 in a hasty examination, of so many objects, that it is not  
 possible to embrace a sketch of them within the limits of  
 our plan. A residence of a few weeks, does not enable a  
 stranger to acquire even a general knowledge of a city of  
 seven hundred thousand souls, and we are deterred from  
 making such superficial observations as were deemed  
 admissible in other cities, by the recollection that several  
 Americans have already written accounts of this metropo-  
 lis. As we have now arrived in the beaten track of our  
 own, as well as European travellers, we shall close the nar-  
 rative, though it is not inconsistent with this intention to  
 mention a few things which occur to us as particularly  
 worthy of observation.

At a French house where I usually dine with Mons.  
 Paul, and a number of Parisians, I have noticed remark-  
 able instances of parental and filial tenderness. In every  
 French family we have had the opportunity of observing,  
 we could not fail to witness this interesting trait of char-  
 acter, which doubtless may be called national; and de-  
 serves to be mentioned for the honor of human nature,  
 and of France.

The easy and elegant manner of the Parisians, bears too much evidence of having been acquired by art, and imitation. Its excesses always border upon grimace, and affectation. Elegance and affectation with them, are as nearly allied, as the sublime and ridiculous, which Bonaparte said were separated only by a single step. The manners of the French are mechanical, or theatrical, while the peculiar gracefulness of the Italians seems to depend upon the qualities of the mind—refinement—sensibility—enthusiasm and admiration, directed to the beautiful productions of the fine arts. The scenery, architecture, paintings, statues and music of Italy, have contributed to give the Italians a degree of delicacy and refinement superior to the French. In the manners of the French there is more show and effect; of the Italians—character—dignity—elegance. The heart has more to do with the manners of the Italians; the animal spirits with the manners of the French.

A similar comparison may be made with the productions of the fine arts. The pictures of the greatest French masters have something glowing in the style of colouring, and theatrical in grouping, attitude, and design. So far as my observation extends there is no exception to these remarks. Any one who opens his eyes in the Louvre, will find them verified in every production of the pencil and the chisel.

It is not easy to give a satisfactory reason for many of the peculiarities of French manners. Among the causes which have contributed to render the Parisians in this respect unlike their neighbors, I do not recollect to have heard mentioned their custom of breakfasting in public, which, among the middle and lower classes is nearly uni-

versal. The apartments where families and strangers meet every day for this purpose, are superbly furnished—lined on all sides with mirrors, and the windows constantly open to the most frequented streets. Into these public apartments no one presumes to enter without paying due attention to his dress, nor forgets, in the presence of elegance and decorum, a proper regulation of his manners. The families and individuals who frequent these places are mere sojourners in their own houses : the business of their lives is abroad. It is difficult for an American to conceive of such a state of things, but its tendency to produce a polished style of manners must be obvious to every one.

At a coffee-house of this description in the *Palais Royal*, called from the columns with which it is ornamented, *Mille Colonne*, I noticed this morning a solitary figure stalking along the hundred mirrors of this splendid apartment, toward a vacant chair in the remote corner where I was seated. He was a person, about thirty-five years of age, of robust form, with large mustaches, black beard and pallid countenance, in a half military dress, but of a very unmilitary appearance. It was our late travelling companion, Capt. Morton. He had followed in the train of Miss P. but like a bird estranged from the flock, was bewildered in the fogs of Paris. I congratulated him on his good fortune in having journeyed so far with the lady of his heart. "The long tete a tete, has doubtless been well improved." There was no smile upon the pale face of the Captain, but an expression which showed too plainly that all was settled in favor of his rival.

Since our arrival at Paris we have visited many public edifices, hospitals, gardens, the Louvre, St. Cloud, Ver-

suffer, and contemplated the splendor and magnificence of this great city with unvarying interest and delight; but we have been in no place more highly gratified than at the museum of natural history, at present under the superintendence of Cuvier. This distinguished observer, is forming an era in the natural history of our globe, and redeeming the studies connected with geology and the theory of the earth, from the ridicule thrown upon them by absurd and extravagant speculations, and effecting a revolution as great, as that, when the night of alchemy was dissipated by the light of chemical philosophy. Chemical investigations are now attended with a weight of demonstration which may be compared with mathematical reasoning; the bold and successful enquiries of Cuvier lead to conclusions as direct and unartificial. They have been directed principally to the organized remains of animals and vegetables, found embedded in rocks and earthy strata; to the relation of these remains to living species of animals and vegetables, and to the rocks or earthy beds, wherein they are found.

His accurate and peculiar knowledge of comparative anatomy, has enabled him to refer to their classes and orders; aquatic and land animals, plants, &c. and from the inspection of small and broken fragments, to demonstrate upon principles of undeviating analogy the truth of his conclusions.

Together with several distinguished geologists and naturalists of his time, his investigations have led to the conclusion, that the surface of the earth is formed of successive strata, arranged one above another, in a determinate order; that the first or lowest rocks contain no organized remains; but, the second and third, dominated



transition and secondary, do invariably contain them ; that such as are found in the transition do not occur in the secondary, and those in the secondary rocks, do not occur in the alluvial formations.

His enquiries have disclosed a wonderful series of beings once animated, whose forms are imprinted in imperishable stone, while the tribes to which they belonged have become extinct upon the earth. The praise which is particularly due to Cuvier is that of detecting the generic characters of plants and animals from broken and imperfect specimens, and referring them as well as living animals to their proper classes and orders.

The conclusion which he deduces from his numerous facts and successful researches, are bold and new, and while they admit of being reconciled with the Mosaic account of the creation, promise an endless and delightful field of research to the lovers of natural science. But a higher merit than that of conjecture, is awarded to Cuvier by the learned world. His collections exhibit the petrifications of all countries, and sections of the globe, and constitute a series of data, which will regulate and direct future investigations in this interesting study. If the theory be not yet discovered which is to elucidate the disposition of the various strata of rocks, and the history of the remains of extinct animals, together with the physical changes which the present state of our earth proves it to have undergone, it is here the philosopher and the naturalist may repair to contemplate a miniature of the globe, and to regulate his future researches.

Among the numerous petrifications from America we noticed bones of an immense size, labelled " Mastodon, by the Anglo-Americans erroneously called Mammoth."

It would have been grateful to the traveller if his countrymen had not needed the correction even of Cuvier.

The petrified remains of extinct and living organized beings, form but a part of this great national collection, which is intended as an epitome of natural history; and is rendered particularly interesting to the stranger, as affording evidence of taste and love of science, which in itself throws light upon the present state of society, and the manners of an age, when many are running to and fro, and knowledge is increased. The human mind is formed for cultivation, and every truth added to its treasure of ideas, raises it in the scale of existence. Is it not unworthy the character of man, to gaze in stupid indifference upon the works of nature, or to yield to the superstitious belief that it is sacrilegious to enquire into her laws? Atheism is not learned by investigating those things which the munificent creator has spread before the contemplation of his creatures, and provided for the exercise of the human faculties, with the same bounty with which he has given the regions of the air to the feathered tribes, or the caves of ocean to the monsters of the deep. But Paris, you will say, where art, elegance, and refinement, make their abode, is not a fit place to indulge in an episode upon the charms, or uses, of natural objects. The last and most advanced stage of learning and refinement has taught many men, in this city, to turn from the intrigues of courts, from the dangers and glories of camps, from unmeaning speculations, from monkish and absurd superstitions, to the investigation of those sciences which have for their object the knowledge of truth. The mind of the devotee in these pursuits is not narrowed, and rendered inexorable towards the heretics

of its philosophy ; but as it adds to its own store, the heart expands in benevolence towards all mankind, and in devotion to its maker.

But it is time to bring these remarks to a close, already too protracted for a first essay. Should the reception of this little work, however, be such as to justify a continuation of the Sketches, it is the intention of the author to publish another volume, embracing a few observations upon Paris, and giving an account of a year's residence in England and Scotland.

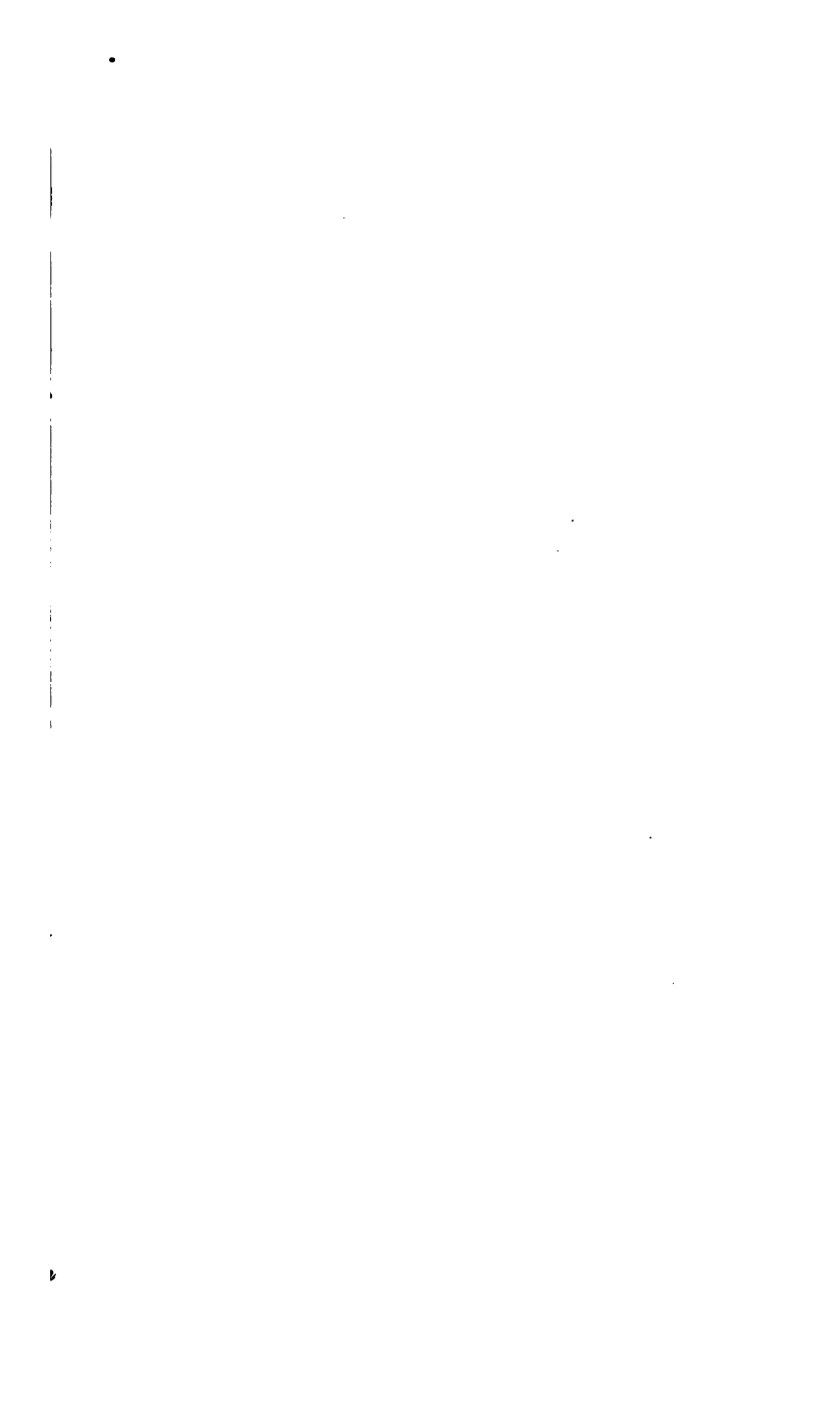


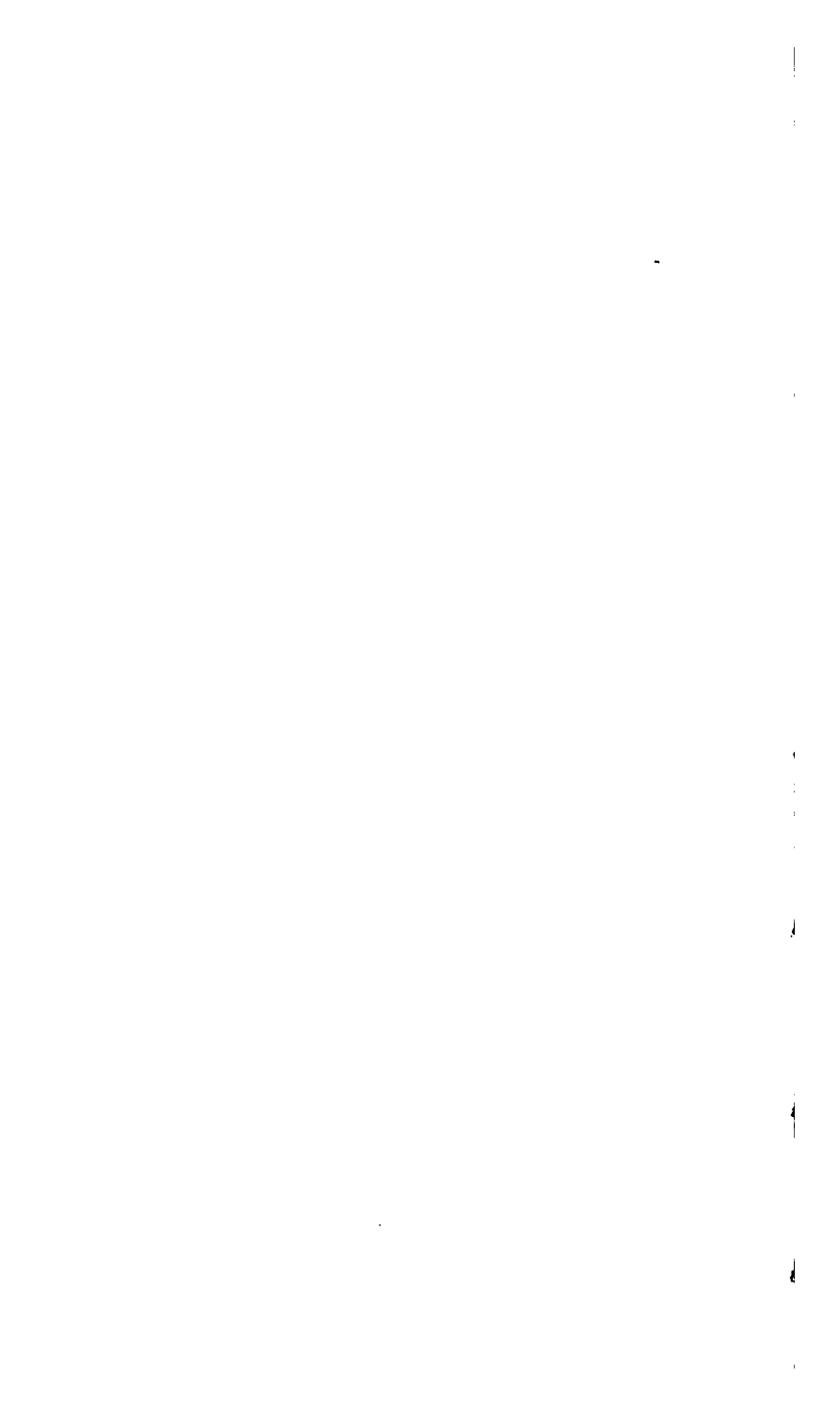


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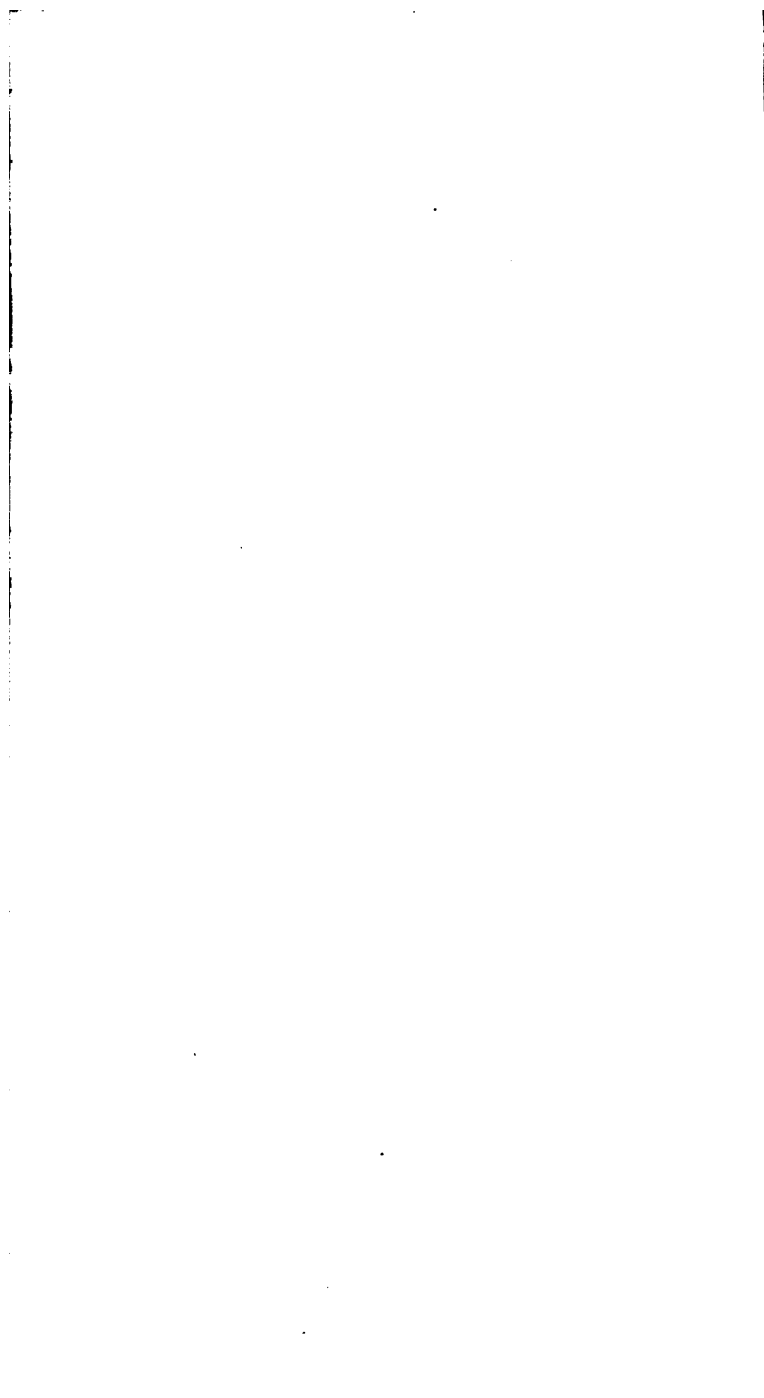
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